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THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a *continuous* Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the Spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.

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INDEX.

	Page.
A CANDID ADMISSION	35
AMBERLY, Lord, On Spiritualism...	78
Apparitions, Roman Catholic, True Theory of	105
Ancients, Useful Arts and Occult Sciences known to the	304
Authority and Freedom	420
Aboriginal Spiritualism	469
AMOUR, Madame SAINT	556
BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS—Principles and Purposes	192
— Protest against the Congress of the	459
— Lessons of History for the	499
BIOGRAPHY, Spiritualism in, 56, 116, 538	
BOOK NOTICES:—The Trial of Sir Jasper	237
— Memoirs of the Rev. T. T. Lynch	285
— Spirit-Drawings through a Child Twelve Years of Age	429
— Psychopathic Healing	479
— Memorial Edition of Letters and Tracts, by Judge Edmonds	525
— Evidence from Undesigned Coincidences	567
— The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism	568
Cox, Serjeant, His Method of Natural Selection	260
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
Mr. William Howitt and the British National Association of Spiritualists—Mrs. Hardinge on Insight and Foresight	46
An Answer to Mr. Howitt's Letter on the British Association of Spiritualists—National Association of Spiritualists—Communication from Allan Kardec	92
National Association of Spiritualists—Judas the Betrayer	142
A German Ghost	192

	Page.
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
Theories to Account for the Phenomena observed	238
Dealing in Abstraction	287
A Séance with Mrs. Guppy—Flowers, &c., brought—A Spirit seized by a Sceptic melts in his grasp—Judas's Confession given to Me—The Spiritualism of Lord Lytton and Scott	380
My Godfather's Ghost at Abbotsford	431
Mr. Wm. Howitt and the British National Association of Spiritualists	479
Mr. Howitt and the National Association of Spiritualists	526
DELIVERANCE, Remarkable	31
Dervishes	38
Discussion at South Place Chapel	36
— in Rome	160
Dreams and Visions, Voice of God in	310
Death, What is it?	322
Dogma, A few Words to Spiritualists on	418
Dramatist, An Eminent Medium	552
EDMONDS, Judge, Testimonial to Electrical Experiments with a Medium	161
Experiences of a Lady	168
Evangelical Honesty in Italy	351
GHOST IN THE TOWER	590
HEALING, Sudden	69
Hauntings, Philosophy of	315
IMMORTALITY in Harmony with Man's Nature and Experience	481
JOURNALS, New Spiritual	81
Johnsonia	871
LOST Spirit, Wail of a	224
LUTHER as a Medium	325
LATEAU, LOUISA	347
MONCK, Dr., Mediumship of	97

	Page.		Page.
Materialization of Spirit-Forms—		POETRY:—Songs of the Soul—	
The Double, 152, 218, 337, 394, 445		Clairvoyance	314
Memory, What it Teaches	250	The Holy Land	370
Manifestations in Sunderland in		The Freed Spirit	400
1840	404	The Spirit and the	
Memorable Relations	532	Body	450
NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1874	4	Life's Inner Mysteries	508
National Associations, Sect-Crea-		Inward Fidelity	537
ting Tendency of	385	READERS, To Our	529
NOTES & GLEANINGS, 43, 87, 133,		SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND IN 1873	1
184, 233, 280, 332, 373, 427,		Séances, Remarkable	7
472, 520, 563		Sceptical Gentleman transferred	
OBITUARY:—Judge Edmonds	236	to a Distance of One Mile and	
— William Carpenter	284	a half	22
PSYCHOLOGY, Mathematics of	299	South Place Chapel, Discussion at	36
Property recovered through a		Spirit, Letter written and posted	
Spirit-Message	264	by a	113
Pantheism <i>versus</i> Spiritualism	178	Spirit, Realm of	433
Phenomena called Spiritual, Notes		Spiritualism in Biography, 56, 116, 538	
of an Inquiry	49	Spirit-Photographs	175, 364
Paray-le-Monial Pilgrimage	81	Spirit-Photographs and Spirit-	
PLUTARCH on the Cessation of		Writing, Tests in	451
Oracles	85	Spiritualism in France Two Cen-	
POETRY:—A Psalm of Penitence	346	turies Ago	353
— To J. H. G.	217	Spirits, Spiritualists, and the Go-	
— On the Death of Judge		vernment of France	72, 125, 277
Edmonds	237	SMITH, JAMES, Literary Labours of	195
— Beginnings	309	Spiritual Problems—Materiali-	
— The Iceberg	416	zation of Spirit-Forms—The	
— The Spiritual Church	471	Double	152
— Hymns for the Spiritual		— Philosophy of Hauntings	
Church—The New Year	48	— Haunted Furniture	315
— Soul Converse	96	— Authority and Freedom	420
— Spring	144	TAPPAN'S Inspirational Discourses	272
— Easter	192	— On her Work in England	401
— Whitsuntide	240	Thoughts During a Night of	
— Life and Death	288	Sorrow	553
— A Summer Morning	336	WIERTZ, ANTOINE JOSEPH	15
— Trust	384	WALLACE, ALFRED RUSSELL, in	
— The Divine Name	432	Defence of Spiritualism	289
— Autumn	480	Western Seances	245
— All Saints' Day	527	"Witch, That Woman certainly	
— All Souls' Day	528	is a"	268
— Winter	572		

THE Spiritual Magazine.

JANUARY, 1874.

SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.—A BIRD'S-EYE RETROSPECT OF 1873.

AT no time during the past quarter of a century has Spiritualism been the subject of so much general and respectful attention and serious inquiry in this country, as in the year that has just closed. It will be remembered that in the last days of 1872, and the first days of 1873, an extended correspondence was carried on in the *Times* newspaper growing out of a long and ably written article in leading type, by the *Times*' Own Commissioner, and which testified to the genuineness of many of the phenomena recorded in these pages, and which the writer confessed himself unable to explain. This testimony, confirmed by many correspondents of the *Times*, and notably by Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, produced a profound impression on the public mind, and the whole Press of the country, as is their wont, followed in the wake of the leading journal; and throughout the year Spiritualism has been a prominent subject of discussion in the public press. This result has been aided by other causes, and especially by the many and able lectures of Dr. Sexton and Dr. Monck,—the former having been particularly useful in exposing the impudent pretensions of the conjurors, who, with their tricks and apparatus, counterfeited, as well as they were able, some of the manifestations, which had no such aids; and the latter gentleman, uniting in himself the functions of both lecturer and medium, has, in every locality where he has recently been, invited the reporters of the local journals to a *séance*, on condition that they fairly reported what they witnessed; and hence in the South and West of England, the Press has spread far and wide a knowledge of the facts witnessed by their own representatives, and which they were neither able to deny nor to explain. Nor in this connection must we omit to mention the arduous labours of

Mr. J. J. Morse, whose spirit-guides have, through him, given three or four lectures weekly,—sometimes to an audience of nearly a thousand persons, chiefly in the North of England and beyond the Tweed.

Some idea of the interest Spiritualism is evoking may be formed from the fact that the *Report of the Committee of the Dialectical Society* has attained a sale of four thousand copies,—while the cheap periodical literature of Spiritualism has, in this country, reached a sale altogether unprecedented.

In the Metropolis there has been unwonted activity. The Spiritual Institute has, during the past year, circulated a mass of Spiritualist literature all over the world, larger than in any previous year; and its correspondence has become so extensive, that a clerk has had to be engaged expressly to conduct it. A series of Conferences, at the old Conference Rooms in Gower Street, has been conducted with marked success, and been well reported in the newspapers. The same rooms are now occupied by Mrs. Tappan, with a course of lectures, given in trance, on Science and Spiritualism, with replies to questions from the audience. This gifted lady at St. George's Hall, and now at The Royal Music Hall, has, on Sunday evenings, drawn together larger audiences than were ever before assembled in the Metropolis, to hear an exposition of Spiritualism. *The Christian World* thus speaks of the first oration:—

Last Sunday evening an immense crowd had assembled in St. George's Hall, double or treble that which was ever got together in the same building on the occasion of any of the lectures of the Christian Evidence Society. Not even when the chair was taken by a lord, or the lecturer was the highest and proudest of ecclesiastical dignitaries, was there anything like the gathering attracted thither by the announcement that an oration was to be given, under spirit influence, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, inspirational speaker, from the United States, and all this was the result of very little in the way of advertising, and may be accepted as a proof of the enormous floating population in London of a Sunday night—a population the chapels do not get, nor the churches either; but which is to be had, and taught, and impressed if you go the right way to work. At this time of year, London, especially the west-end, is proverbially empty; and yet at St. George's Hall there was a dense crowd, and a large number had to stand almost all the while. It must be noted also that the male element greatly preponderated, and that the general feeling at the end of the service was one of approbation and esteem. It may be a silly public that met Mrs. Cora Tappan; but it was as well dressed and as intelligent-looking as that to be seen inside any church, and it came there as to a church. The service of Sunday night claimed to be that of the Spiritual Church, the Church of the future—the Church we are almost all of us looking for—the Church which some of those in these days of revived mediævalism scarce ever hope to realise while in the tabernacle of the flesh.

Everywhere throughout London societies and circles are in existence, and new ones are being formed for the investigation and for the diffusion of Spiritualism, while the older societies are extending the sphere of their operations. Thus, the St. John's Association of Spiritualists (the oldest existing society of the

kind in London) has, during the past year, taken a new and more commodious hall for Sunday Evening Services. Farther East, we hear of other associations, of which "The Spiritual Evidence Society," for the obtainment of evidence by its own members, without resort to professional mediums, is, we believe, the chief. On the other side of the Thames, we hear of circles at Blackfriars, Brixton, Walworth and Camberwell. From the wilds of Hackney and Highbury, the *Daily Telegraph* Commissioner followed the manifestations to the saloons of the West, where, at several mansions near Hyde Park, *séances* are regularly held. Here, too, is the Psychopathic Institution, conducted by Mr. Ashman, who during the past year has had more than sixteen hundred patients under his healing treatment; and here too is the flourishing Association of Spiritualists at Marylebone, which organised the successful social gathering at Willesden, reported so fully in the *Daily Telegraph*. Here too, in Pimlico, is the latest society of which we have heard:—"The Spiritual Pioneers," formed to promote the delivery of free lectures, the free circulation of tracts, and the establishment of free lending libraries. Northward, we have reports of societies and circles at King's Cross, Camden Town, Kentish Town, Holloway, Highbury, Islington, Balls Pond, and lastly, to complete our London circuit, the earnest, active "Dalston Association of Enquirers into Spiritualism," which, as we learn from its prospectus, was formed on the 15th of September, 1870. Its purposes are the collection of facts, through its own circle, or circles, so as to form a basis for honest opinion, and by various means to induce others to give the matter careful enquiry, before judging of the manifestations of modern Spiritualism. Ordinary experimental *séances* are held weekly, on Thursday evenings, at 8 p.m., to which members are admitted, as well as members of similar associations.

Similar associations are to be found in most of our provincial towns, some of them much larger, and exercising greater influence in their several localities than those in London. In the North especially, they are numerous; and across the border, particularly in Edinburgh and Glasgow, are also societies of Spiritualists. That in Glasgow is large, active and influential, and has been long established. In Birmingham efforts are being made for the establishment of a Spiritual Institute for the Midland Counties, and a series of Sunday evening services have been commenced. Similar services are held by Spiritualists in most of the principal towns, and are generally well attended, and week evening meetings and lectures are also frequent.

Our readers will remember that a Conference of Spiritualists was held at Liverpool in the Autumn, consisting of delegates from

about forty societies, at which it was resolved to form a National Association of Spiritualists; and a committee was appointed which has carefully elaborated a constitution and code of rules, and secured the co-operation of a number of ladies and gentlemen to act as its council. Whether such an association is desirable is a question on which we do not here enter, but that such a step has been taken is at least an evidence of the progress and stability of the movement of Spiritualism in England.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1874.

THE ordinary course of our spiritual education, is one which replaces the thought of time by the thought of eternity. In order to strengthen ourselves and others in doing well and wisely, we say, "Live for the world which does not perish, and not for the world which passes away;" do right because life and hope are eternal—seek the very highest, and be sure that the search will not be vain, for it will be crowned with a success hereafter it cannot look for here. Why then pause to mark especially the passage of that time, forgetfulness of which, in the thought of eternity, is the measure of spiritual progress?

The one crying need of life is plainly, indeed, the acquirement of the ability to live as if the present moment were, not a spot in eternal life, nor a door leading to such life, but as if it were eternal life itself. For what reason then do men watch over the dying hours of the old year, and welcome with the ringing of bells and with songs the year new born—why do they thus mark conspicuously—emphasize a special epoch in the passage of time? Surely, I must answer, no work of God can be vain; and as therefore we are born into a world of Time—a world of breakfast and dinner hours; of railway trains and business appointments; of sun rising and setting; of weeks and months, winter and summer, and increasing and waning years,—as we are clothed in a cloak of time, so the nature and fashion of the pattern, and the make of that cloak, should not be unnoted by us, seeing that our Father fashions it and casts it about us. If time forms truly but the framework in which our being is set, we must still not omit to recognise, however, and observe it; for assuredly if the spirit be divine, so also is the framework which holds the spirit.

"Honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," says that grey-headed book endowed with an eternal youth; that

book, full of commandments and counsel, addressed to a people whose peculiar characteristics were external obedience, rather than internal, a capacity to represent heavenly things in an external social organism, rather than in an organism, the outgrowth of an inner spiritual nature. I do not say that those of us who have earthly parents to honour, are not to honour them as father and mother; but I would ask—Is there no higher spiritual obedience which this honouring typifies? Have we not all, old and young, a father and a mother that we are bound to honour for ever? While for a father, whom we ever can and ever must honour, we have our Father in heaven, the Great Creative Spirit, have we in no similar sense a mother whom we should alike honour?

We speak of Mother Church; and in a real sense, that gathering of wise thoughts and good words in which the Spirit of God in us finds life and guidance, finds a true embodiment, a true outer expression—is the Mother of men; while God is their Father. But this Church is the Mother of the new man, of man re-born, re-created, turned from selfish thoughts to unselfish. The body of these wise maxims and true, is Mother to him, who, with clear brow and open purpose, sees the heavenward road before him; a road rugged and hard to climb, but clear and distinct, being the road of self, forgotten, lost, in the service of God and man.

The real Church is Mother of the new-born man. Is there no Mother we all acknowledge? Is there no Mother whom, not man alone but all nature confesses?—no Mother who allies us with the animal creation; with the monkey, the beast, the bird; with trees and rocks; with nature animate and inanimate? Is there no universal Mother?

We speak of Mother Earth; and is not God the Father, and earth—the world of matter—Mother of all creation? We are a compound of body and soul; of a life or spirit within, and a body without, which gives that spirit a local habitation and a name. If we have fatherly characteristics in the incomprehensible spirit or life within, we have also motherly characteristics in the body without, which affiliates us visibly with all creation. If, in like manner we find in the world outside us, the spirit, or invisible life, which connects that world with the Great Spirit; we find there also the material form and shape, which connecting it with the great Mother and ourselves, makes it visible and approachable by us.

When we thus think of ourselves and of our great Father and Mother, the outstretching of our hands toward eternity, the endeavour to live every moment as if that moment were eternal life, is an endeavour to absorb into ourselves the characteristics

of our Spiritual Father. If in any such endeavour we begin to look with despute upon the characteristics we inherit from our Mother Earth—those clogs and ties of a material life—we are quickly brought back to reason. Our body has its health and sickness to which we must attend; meal times return, and cannot be wholly neglected; the sun rises and sets, and we must obey its calls; weeks pass away and years: trains run, appointments recur, and no stretching after eternity will allow us to neglect either the time-table or the watch. The very field, indeed, in which heavenly aspirations find work and occupation, is the field of space and time, of earth and the world. The heavenly man, lives, like the godly spirit, encased and clothed in material conditions, which his very aspirations lead him to reduce, with effort, into divine order. If we must honour the Father for the holy spirit of life, we must honour the Mother for the field of labour in which that spirit can act.

If God be a Spirit who is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, the material world demands of us another species of service, but one no less stringent. In honouring the Father whom we fear, we cannot, if we would, neglect to honour the Mother also, who seeming at first a mere obedient registrar of the Father's will, shows herself in her earthquakes, her storms, her visible powers—those good servants, but bad masters—ready to compel from us a study different in kind—a study which should be servant to the former study, but one no less intense and engrossing.

In the observance, therefore, of this passing season, let us see ourselves paying tribute to the form and fashion of the cloak God casts round our being,—to the characteristics with which He endows the material world,—to that side of our nature which makes all creation brotherly;—let us behold ourselves paying special tribute to Mother Earth, who gives us sunshine and rain, and stars, and all things visible;—to Mother Earth, who, if the Father gives us the heavenly spirit, herself finds for us the field of heavenly labour. And thus, when we stretch our hands toward our Father in the endeavour to imbibe the infinite and invisible, let us feel that neither to-day, nor at any time, we can or will neglect the other half of the old commandment, which, like a peal of the bells we shall shortly hear rising over houses, hills and trees, comes to us across the mountains and valleys, the rivers and seas of Time; and pours down from the heaven above, those well-known notes, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

HORACE FIELD.

30, Thurlow Road, Hampstead, N.W.

REMARKABLE SEANCES.

SOME time ago I gave an account of some *séances* which I thought ought not to be lost. There are others which I wish to preserve, and amongst them the following:—

One evening, at our family *séance*, two old servants of mine presented themselves—that is, gave their names. These were old men who had left this life thirty or nearly thirty years ago, and during that time had on no occasion announced themselves. I was, therefore, curious to know what was their motive for coming now. They said that simply it seemed a long time since they had seen anything of us, and a friendly feeling had drawn them to pay us a visit. One of these had been a man of a good deal of originality of character. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and wore the old Quaker costume of the most uncompromising character; a drab suit, a collarless coat, and a remarkably large hat. His language was equally plain. He maintained the *thee* and *thou* in their fullest integrity, and would as soon have thought of dealing in contraband as in compliment. In short, he was a specimen of the strictest orthodoxy of the old Quaker school—that is, in person, manner, and speech. In doctrine—though he denied this—his orthodoxy singularly failed, for he had become a Swedenborgian, and a preacher amongst the Swedenborgians. It was at a period when I myself knew very little of the history or theology of Swedenborg, and regarded the accounts one heard of Swedenborg pretending to enter the spirit-world, and to walk about amongst and converse with the angels, as only another addition to the already long list of human follies and extravagances. William, however, maintained that not only was the whole matter of fact, but what was more astounding, and has to this day continued to be amongst the most incredible of assertions, that Swedenborgism and Quakerism were one and the same thing. I suppose he meant that both religions were based on spiritual insight and inspiration.

The other, whose name also was William, and whom, therefore, we may call William the Second, was more of a politician than a theologian, and had been a martyr to his politics. Both were well-meaning old men, and I naturally supposed that in the course of thirty years they must both have attained a comfortable position, at least in the intermediate regions. I was much surprised, therefore, to hear them say that their progress had been but slow. They said, however, that they were very comfortable and contented, but had not

risen very much. The cause of this they did not assign, nor did I like to enquire. I merely reminded the old Swedenborgian preacher of his frequent remark that the spirit was the real man, and that when he cast off his body he should cast off his asthma, which was a great torment to him here, and that he should find delightful breathing on the heavenly plains. I asked him if he found this as he had anticipated, and he said Yes, it was quite true, but that unfortunately he did not often get there. Still, he did not complain; neither of them complained; they knew that they were going on, and should in time arrive there.

"But," said they, "if you would know a miserable man, it is James A——." This was a tradesman in a considerable business, who lived near us at the time they spoke of. He was a man of dissipated habits, and a dishonest selfishness. He had a smile that never inspired confidence, and really was as insincere as he seemed. This man had treated a sister and niece in a most barbarous and unfeeling manner. "Well, this man," said our two visitants, who knew his character well, "is one of the most miserable wretches we know. He is in the depth of poverty. His clothes, till lately, were of rags of the filthiest description, and his habits are those of a confirmed drunkard. They have been obliged to put him in the workhouse—and here it is really a *work-house*, not as often on earth are such, a place of useless idleness. Here he is compelled to keep clean, work, and to be temperate, to his great torment. His condition, however, would be infinitely worse, but for the cares and prayers of the sister and niece whom he turned out of doors: yet if he had any suspicion that they in any way influenced his condition, he would be furious."

This was to me, a very curious revelation. This man was not at all in my mind. I am not aware that I had thought of him for years. The introduction of his name and condition was entirely that of these unexpected visitors, yet it was such as you might naturally have expected from the man's previous character, and the statement that there were workhouses in the spirit-world, and that they are places of real labour and reformation, was so completely in accord with the assertions of Swedenborg, as to be very striking and indicative of their truth.

A SEANCE, WITH PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Some years ago, I was at a *séance* at the house of Mr. S. C. Hall. There were present, Mr. Home, Emma Hardinge and her mother, Mrs. Howitt, and myself. It was a summer evening, and we sate together in the sobered daylight. We were in

the drawing room, having very tall windows, or rather, one large window divided by pilasters into three. The blinds were drawn up, but there were light muslin curtains, with others, and, I think, coloured curtains behind them, let down. We were sitting round the drawing-room table, at some distance from the window, when the blinds began to descend of themselves, and came down quite as if let down by some person, as, no doubt, they were, but by some person invisible. One,—the blind to our right hand—did not descend, but there was an agitating of it as if some one were endeavouring to let it down and that the roller did not act. Miss Hardinge said, "I see a hand endeavouring to draw back the spring of the roller, but it does not succeed. There is some obstruction—shall *we* try to do it?" There were three raps on the table, intimating assent, and some one rose, and let down that blind. Then, the heavy, embroidered cover of the table began to rise in the centre, as if some one had taken it up by a thumb and finger, and it was drawn up till it appeared like a tent pitched upon the table. Having remained there some time, it was lifted quite away above our heads, and was carried through the air, and deposited in the other half of the drawing room, of which the folding doors were open.

This was a striking demonstration, and would have puzzled any one of the incredulous or suspicious class to account for, as there were no wires or machinery to effect the operation. On the table cover being brought back, there was found in its centre the pinched-up crease, as of a thumb and finger, where it had been raised and carried away. Whose thumb and finger were those? Certainly, none of ours, all of which were on the table,—neither were any of us endowed with the wonderful faculty of stretching one of our hands to the ceiling, along which the elevated centre of the table-cover had been drawn. But still more wonderful movements were commencing.

Suddenly, we saw one of the light muslin curtains lifted at the bottom, as by unseen hands, and advance towards us steadily, regularly—without any agitation or flutter. On it came, tight, and fully expanded, and was borne over the heads of that part of the company seated with their backs to the window. I was sitting opposite, and as the curtain stretched itself over the heads of our opposite friends, enclosing them as in a tent, and spread its extremity on the table before me, I put my hand upon it, and found it to move, as if resting on something solid or inflated like a balloon. No sooner was this curtain thus stretched out, than the two others, right and left of it went exactly through the same process, their ends being laid over each other on the table, but with the greatest skill and regularity. This was

wonderful enough, but now the under curtains began to move, the centre one first, and it was carried in the same regular and extended manner,—with a motion more like a growing out into the room than a being carried out—so silently, gently, and progressively was it done, being carried quite under the front curtains upon the table without even seeming in the least to disturb them. The whole of the three under curtains were then stretched, and remained thus some time, every one having the opportunity of feeling them, and wondering at their tense firmness and even elasticity. After a time, these curtains were again withdrawn in the same order, and with the same perfectly smooth and steady motion, and returned to their places, as before. There were other curious manifestations and communications at that *séance*, but I record these as perfectly unique, so far as my experience has gone.

IMPOSTORS' SPIRITS.

They who imagine that none but good spirits communicate, are soon undeceived. Many who have accepted Spiritualism in this fond belief, have been so disgusted, as to renounce and abjure it altogether as the work of the devil. This is a gross mistake, and probably is the result for which the lying spirit has laboured. To drive fresh enquirers out of a path where so much spiritual knowledge and strength are to be derived, must be a great triumph to the spiritual enemy. And why should we suppose that Spiritualism should be exempt from the evils of this evil state, more than anything else? Religion is liable to a thousand delusions. Nothing has been subject to more impositions, corruptions, and interested mystifications, than Christianity, the supreme truth and glory of revelation. There were numbers of false prophets, that is, false mediums, amongst the few true prophets of Israel. We are even told that a false spirit was sent out from God to mislead the false prophets, and to misguide an unfaithful king. Does any one think that a sufficient reason for abandoning Christianity; for Christianity, in its turn, was also beset by false spirits and mediums, inspired of Python? No, all influences here are liable to invasion by evil, and it is our duty to pray for the guidance of truth, and use our best intellectual efforts to discuss it, and to reject the false. The only wonder is, if we remember what shoals of evil, degraded, malign spirits, full of mischief and the love of it, are every day pouring from this earth into the intermediate states, that *séances* are not more, infinitely more, molested by them than they are. Let any one look along the street of any populous town, and see

what hundreds of persons are there, that we should feel horrified at admitting to our counsels, or opening our doors much less our hearts to, and we may conceive the dangers of such interference from persons of the same grade and character, who surround us without our being able to see them.

"If that be the case," I hear a dozen voices say, "we had better let *séances* alone." Perhaps you had. Certainly, if you are not prepared to run the gauntlet of evil as you do even in this life, you ought not to open your doors to spiritual communications. But if you would really learn the truth, you must pass the jungles and haunted depths of error. The road to heaven still lies by the gates of hell. And to the stout-hearted, to those who are really anxious to escape from the barren, cheerless, comfortless condition of scepticism, who wish to know really that there is life and immortality beyond the grave, the reunion with all that we have loved and lost here, it is worth undergoing a few struggles, and even of defeats and deceits from the degraded spirits who haunt our path whether we are conscious or unconscious of it. In fact, the very falsest spirits are compelled to prove to you the most important of all truths, that of the immortality of the soul. If a spirit comes and tells you about persons and things that you are not thinking of, the fact that you have had such a message is an unquestionable proof of the existence and presence of the spirit who told it. The lie will discover and thus refute itself—the grand fact of which you are in need and in great need, the existence of individual spirits, remains for ever. So far as this grand truth is concerned, the depraved spirit has defeated his own object; has established the position that you have anxiously sought. You know that the human spirit exists for ever, and once on that rock, you can rest and be thankful.

In fact, all beginners in Spiritualism should expect the attacks and insinuations of mischievous spirits, and should make it a rule not to believe a message till it has otherwise proved its truth. As you proceed, seeking by prayer for guidance and protection from false spirits, their attempts will gradually decrease both in frequency and power. We may rely upon it that the good spirits interested in us will exert themselves as our guards and protectors. Under no other supposition can we imagine that spiritual *séances* can be conducted with the little degree of mischief that they are. In a while communicators perceive the difference betwixt the presence of evil and good spirits. There is something disagreeable about the presence of the evil and false, and cordial and encouraging about the presence of the good. Having detected the lying spirits often in their messages, we have found them become more and more

vague in making them wordy, and coming to no definite conclusion, from an obvious consciousness that a clear assertion of a lie would lead to their detection. It may be set down also as a positive fact that all flattering spirits are liars. They who come and tell you that you have a great mission in the world, that you are to do something unexampled for spiritual truth, &c., are undoubtedly the messengers of delusion. The communications of true spirits are clear, direct, and sound in religious and moral sentiment. There is, however, often a subtle speciousness about false communications, and at others a frank assertion of a gross falsehood that may deceive you when you are not cautious, or do not keep close to the Divine Spirit in prayer. The spirit of prayer is the spirit that at length most effectually banishes the insidious intruders. It is an atmosphere in which they cannot long exist, but are compelled to fly. Besides, once convinced that your faith in Spiritualism is unassailable, they learn that their trouble with you would be thrown away.

Yet before this, they often in the early stages of intercourse make desperate resistance to the good spirits around you. We have had most determined struggles of this kind. We have found a message coming pleasantly and rationally through the Indicator, when all at once there has been a stop, a difficulty, an endeavour to go on, and as though an endeavour to contradict. The Indicator has been swayed forcibly in the wrong direction, and sometimes made to shoot away across the table. There was evidently opposition, and violent opposition. Our spirit-friends have managed with much difficulty to say, "Hostile spirits!—let us pray for their dispersion." Sometimes we have succeeded, and the communication has gone on satisfactorily. At others, the opposition has been continued doggedly, and our friends have said, "We had better give up for to-day; we see hosts of other hostile spirits approaching." We have closed the *séance*, saying, "Well, you intrusive spirits, you think you have a triumph; but don't you see that your very opposition proves the greatest and most important truths, that of spirit-life, and that there is something divine and good for you to oppose?" We have had this state of obstinate interference and resistance continued for weeks, but we have been told to have patience, and all this would be put down, and so we found it. After a certain period we experienced no more of it.

But during this militant and unconfirmed period, the astounding falsehoods told us would have disgusted many; but like Leon Fâvre, Consul-General of France, when they gave him in Mexico news from home all untrue, and then when he persisted in his *séances* gave him news as true and amazing, so we went

on and were rewarded. I will, however, give the narrative of a case in which, after our invisible friends had given us some remarkable facts relating to a death abroad, the false spirits, at one *séance*, succeeded, by our incaution, in passing themselves off as the true, and then laughed at us.

A gentleman in a distant colony wrote to us, saying that he was an inquirer into Spiritualism, and asked us if at our private *séance* we could obtain any particulars of the death of a son that he had lost. He was careful to give us no guiding clue to the solution of the mystery. We enquired of our friends, giving them the name of the missing person. At our next *séance*, they informed us they had discovered the spirit of this youth, and learnt from him that he had committed suicide up the country. At another *séance*, spirits, purporting to be our friends, returned to the subject, and gave us a message from the son to the father and other members and connections of the family. We candidly sent all these particulars to the father. As the time of the return mail from that colony was approaching, some spirits came to our *séance*, and exulted over us, saying,—“The mail from such a place is coming, and brings a pretty exposure of false intelligence for you.” At the same time, a friend, who had long had remarkable clairvoyant visions of facts, wrote to us, saying,—“What is amiss? I see a ship approaching, with a black pennon, and a dark cloud over your house.” We were apprehensive that this might denote some news of death amongst our friends or relations abroad; but the same mocking spirit continued to exult over us, saying,—“A fine story you sent out; a pretty message is coming for you!” The mail arrived, and brought a letter from the gentleman who had inquired respecting his son, saying, the mode of his son’s death was, probably, not untrue, but that the second message was evidently fictitious, for it spoke of a sister who did not exist, and of connections which were baseless.

On demanding of our invisible friends how they could have given us this false information, they demanded to know to what information we alluded? and, on being told, declared that no such message had proceeded from them. At the same time, repeating what they *had* given; the truth of which they still asserted. We had, in the second message, been the dupes of mischievous spirits, and of our own want of caution, and these spirits were so elated by their temporary success that they were in great haste to laugh at us for believing their fiction. This is an instance of the necessity of withholding our belief in spirit-messages till we have tested them by other means: and every person receiving such messages will have serious lessons of the necessity of this caution. We have repeatedly had most positive

communications made to us, regarding persons and things, that we knew at the time were opposed to the facts in our possession. In a word, the same, and indeed greater, need of the verification of such messages exists, as in verifying those which we daily receive from people in the body. To reject all because some are false would be to reject intelligence which sometimes, on due inquiry, is found to be of the highest importance. On the other hand, by comparing the different links of a long chain of communications, we arrive at clear proofs of the truth of many things communicated, and of the trustworthiness of the communicators. As a whole, the facts communicated to us spiritually have been invaluable; but, far beyond this, the sound advice and religious enlightenment, and inculcations of the truth of Christianity, and of the goodness and ever-watchful providence of God derived from Spiritualism, have been to us infinitely more instructive, soul-strengthening, and confirmative of immortal life and truth than all other sources of faith, intelligence, and wisdom, put together.

POSSESSION.

I once, and once only, saw a case of possession. At a dinner at a friend's house, there were present D. D. Home, Emma Hardinge, her mother, myself and daughter, and a physician from a great provincial town. This last gentleman had been persuaded, I believe, two years ago that he was possessed by a spirit [that endeavoured to control his actions, and constantly opposed the free and natural course of his thoughts: endeavouring to force him to write prescriptions contrary to his own knowledge and intention. On hearing this, Home said, "I will expel the spirit." Emma Hardinge, who sat next to Home, said, "Can you?" He replied, "I can."

Immediately after dinner, and before rising from table, Home arose and put his hands on the shoulders of the gentleman who thought himself possessed, and willed the expulsion of the spirit. He had not done this long, when Miss Hardinge started up in great excitement, and turning to Home, said, "What are you doing? Away! Avaunt! leave me." "I am doing nothing to you," said Home quietly, but Miss Hardinge exclaimed, more wildly and vehemently, "Wretch! keep away from me! Away! Away!" And with all the excitement of feature and manner of a Delphic priestess of the Oracle, seemed to be fighting off an invisible enemy. Suddenly, she darted away into a corner of the room, and cried out, "Help me! help, defend me!" This was in the most terrible excitement, and her mother cried out to me to go to her assistance. But she

resolutely rejected all attempts at aid, or of touching her, cried more furiously, "Spirit, fiend! Avaunt!" And then burst into a violent fit of weeping and lamenting. It was obvious that the spirit had quitted the physician, and was trying to take possession of her.

Home went to her and endeavoured to soothe her, when she sunk, like one dying, upon the ground in the corner. Home sat down by her, and listening to words that she was muttering faintly, said, "She is speaking Russian." She continued some time in a trance-like state, moaning as in distress, but at length revived somewhat, seemed more like herself, and was taken by the ladies to the drawing room. No sooner was she gone, than Home, in a strange trance-like state, with his eyes closed, began to approach the physician. Some one said, "The spirit is now in Home, and endeavouring through him to get back to that gentleman." Others joined in this opinion, and advised the physician to fly, and keep out of the way, which he did, quitting the house and concealing himself somewhere in the grounds. Home, as if not noticing his departure, approached the chair this gentleman had left, and seated himself in it. On hearing music in the drawing room, he started up, went thither, and soon after seated himself at the piano, and played himself. The spirit made no further attempt on Miss Hardinge, and the gentleman believed that he had quitted him, but on seeing him a few days afterwards, he said that the ejectionment was but temporary. He had found his way back to him, and was as troublesome as ever. Of the subsequent history of this gentleman I am ignorant. The scene at that dinner-table, however, remains in my memory as one of the most singular and startling that I have ever witnessed.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE LATE ANTOINE JOSEPH WIERTZ.

ON the 18th of June, 1865, at Brussels, died Antoine Joseph Wiertz, a painter, sculptor, and writer upon art, of unusual power, and possessed of marked individuality. His genius may be described as resembling that of Rubens, of our English Blake (the spirit-seer), and of our English Haydon. He possessed the vigorous power of design and of grouping of Rubens—if not the full splendour of his colouring—the supernatural tendencies and somewhat of the fantastical imagination of William Blake—and to the fullest extent the indomitable ambition, energy, self-confident, combative nature, and command of language

of Haydon. Add to which, he possessed a grim sarcastic humour peculiar to himself. In his nature he combined certain elements of the highest art, yet failed to take rank as a painter of the first class, although his works teem with grand and original thought, and are wrought out with power and knowledge. Taking his works as a whole, you are oppressed by mannerism, and miss the charm of individuality and delicate shades of expression, especially in the countenances of his women, which appear not unfrequently rather masks of faces than faces themselves. Nevertheless, you cannot carefully have studied the works of this singular artist without pronouncing them the remarkable products of an extraordinary mind, and to the student of psychology both the life and the works of this man furnish interesting and curious material for thought.

Wiertz was born in 1806, at Dinant-on-the-Meuse, and was the only child of a man who was a soldier, then became a tailor, and afterwards a *gendarme*. The father of Wiertz was a great lover of liberty and of the fine arts; an original thinker; and all the actions of his life prove him to have been of a specially bold and independent nature. The marked characteristics of the father appear to have come forth again in the son, even intensified. Of the mother we hear little. The father early recognised the artistic genius of his son, and fostered it with much pride and care, providing the child with materials for his study of drawing, and with musical instruments. He very early treated his son rather as a friend than as a child, and developed to the utmost of his power the independence, courage, and stoical tenderness of his son, and as the young tree was thus early trained and bent, so did it continue to grow. Wiertz's earliest artistic performances were first a sculptured frog, which so greatly resembled nature as to astonish all who beheld it, and two sign-boards for village inns, upon which he had depicted a black and a white horse. By the age of fourteen Antoine Wiertz had attained to the stature of a man, and already a black beard showed itself upon his chin. *At this time, says one of his biographers, he was haunted night after night by the apparition of a luminous figure of a man wrapt in a cloak, and wearing upon his head a broad-brimmed Spanish hat; in his hand he always carried a banner, upon which glowed in letters of fire the word "Antwerp."* He believed that this figure was the spirit of the great painter of his country, Peter Paul Rubens, who thus commanded him to go to Antwerp, his birth-place, and the city specially embellished by the works of his great genius.

To Antwerp, forthwith, hastened young Wiertz, assisted thither by the kindness of a gentleman who had originally taken a lively interest in him, through his admiration of the curiously

sculptured frog. In Antwerp he commenced his artistic studies in earnest, working as it were, under the wing of his tutelary spirit. It was, in truth, as though a portion of the mantle of Rubens—if not the whole of it—had fallen upon the young student—that is to say, his power of drawing and grouping, his power of using the pencil—but *not* the splendour of his colouring. Nevertheless, the forms are more refined in contour, and the whole of Wiertz's pictures are more spiritual in character than those of the great Flemish master. In Antwerp the young student hired an attic, and there worked night and day at his studies with an inconceivable ardour. He led the life of a recluse, mixing little with his fellow-students of the Academy—the school of which he industriously attended, and, between his studies of anatomy and painting, used to enliven himself by music, the wild and extraordinary strains from his violin frequently attracting groups of listeners in the street below. His father and his patron dying shortly after the period when young Wiertz commenced his studies in Antwerp, the young man was henceforth left entirely to his own resources. With inconceivable energy and patience he gradually worked on, supported by a very small pension from the State, and completing a large Homeric picture at Rome—whither he had been sent as the “laureate student”—he was, in course of a few years, regarded in Belgium and France as a rising genius of an unusually eccentric and combative individuality. He never married, but led a consistently frugal and studious life; and being assisted by a small pension from the State, and provided with a piece of ground near to the beautiful Zoological Gardens, on the outskirts of Brussels, there built a large and singularly arranged studio. This studio, on the exterior, resembles one of the ruined temples at Pæstum, and is overhung with masses of ivy and Virginian creeper, which in Autumn render the building as brilliant in colour as a picture fresh from the hands of a Rubens. The interior contains a few dwelling rooms where the artist resided, and an ante-room to the long and lofty studio itself. In this hall, either painted upon its white-washed walls, or hung upon them, are the whole of the works of Wiertz, now bequeathed by himself to the Belgian nation. He never painted for money, nor did he part with any of his pictures. Receiving support from the State, to the State did he—by his will—consecrate the result of his genius, the entire labour of his life. At the time of his death, Wiertz was contemplating considerable additions to his studio. Sketches for a new series of works, which were to embellish the new buildings to be erected, are contained, together with numerous other designs, in the ante-room of the studio.

The studio of Wiertz is one of the "lions" of Brussels, and as such is much visited by strangers, and indeed every year the concourse of visitors becomes greater. Having passed through the ante-room which contains various cartoons—all more or less of a spiritual character—you enter a lofty hall lighted from above. Groups of sculpture, modelled by Wiertz, are arranged at intervals down the centre of the room. Upon the walls hang two rows of his pictures. Those above, many of them colossal in size, the lower tier smaller, and more domestic in character, but equally filled with a fantastic spirit, reminding you not unfrequently of some novel by Balzac, in which weird horror upon horror is crowded with an equally unsparing hand. Combat is there unceasing—struggles of life and death, ghastly spectacles of varied sufferings and woe, masses of figures blended together, dying or dead—there is perplexity and flight, brooding woe, starvation, despair, and suicide—a kaleidoscope of human misery, mental and physical, with gleams of supernal beauty flashing fitfully athwart the gloomy horrors.

The pictures are very numerous, far too numerous to be catalogued here; but as a specimen of their tendency and nature, we will describe three as possibly interesting to the readers of this Magazine.

There is a picture, entitled, "The Genius of War," typified under the figure of Napoleon Buonaparte, represented as in hell. He stands, the well-known figure in its white coat, with the cocked hat drawn down over its brows; arms folded tightly on the breast; keen profile sharply set, and bent downwards; lips compressed with dire pain; the countenance livid as that of a corpse, but animated with an undying consciousness. Round him, proceeding forth out of his very vitals, are thin curling, lurid, or livid flames; here and there is a nimbus formed by his fiery suffering. Surrounding him, and pressing upon him in his outward impassiveness, is an infuriated, lamenting crowd—desolated widows and orphans, and parents bereaved of their children, bearing in their hands the reeking members of their beloved murdered ones; phantoms cursing him to his face, and proffering to him, to drink, a streaming cup of blood.

The horrors of this "Mad-War Planet" could scarcely be more strongly depicted than in this truly appalling picture. Our inspired painter vouchsafes us a prophecy of a more sane and benignant age, however, in some future period of human progress—"The Last Cannon" and "The Present, regarded by the Men of the Future," may be taken as specimens of the highest spiritual teaching amongst the works of Wiertz, and, together with the "Genius of War," should give his memory a

place of honour in the hearts of all who recognize the artist as a labourer for human progress through the inspiration of Divine love and wisdom. Imagine a vast foreground representing a battle-field stretching away as far as the eye can reach, grey in the twilight of coming dawn. There is a prostrate crowd of men and horses, dead and dying,—of cannon and broken swords, torn banners and mangled agony. Above the twilight rises a glory as of a great aurora, and through it shine forth the colossal forms of beneficent genii. There, foremost, is a large, round-armed, calm-browed, gold and purple clad spirit, bearing aloft a cannon, which she rends asunder with ease, great as that with which a child breaks in twain a last year's dead hemlock stalk. This is the Genius* of Civilization destroying the Last Cannon. Behind her, side by side, rise other beneficent forms—male and female—the Titans of the New Age, Wisdom, Science, Labour, Industry, Agriculture, with brows wreathed with the olive, the vine, and corn of an ampler world, and with large hands bearing abundant blessings for the dawning age of the New Humanity. "The Things of the Past regarded by the Men of the Future" are thus represented:—Small things, resembling the toys of a Lilliputian infant, are held in the palm of a mighty hand, over which, smiling through parting clouds, are seen three radiant bent faces of a man, of a woman, and of a child. With surprise, and yet mingled pity and amazement, they contemplate these small curiosities, which are a cannon, a sceptre, and an arch of triumph. To the Titans of a Future Age, the artist would tell us, that the ambitions of kings and conquerors will necessarily appear as the silly games of children of a past generation,—only, with one great difference, namely:—that they will not have been harmless games.

We will conclude our sketch of the works of Wiertz by an account of the origin of one amongst various eccentric and startling pictures painted by him upon the white-washed walls of the studio, or placed behind screens which cut off its corners—pictures intended by him as "*petites surprises*" for the visitors who come unexpected upon them. A childish fancy, in truth, are these grotesque and astonishing subjects—but which nevertheless, are in harmony with the eccentric nature of the man. Some of them reflect a side of the painter's nature, and of his art, which we only refer to as an element in

* It must be a new Genius of a new civilization to do this,—not, assuredly, the Genius of our *present* civilization but, as another seer has sung:—

"Genius shall march with a sublimer step,
And strike its fires of cornuscating life
Into new models of supremest beauty,
Fresh as young planets from the vast Unknown."

Howitt's Mad-War Planet.

the complex spirit of his life—a life of the most startling extremes. The one in question, however, is innocent enough. It represents a break in the wall, and through it are seen, looking in upon you, the head and shoulders of a grim Calabrian brigand, who presents his loaded carabine. Wiertz gives, in a letter written from Rome, an account of the origin of this picture.

"One evening," he says, "I was walking at a short distance from the city walls. I contemplated the glorious sun gilding the woods and mountains; the calmness which reigned around was only interrupted by the sweet song of the birds saluting the last rays of Phœbus. The silence of the scene, the flowers, and the soft verdure which bent beneath my feet, all invited me to taste the sweetness of repose, when suddenly I felt myself seized by the collar, and a voice of thunder cried to me, 'Stop! Thy purse or thy life!' I turned round with precipitation, and beheld with terror the muzzle of a carabine directed against my breast. 'I am no Englishman,' I cried; 'I am a poor painter, I have never any money in my pocket except for my models. And as you appear to be an excellent model of a ruffian, do me the pleasure of standing where you are for an instant, and my money will not be lost!' The brigand smiled, and appeared to enjoy my proposal. I began to sketch, but I had scarcely commenced, when the wretch flung himself with fury upon me; whereupon, I returned him a terrible blow with my fist, and seized his weapon, which he sought to wrest from my hand. Three times we struggled together. I stumbled, he escaped. I threw myself once more upon him, seizing him by the middle of his body—when, what was my surprise to find myself simply grasping the pillows of my bed! It was eight o'clock in the morning. I had slept well—and, as you see, *dreamed equally well!* I woke up much surprised, and determined to paint the portrait of this brigand." The first study of this dream-brigand was made at Rome, subsequently it was repainted as we have seen it upon the walls of the studio.

Wiertz breathed his last in a small room contiguous to the studio. Of his last hours, his friend and biographer, Dr. Watteau, gives the following account:—"Wiertz died of gangrene. Strange to say, as the cold of death seized upon his body by slow degrees, he experienced a sensation of intense burning. *At intervals he was a prey to various kinds of visions. Some horrible, others sweet and mysterious. Suddenly he would behold heaps of corpses rise around his bed, and he would close his eyes to remove the fearful impression. At another time his eyes would follow the action of some strange drama, which was being enacted before him, and he would call for weapons wherewith to drive away these intruders. Then being laid to repose upon his pillow, he*

would exclaim, 'Oh, what a glorious horizon! What beautiful and gentle countenances! How mournful they are! How they weep! How much they love me! Give me my palette and brushes—quick—give me them! What pictures I shall create! Oh, I will even vanquish Raphael himself!' Then he would appear to take his palette upon his left hand, whilst with the right he would trace outlines upon the air—smiling the while sweetly upon the visions around him." Shortly after this, Wiertz breathed his last.

These visions of the dying painter are of import to those who hold, with Swedenborg, that the spirit being "the real man," death is but the casting off of the old garment—"the mortal weed"—and the revelation thereby of the real nature and yet more vividly real spiritual body—that the "real man" is possessed of all his affections and desires, and finds himself surrounded by a *substantial* (although spiritual) world, wherein to act, to love, and to desire—and that too in only a more intensified manner, the bodily frame no longer restraining the action of the spirit.

Believing this, does it not seem truly that, at this moment of the painter's translation from one condition of being to another, all the elements of his life were embodied in palpitating forms around him—pressing upon him, in awful waves of spirit, ready to engulf him in fierce evolutions of intensified being? Does it not appear as though the revolting forms of dissolution and decay, similar to the fantastically grim fancies which peopled his imagination in his morbid moods, had become now palpably present—clothed in exhalations from his own moribund condition, and were waiting to envelope him in their morbid mountains of despair? Yet, the brighter element of his existence is equally near to him—"the right hand of God" is revealed through the mighty beings who tend upon him, pity and Divine love streaming from their sublime countenances, whilst fitful glimpses of the grandeur of the spiritual land float around him. Is not here truly hell contending for him upon the very threshold of the Kingdom of God.

Who can imagine how much more clearly, how much more intensified, how much more vividly these beings and these scenes of new sublimity would reveal themselves to his vision when his spirit-eyes had become fully clear-seeing, having sloughed off the eyes of flesh? Let us hope that his bold and ever-aspiring nature would, waking into the dawn of the new day behold, still gloriously emblazoned before him, his favourite motto upon earth, now filled with a yet more vital significance—"Progress each day, that the Present may eternally correct the Past!"

A. M. H. W.

INSTANTANEOUS TRANSFERENCE OF A SCEPTICAL GENTLEMAN FROM WITHIN A LOCKED ROOM, TO A DISTANCE OF ONE MILE AND A HALF.*

[We take the following from the *Medium* of December 5th. It is now no secret that "Mr. Blank"—the subject of the remarkable experience related—is Mr. Henderson, Photographer, of King William Street, City. The well-known antecedents of this gentleman in regard to Spiritualism require this publication of his name as a guarantee of his *bonâ fides* in the matter. This makes the chain of testimony complete, for it must be presumed that he subscribes to the truth of this relation, as no retraction of it by him has appeared.—*Ed. S.M.*]

To the Editor of the "*Daily Telegraph*."

Nov. 14th, 1873..

"Sir,—The object of this communication is to place on record an event of most remarkable character, which occurred on the 2nd inst., when a gentleman—making one of our party at a *séance*—was transferred, *unconsciously as he alleges*, from within a sitting room, duly locked, and with windows closed and shutters bolted, to a distance of one mile and a half, under the circumstances herein detailed and testified to by the writers of this letter.

"Before however entering upon particulars it is desirable to advert to a somewhat similar circumstance that took place on June 3rd, 1871, upon which occasion Mrs. Guppy, the famous medium, so called, was alleged to have been conveyed instantaneously from within her breakfast parlour at Highbury (where she was engaged making up her housekeeping accounts) to a locked room at 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, where she was suddenly found, in a state of trance or unconsciousness, upon a table around which ten persons were sitting for the investigation of alleged spiritual phenomena in the presence of Messrs. Herne and Williams, the widely known professional mediums. A minute and circumstantial report of this event appeared in the current spiritual journals, as well as in several newspapers, attesting not only her unexpected arrival but also the fact, amongst many others, that she held in her hand her housekeeping book and pen with the ink still liquid,—such report being signed by all present at the *séance* in question, *viz.*:—N. Hagger, 46, Moorgate Street; Caroline Edmiston, Beckenham; C. E. Edwards, Kilburn Square, Kilburn; Henry Morris, Mount Trafford, Eccles, near Manchester; Elizabeth Guppy, 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park, N.; Ernest Edwards,

* This Report was offered to the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and the *Daily News*, but was refused by those journals.

Kilburn Square, Kilburn; Henry Clifford Smith, 38, Ennis Road, Stroud Green; H. B. Husk, 26, Sandwich Street, W.C.; Charles E. Williams, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.; F. Herne, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.; W. H. Harrison, Wilmin Villa, Chaucer Road, S.E. Three members of this party (as a deputation) to fully test the circumstance and to prevent collusion, escorted Mrs. Guppy home, and took the testimony of Mr. Guppy and Miss Neyland to the fact of Mrs. Guppy's presence in her home at Highbury, immediately preceding her appearance at Lamb's Conduit Street.

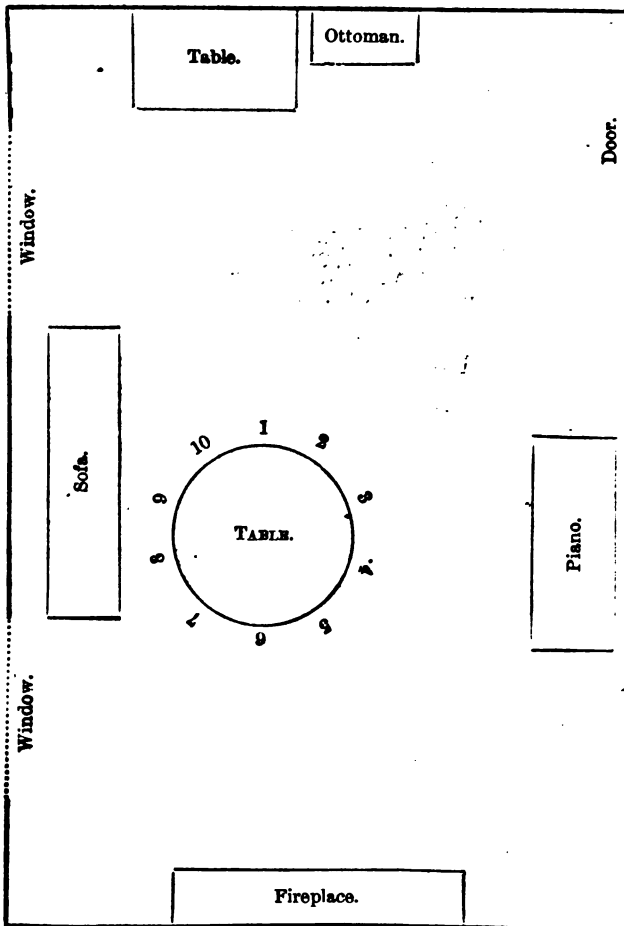
"It is well nigh needless to add that despite such attestation and the plenitude of details the report was received with considerable derision and incredulity; but notwithstanding a probable repetition of such ridicule and in full anticipation of the utmost scepticism the undersigned deem it simply their duty to give publicity to the following facts, not only on account of their essential strangeness, but because of the corroboration they afford to the occurrence of two years ago thus briefly recalled to notice. We therefore offer the following

"RECORD OF A SEANCE.

held without pre-arrangement or appointment in the sitting-room of Mr. Guppy's house, 1 Morland Villas, Highbury, on the night of November 2nd, 1873, commencing at ten minutes to ten o'clock:—present Mr. and Mrs. Guppy and eight visitors as follows, Colonel Greck, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Messrs. Proszynski, Volckman and Larkam, also a lady and gentleman (husband and wife) who for private and commercial reasons wish their names suppressed and who for the purpose of this communication will be named Mr. and Mrs. Blank. After the door of the sitting-room had been locked on the inside, the key being left in the lock, and after the room had been further secured and darkened by the closing and fastening of the windows and shutters thereof directions were received by raps to change the positions of the sitters, (all of whom were seated around the table each touching his or her neighbour's hands,) and to thoroughly close the curtains above the shutters. To so adjust the curtains the gas was re-lit, and in two or three minutes was a second time extinguished, the sitters being arranged in the order shown on the following diagram.

"All hands having been again joined various members of the party in obedience to further raps—directing the sitters to wish for something—expressed their desires as follows:—Mrs. Guppy that some one might be carried out of the room; Mr. Fisher for some cigarettes, five of which were brought; Mrs. Fisher for some pencils, three of which were brought; Mr. Guppy for

some grapes, a bunch being brought as also were some walnuts presumably at the request of Mr. Volckman for fruit. After these events, which occurred while all present were holding



- 1 Mr. Blank.
- 2 Mrs. Fisher.
- 3 Mr. Larkam.
- 4 Mrs. Guppy.
- 5 Mr. Volckman.

- 6 Mrs. Blank.
- 7 Mr. Guppy.
- 8 Mr. Proszynski.
- 9 Colonel Greek.
- 10 Mr. Fisher.

hands, a very violent rocking of the table commenced and was continued for some little while, during which time chairs were removed from under two of the visitors (Mrs. Fisher and Mr. Blank), and were heard to be moving about the room. By

reason of the violent movements of the somewhat cumbrous table we had much difficulty in maintaining an unbroken circle, and some of us now and again momentarily lost hold of each other's hands. We had kept up however an animated conversation when to the general surprise both the voice and hands of Mr. Blank were suddenly missed, he having ceased to answer us notwithstanding our repeated calls to him. Whereupon a light was struck, and revealed the fact that no Mr. Blank was in the room. More than ten minutes could not have elapsed since the last time the gas had been extinguished to the moment of discovering Mr. Blank's absence,—while from first to last we estimate the sitting as of twenty minutes' duration.

"All eyes turned instinctively to the door and it was at once observed that the table covering placed at its foot, to exclude the light, was undisturbed although the door opens *into* the room. The handle of the door was then tried but only to assure the party that the door was still locked, the key being found in the lock in the inside of the room as left at the commencement of the *séance*. The windows also were found closed and the shutters thereof duly fastened to the satisfaction of all present. The house and garden were then searched, but the only further discovery made was that Mr. Blank's great coat and hat were also missing, but not his umbrella. Mrs. Blank shortly after this search, and fearing to lose the last train, took her leave at about half-past ten o'clock and about fifteen or twenty minutes after her husband's disappearance, taking his umbrella with her. The remainder of the party then stood at the table in the light, and were informed by raps that Mr. Blank was a considerable distance off, had been carried away, and would not be seen by us again that evening. It is necessary here to add that the room in question contains no means of egress or entrance other than the door, the chimney and the windows, and is devoid of lengthy curtains, cupboard or other means of concealment. Its walls were papered throughout some three months ago, and its floor is covered over the entire area with a carpet (nailed down at the edges in the ordinary manner), upon which again are two pieces of druggeting also firmly nailed down and presenting no traces of recent disturbance. It must also be stated that the door of the room could not have been opened during the *séance* without detection through the letting in of light;—for the room door faces the street door which has glass panels, and the nearly full moon was affording considerable light notwithstanding the cloudy and wet weather prevailing on the night in question.

"So far we have concisely stated our own experiences as confined to the sitting room at Highbury. We now proceed to

record the statement we have received from Mr. Blank, as made by him, partially by letter and afterwards in full detail to the various members of the *séance* individually and collectively. This statement (given to us by Mr. Blank, under promise that we should not divulge his name in any report we might publish), is briefly as follows:—

“That Mr. Blank has a full remembrance of the *séance* above recorded, his *last* impression of it being the violent rocking of the table. That his *next* impression was one of semi-consciousness, in which condition he felt himself as rolling from off the roof, his left hand tightly grasping something. That in a dazed and confused state, he then found himself on his feet in a paved yard, surrounded by walls and outhouses. That he tried a door which opened into a stable where was a horse. That on trying another door, he was assailed by cries of ‘Police,’ that voices from a window or roof above him then accosted him asking ‘Who he was? What he did there?’ &c. That he replied by asking, ‘Who are you? Where am I? I’m not drunk,’ and so on. That his voice was then recognized by the persons to whom he was speaking, who immediately addressed him by name, and let him into the house by way of the yard door. That he then found himself in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Stokes and family (recent acquaintances of his) in their house at No. 29, Kingsdown Road, Holloway. That the family had just finished supper, the time being five minutes after ten o’clock, or thereabouts. That during supper he had been a subject of their conversation. That as soon as he had sufficiently recovered himself from his nervous condition he told them of the *séance* at Highbury, and that he was *wholly unconscious of how he got into their premises*. That they examined his clothes, and found them free from such moisture as might reasonably have been expected on such a rainy night, his boots, except *under* the soles thereof, being soiled by dry mud only, and presenting no traces of recent walking or running. That his face, however, was pallid and covered with perspiration. That his breathing was not unusually rapid. That a stain of reddish-brown paint was found on his left hand. That he had on his great coat and hat. That he made inquiries for his umbrella, which could not be found. That he was informed by Mr. Stokes’ stable-boy that the distance between Highbury and Kingsdown Road was two miles. That after staying a short time to refresh himself he departed, and by cab and tram car reached his home, where he found his wife had arrived about half-an-hour previously and in a state of much alarm.

“This statement Mr. Blank consistently maintains, especially and repeatedly emphasising the fact *that as to his transit*

from within the sitting room at Highbury to within the stable yard at Kingsdown Road he has not the smallest knowledge or reminiscence. But the writers of this letter, desiring to judge for themselves, sought direct testimony to all such parts of Mr. Blank's statement as it was possible for Mr. Stokes and his family to verify or contradict. Accordingly three of the sitters paid an early visit, without appointment, to 29, Kingsdown Road, were received by Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, and were permitted to examine the stable yard and surroundings of Mr. Blank's arrival. The house—which they estimate as one mile and a half from the house at Highbury—is a corner one, and its stable yard abuts a side street running out of Kingsdown Road, being enclosed on the street side by a brick wall, varying from six to eight feet high, and on the other sides by the adjoining houses and their gardens. The stable roof may easily be reached from the street door steps, is about nine feet high at the eaves, and adjoins the roof of another house about seven feet high at the eaves, both roofs being skirted by a metal gutter painted in a reddish brown colour. The sum total of their inquiries amounts to the corroboration in all essential particulars of Mr. Blank's statement as above rendered, and to which they are enabled to add Mr. Stokes' assurance that he tried and found his yard gate to be duly locked at the time of the discovery of Mr. Blank on his premises. In confirmation of these particulars and of Mr. Blank's statement in general, and also as an emphatic declaration by Mr. Stokes and family of *no collusion* between themselves and Mr. Blank or any other person whatever in this matter, we have the pleasure to be able here to append the names of nine witnesses signed by themselves) being all the persons who have any direct knowledge of Mr. Blank's arrival and discovery as above detailed) *viz.*—

" JOINER STOKES.	" EDWARD BULLOCK (<i>stable-boy</i>).
" ALICE STOKES.	" EMMA COTTON (<i>servant</i>).
" LIZZIE STOKES.	" WILLIAM MANNION.
" KATE STOKES.	" CHARLOTTE MANNION (<i>per</i>
" FLORENCE STOKES.	<i>W. M., her husband</i>).

" All of No. 29, Kingsdown Road.

" Beyond these nine witnesses no adults were in the house; but two children, the one two and a half years and the other five and a half years old, were in bed. We are also informed that Mr. Stokes and family are investigators of the phenomena alleged to be spiritual, and occasionally hold *séances* at which curious manifestations sometimes occur. They had not, however, been sitting on the evening in question, are not profes-

sional mediums or employers of public mediums, but rely for mediumship, so called, upon their own family circle.

"In thus faithfully recording the salient feature of this strange occurrence we (the writers of this report) have no wish to obtrude, or give prominence to, any theory of our own in explanation, but would merely venture such comments as naturally arise out of this event, especially as taken in connection with the alleged transference of Mrs. Guppy on June 3rd, 1871. On that occasion the solution most favoured by many—who did not give themselves the trouble to enquire of the highly respectable witnesses—was that of 'trickery by professional mediums from interested motives.' But such explanation entirely left out of account the fact that Mrs. Guppy, the real principal in the matter, is not a professional medium at all, and by social position is removed far above the operation of any such motive. Moreover, Mrs. Guppy had and has a reputation as a medium which is of European extent, and includes the testimony of hundreds of persons of unimpeachable integrity in the best English and Continental society,—society which would not continue to receive any one addicted to purposed deception. Whatever the 'professional medium' solution may be worth it will not avail, however, as explaining Mr. Blank's 'transference,' for none of the parties to the *séance* at Highbury, or witnesses at Kingsdown Road, are professional mediums in any sense,—while Mr. Blank not only makes no pretension to mediumship, so called, but is notorious amongst his friends as a great sceptic concerning the phenomena so frequently alleged to be of spiritual origin.

"It is worthy of notice in this connection that the evidence as to the 'departure' of Mrs. Guppy on her ærial flight was considered weak—at any rate numerically—it comprising beyond her own statement the testimony of Mr. Guppy and Miss Neyland only. But in the case of Mr. Blank the fact of 'departure' is a matter testified by nine witnesses besides himself. As a feature of likeness, however, between the two events we have in each case the fact of so-called mediumship, in some form or other, as present at both the 'departure' and 'arrival' points of the journeys.

"The theory that Mr. Blank has himself played a practical joke, and duped several long known friends, will doubtless be raised by many of your readers. We therefore urge attention to such further particulars as will aid those whose minds take that direction. First, then, on any theory of deception by Mr. Blank (and apart from his emphatic disclaimer of trickery), we would assert his absolute necessity for accomplices both inside and outside of the room as indispensable to the successful

performance of such a conjuring feat. For in an incredibly short space of time he must have eluded the adjoining sitters, have got out of the totally dark room without allowing a ray of light to enter, have relocked the door, leaving the key in the lock upon the *inside*, and have replaced the cloth *inside* at the foot of the door. So far however as accomplices *inside* of the room are concerned, we for ourselves entirely reject that explanation. All the sitters in question are well known to each other and to Mr. Blank, and have frequently sat in *séance* before, together and with other visitors; we are thoroughly assured of each other's good faith, and can answer the one for the other—and for Mrs. Blank—as not having during the sitting for a moment quitted the table,—which was nine or ten feet from the door. In regard to the *outside* of the room we have the testimony of Mrs. Guppy's servants, *immediately* sought and obtained, that they knew nothing whatever of the matter and had no cognisance of the fact, mode, or manner of Mr. Blank's departure from the house. The only other persons known to be in the house were the baby and a child but four years old, at that time in bed. Beyond this we are unable to venture any assertion as to *outside* accomplices (if any), and therefore put forward the fact of '*time*' as of the most importance,—apart from Mr. Blank's repeated assertion of his absolute unconsciousness of his transit.

"On the question of '*time*' it must be borne in mind that the clocks and watches of private houses and individuals are not regulated with railway accuracy, and that we did not foresee or immediately realize that '*time*' would be an element of so much importance in the *séance*. But it is remarkable that Mr. Stokes makes the arrival of Mr. Blank at Kingsdown Road to be about five minutes *earlier* than our estimated time of his departure from Highbury. Such a discrepancy, while easily accounted for as a difference between watches, *minimises* rather than otherwise the interval necessary to Mr. Blank for his performance of the distance either by horse, cab, or running. In any case the haste necessary to such a performance, in face of the sloppy roads and wet weather of that night, must have left some traces of dirt. But such traces, on the testimony of Mr. Stokes and family, were not to be found on Mr. Blank, his boots especially being free from other than dry mud and only damp on the under part of the soles—a circumstance of considerable importance taken in connection with the distance of Moreland Villas from the cab thoroughfare; while the use of a vehicle at all is difficult to reconcile with the fact of perspiration on Mr. Blank's face; and further, the *séance* itself being unpremeditated well nigh excludes the probability of that

previous preparation obviously necessary on the part of Mr. Blank for the successful performance of a practical joke involving so much elaboration and such rapid exertion.

"But all those (and they are many) who like ourselves have the pleasure of Mr. Blank's acquaintance know him to be uncompromising in his endeavours to expose imposture. Indeed there is no more interesting feature of this case than that the 'transference' now recorded is not that of an acknowledged or alleged medium, as in former instances, but has occurred to a gentleman making no mediumistic claims and avowedly sceptical concerning the manifestations alleged to take place at *séances*. We cannot therefore (for ourselves) entertain the theory of "practical joking by Mr. Blank" without attributing to him an untruthfulness of which we sincerely believe him incapable; to say nothing of hospitality abused and the bad taste involved. And in this case it must be remembered that Mr. Blank was not dealing directly with "Spiritualism" or with thick and thin partisans thereof, but with several friends who own no higher relation to the subject than that of investigators, and who are entitled, as much as he is, to that social, professional and mercantile consideration he claims for himself. (*Vide 3rd paragraph.*)

"It will occur to many that this event is not one of mere 'weight-carrying,' but involves the passing of solid matter through solid matter, thus further complicating the case in favour of scepticism. To this we reply that however incredible the fact of solid matter passing through solid matter may appear, to persons who have not investigated the phenomena in question, it is none the less one of the best attested and, for years past, one of the most frequently occurring manifestations in the mediumship of Mrs. Guppy. As illustrating this feature of the case we are permitted to add for the further bewilderment of your readers that within the last month two other very remarkable *séances* have taken place at which some of us were present. At the first of these one of the undersigned visitors asked for a sunflower—a momentary wish on his part, and one he certainly had not previously disclosed. Almost immediately a whole sunflower plant over six feet high was placed on the table, together with about half a bushel of mould about its roots. At the second sitting some forty articles were brought, including (among fruit, flowers, and vegetables) two living gold fish, a live lobster, and two living eels—one of which, to the no small alarm and annoyance of Mrs. Guppy, was placed around her neck. On both occasions the party sat under test conditions, the door and windows fastened, and *all* present holding hands. The difference between bringing a sunflower plant into a closed

and bolted room, and taking out Mr. Blank—a gentleman of over fifteen stone weight—is little more than that of degree, and equally needs the explanation which we hope some of your intelligent readers may be able to afford.

“ We are, yours truly,

“ P. GRECK,* 66, Hereford Road, Bayswater.

“ FELIX PROSZYNSKI, 56, Hereford Road, Bayswater.

“ WILLIAM VOLCKMAN, 12, King Edward Road, N.E.

“ MARGARET FISHER, 155, Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road.

“ EDWARD FISHER, 155, Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road.

“ ARTHUR LARKAM, 32, Tollington Road.

“ SAMUEL GUPPY, 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park.

“ ELIZABETH GUPPY, 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park.

“ P.S.—This record has been read by Mr. and Mrs. Blank, and is forwarded for publication with their full cognisance.”

A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

BEFORE relating a remarkable incident during the journey of the celebrated Christopher Crellius, as it is found in the papers of his son Samuel Crellius, we may say by way of introduction, that about two hundred years ago, the whole of the Unitarians were expelled from that unhappy country, Poland. About three hundred years ago, Unitarianism took root in Poland, and flourished for nearly a century. Churches, colleges, and schools, and also printing establishments were founded, and used for the general purposes of education, and the Reformed and Unitarian religion. Many of the nobility of Poland, and her most worthy and learned men for a time sustained the cause in that country. But the Jesuits gained the ascendant. The King and government of Poland became less tolerant. The star of freedom declined, and the banner of religious liberty became furled in that country long before any Russian reigned there. The Unitarians became subject to State prosecutions. The churches and colleges were closed, the printing establishments and schools were demolished, the ministers and professors were stigmatised and banished, and an order was issued by the government that every

* In the margin of the proof which he was asked to sign, Colonel Greck appended to his name and that of Mr. Proszynski the remark, ‘ We bear witness to the part of that stated above, which happened in our presence at Mr. Guppy’s house, on November 2nd.’ [Communicated.]

Unitarian in Poland must change his religion or leave the country at once; and a noble and honourable band of men, women, and children, from babyhood to patriarchal years, left their fields white for harvest, their rich orchards, and fattened flocks, their fatherland, all their property and homes, and wandered away to seek a home, in some strange land, rather than desert their convictions and their God. Among this undaunted and holy band of confessors was the celebrated Christopher Crellius, who came over to England. His son Samuel narrates this wonderful escape of his father in the *Monthly Repository*, page 633, of 1816.

"Samuel Crellius wishes happiness to H. V. O.

"I will to gratify your desire communicate to you in writing the remarkable event which you listened to with pleasure:—When my father, Christopher Crellius, with other Unitarians, was driven from Poland, in the year 1666, he became acquainted in London, with a pious woman, who was instructed by John Biddle, and was called Stuckey. This woman spoke to my father in this manner—'You, my dear Crellius! wander now an exile, and in poverty—a widower—burthened with four children; give me two of these, a son and a daughter, in England, and I will take care of their education.' My father thanked her cordially, and promised to consider it. When returned to Silesia, he consulted his friends on the subject, and departed with his eldest son and daughter in the year 1668 from Breslau, through Poland towards Dantzic, to embark from there to Holland, and so to England. This voyage my father undertook with his own waggon and horses. His driver was the pious Paul Sagoosky, from whom I heard an account of the event in Brandenburg, Prussia, the year 1704, when he was far advanced in age.

"It was afternoon, the sun declining to the west, when my father, only twelve Polish miles from Dantzic, reached a tavern in which he resolved to tarry that night, because he saw before him a large wood, which he could not pass through by daylight, and he deemed it unadvisable to enter it towards night, uncertain if he should find another house, and moreover, was not well acquainted with the road. They stopped then at the tavern, and brought the waggon into a large stable, and fastened the horses to the manger. The landlady—her husband being from home—received them with civility. She gave orders to take the baggage from the waggon, and bring it into the inner room, where she invited my father with the children to the table. Meanwhile, the driver, when he had fed the horses, explored the spacious stable, not forgetting to scrutinize with careful anxiety every corner, because the taverns in Poland, at such a distance from cities and villages as this was, are seldom a safe refuge for

travellers, and there is always apprehensions of robbers and murderers. In this search he discovered in one corner of the stable a large heap of straw, of which he moved a part with a stick, when he perceived that this straw covered a large hole which emitted an offensive smell, while the straw was tainted with blood. On this he directly returned to the inner room, mentioned to my father in secret what he had seen, and saying that he doubted not that the landlord was a robber and a murderer.

"My father left the room directly, and having verified the fact, ordered directly to bring the baggage again on the waggon, and harness the horses.

"When the landlady observed these preparations, she showed her surprise, and dissuaded my father to proceed on his journey through such a large wood, in a cold night, with two young children, and engaged that she would endeavour to render his stay as comfortable as it was in her power; but he replied, that something very interesting had struck his mind, which rendered it impossible for him to remain there, and compelled him to proceed on. He thanked her for her civilities, went with his children into the waggon, and departed.

"When they were arrived in the wood, they met the landlord driving home a load of wood, who accosted my father, 'Sir,' said he, 'I beg of you, what moves you to enter this wood, so large and extensive, and cut in two or three cross roads, in the fall of the evening; at the approach of night, I doubt not that you will lose the right road, and remain in the wood during the night. You endanger your health, and that of these young children is in jeopardy; return with me to my tavern, there you may refresh yourself and your horses, spend the night comfortably, and continue your journey in the morning.' My father answered that he was obliged to proceed on his journey, however unpleasant it was. The landlord urged his entreaties with greater importunity, and approaching my father's waggon, and taking hold of it, he renewed to dissuade a further process, with a lowered brow and a grim countenance, and insisted that they should, and must return; on which my father ordered the driver to lay his whip over the horses, to disengage himself from the dangerous man, in which he succeeded.

"Then they proceeded on. My father, sitting in the waggon, sent up his prayers in an audible voice unto his God, as was his usual custom in his travels, and recommended himself and those dear to him, in this perilous situation to his providential care, in which devotion he was accompanied by the driver and his two children. Meanwhile the sun was set, and increasing darkness prevailed; they lost the road, entered a deep swamp, in which

soon the waggon stuck, the horses being too fatigued to draw it out again. My father and the driver jumped from the waggon in the mud, strengthened every nerve, and animated the horses with words and the whip, but all in vain; the waggon could not be stirred one single inch. My father became apprehensive that he must pass the night in that dreary spot, and that he or his driver should be compelled to leave the wood next morning and search for assistance, in the nearest village, without even a prospect of success; meanwhile nothing was left him but silent ejaculations to his God.

"After having covered his children as well as he could, and secured them against a rigorous cold night, he walked to a little distance from his waggon, and employed himself in sending up his prayers to his God, when he saw a man of small stature, in a grey or whitish coat, with a stick in his hand, approaching him. After mutual salutations, the man asked my father what he did there, and why he travelled in the night, and especially through such a wood. My father explained to him the whole, and begged him to assist him and his driver to try once more, if, with his assistance, they might draw the waggon and horses from the mire of that swamp, and bring them into the right road. 'I will try,' said he, 'if I can effect something;' upon which he approached the waggon, and placed his stick under the fore wheels, and appeared to lift these a little; the same he did to the back wheels, and then put his hand to the waggon to draw it, with my father and the driver, out of the mire. He called at the same instant to the horses, which, without any apparent difficulty, left the swamp, and drew the waggon upon solid ground. After this the stranger conducted them into the right road, from which they had wandered, and told them to keep now that road, and neither deviate from it, to the right or left. 'And when,' said he, 'thou shalt arrive at the end of this wood, you will discover at some distance a light in one of the nearest houses of the village, which you must pass. In that house lives a pious man, who, although it is so late, will receive you civilly, and give you lodgings for the night.' My father cordially thanked this man for his assistance and instructions, and when he turned his face from him to put his hand in his pocket and offer him some money, he had disappeared. My father looked towards him and saw nobody. He looked all around, and even searched awhile for him, but could not find him again; then he called, with a loud voice, 'Where art thou, my friend? Return, I pray thee, towards me, I have yet something to say;' but he received no answer, neither saw he his deliverer again. Surprised and astonished, he waited yet a long while, ascended his waggon, and thanked God for this favour. They arrived in

safety through the wood, and saw a light in that house of which the stranger had spoken. My father knocked softly at the window, upon which the master of the house opened it, and looked out to see who was there. My father asked him if he could give him lodgings? He replied, by asking how they came so late, and why they proceeded on their journey after midnight, not far from day-break? My father developed the reason in a few words, and was then amicably received. When at table, my father gave him a more circumstantial account, and asked him if he had ever seen, or known such a man as he who conducted him to the right road in the wood, and of whose countenance and clothes he gave a description. He answered that he knew not such a man, but that he knew very well that the tavern at the other side of the wood was no safe place for travellers. After a while, he looked accidentally to one of the corners of the room not far from the table, where he saw some books on a bench. Taking one of these, and looking into it, he saw it was a book of a Polish Unitarian. This curiosity alarmed the master of the house; but, as soon as my father perceived this, he said to him, 'Keep good courage, friend, I shall not bring you into any difficulty for that book, neither inform against you for heresy, and, to give you more confidence in this assurance, I must tell you that I too am a Unitarian.' Then he told him his name, which by fame was known to his landlord, who, now full of joy, was delighted to receive such a guest in his house. My father adored the ways of God's providence in bringing him to this place. This man was a linen weaver, who, when the Unitarians were banished from Poland, remained here for several years hidden through the favour of a nobleman, the lord of his village, and liberal-minded in religion. He would not permit my father to start next day, but persuaded him to tarry with him a few days more, and treated my father, with his children and the driver and horses, very hospitably.

"There are more examples of a particular Providence in regard to Polish Unitarians, of which I lately told you some, and it would be a desirable thing if all these had been directly recorded by those who could bear witness to them."

A CANDID ADMISSION.—The *Catholic World* for November has a thoughtful article headed "Spiritualism," which opens with the candid admission,—“It can hardly be denied that the question of Spiritualism is forcing itself every year more and more upon the public attention, and that a belief in the reality of its phenomena, and, as almost a necessary consequence, a suspicion of their at least partially preternatural character, is on the increase among honest and intelligent persons.”

THE DISCUSSION AT SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL.— EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT-IDENTITY.

In the recent debate on Spiritualism at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, some interesting and valuable facts in evidence of spirit-identity were given, which we think worth placing on record.

EVIDENCE OBTAINED BY MR. STEPHENS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.

Mr. Stephens said:—"In my investigation of Spiritualism I did not go to paid mediums, but at one of my first *séances* the messages told me things which had really occurred in the past, and which were not known at the time to myself. I at first thought this might be clairvoyance. I had several *séances* with Miss Lottie Fowler, and had about half-a-dozen tests given me each evening. When I first met her, she had never heard my name before; she had just arrived from America, and I was a stranger to her. She came up to me in the trance state, and said, 'William wishes to speak to you.' I replied, 'Who's he?' she said, 'He is a brother of yours.' I replied, 'I never had a brother William.' I thought she was guessing, so I questioned her on the point, but she stuck fast to her text. She gave the circumstances of his death, and the date of his death, which was said to have occurred eight years before I was born. I then remembered that I had been told of a brother who died about the time stated, so I went to a surviving brother, and asked him questions on the subject. I then discovered that not only were all the particulars true which Miss Fowler had told me, but that she had revealed more facts to me than were known to my surviving brother. Now this could not have been thought-reading, for when she made the revelation I was thinking of another brother. Moreover, she told me things not in my mind. Another time Miss Fowler came to me at Ball's Pond, and in the trance she gave me the name of a friend of mine; the name was John Williams, and she said that a scaffolding had just fallen on him and killed him. John Williams was then in New York, and I could scarcely believe the revelation, but a fortnight afterwards a letter came from America proving that she had stated the truth."

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WHATELEY.

Mr. Herbert Noyes, after relating some cases, especially of a cure of blindness, effected through mesmerism, by his uncle, the late Archbishop Whately, said, "I hold in my hand a letter from

Mrs. H. Senior, an intimate friend of his Grace's, who writes :—
 'In the year 1864, a few days before the death of my brother-in-law, Mr. Nassau Senior, I had a *séance* with Mrs. A—, during which I had this message from my (spirit) husband, "Tell Nassau that the White Bear comes to him." When I asked who is the White Bear? I was told that it was the pet name of the late Archbishop of Dublin when he was at Oxford. When I returned home I told my brother-in-law; but his memory was failing, and he did not seem to remember it, though his wife did. But, anxious for a further test, I wrote to Dr. Hind, late Bishop of Norwich, who I knew had been one of the Archbishop's most intimate friends at Oxford, asking if he remembered this name. Instead of writing, he came to me, and taking me by both hands, said, 'Oh, Mrs. Senior, I cannot tell you the memories your note has aroused. Yes, he was called the "White Bear," and I was called "Black Sam;" and when I walked with him in the Quadrangle, they used to say, "There goes Black Sam and his White Bear."' I considered this the most perfect test of (spirit) identity I had ever received."

Mr. Noyes added that Mrs. H. Senior was a sister-in-law of Mr. Nassau Senior, and on most intimate terms with Archbishop Whately, who listened with the greatest interest to all her experiences in Spiritualism, and entirely believed in them, accepting her testimony, because he was able to judge of her capacity for observation, as he would have accepted it on any other subject.

A SPIRIT REPEATS, THROUGH A STRANGER, HER LAST WORDS.

Mr. William Tebb said :—"When in America, I visited New Jersey, and a lady—not a professional medium—went into the trance condition, described my mother's appearance and features, and repeated some verses which I had known her repeat twenty years before. She also said, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil.' These were the last words my mother uttered. This *séance* took place in America, and my mother died in England."

On the third evening of the adjourned debate, Dec. 11th, the discussion was opened by Mr. Thomas Shorter, who pointed out that the facts elicited in this debate, and others to which he referred, admitted of no other explanation than that which Spiritualism presented. At the unanimous request of the meeting Mr. Shorter resumed and concluded his argument. His address, which was received with marked attention, lasted about three quarters of an hour. Mr. Bryan concluded the debate by an able review of the objections to Spiritualism on the previous evenings.

DERVISHES.*

THE Dervishes fill the same place in the East that the Monks did in the West. They have their convents, or Tekkies, too, and very numerous these must be, for the author of the book whose title is given below fills thirteen pages with a list of those to be found at Constantinople alone. But the occupants of the Tekkieh, twelve and upwards in each, form only a small section of the community—multitudes of Mussulmans being everywhere affiliated as lay brothers. Many of these institutions are richly endowed, but their inmates fare none the better for it, since the surplus revenues are devoted to the relief of the poor. And their number is perpetually augmenting, for the dervish chiefs have a keen eye to the "spiritual destitution" especially of the metropolitan districts, and, when they consider a Tekkieh needed in any quarter, forthwith they organize the requisite staff, and leaving the rest to Providence and the exertions of these gentlemen, trouble themselves no further in the matter, feeling thoroughly assured of the result.

The origin of the brotherhood is involved in obscurity.

Concerning the peers, or founders of the many orders into which it is divided, Mr. Brown tells many stories that strikingly resemble the saintly legends of Christendom, as, for instance, of the Sheikh Jebawa, who in his day was accustomed to use lively puff adders as cords for his faggots, and who founded the order of serpent-charmers.

The dervish somehow or other manages to make the theology of the Koran harmonize with the following pantheistic opinions—that the outward forms of religion are matters of indifference; that paradise, hell, and the positive dogmas of religion are allegories; that God and nature are identical; that all beings are emanations from the Divinity; that there is no real difference between good and evil; that the soul is confined as in a cage in the body, and if through sin it become incapable of annihilation in the Deity by the process called death, it must undergo metempsychosis until sufficiently purified; and that the great object of the dervish is intense meditation on the Unity, which he calls "Zikr," and which he aids and cultivates in every possible way. This meditation must be so profound and continuous that even in the midst of a crowd, the meditator shall hear no disturbing sound, and that every word spoken, no matter by whom, shall appear the echo of the Zikr. The

* *The Dervishes, or Oriental Spiritualism.* By JOHN P. BROWN, Secretary and Dragoman of the Legation of the United States of America at Constantinople. London: TRUBNER & Co. 1868.

dervish believes that by incessant practice of this Zikr the soul, even in this life, may assimilate itself with God in power as well as in perfection. This state is called "Kuvveh i roohee batinee," which attained, the dervish becomes invested with the most extraordinary powers—prophetic and miraculous. Mr. Brown gives many anecdotes illustrative of this power, which occasionally condescends to produce very ordinary results.

"In my youth," writes a dervish, "I was the inseparable companion of the Said Molana at Herat. It happened one day, as we walked out together, that we fell in with a company who were engaged in a wrestling match. As an experiment, we agreed to aid with our *powers of the will* one of the wrestlers so that he should overcome the other, and after doing so to change our design in favour of the loser. So we stopped, and turning towards the parties, gave the full influence of our united wills to one, and immediately he was enabled to subdue his opponent. As we chose, each in turn conquered the other—whichever we willed to prevail instantly grew the stronger, and thus the power of our wills was clearly manifested." On another occasion a similar pair came upon a mob gathered round a prize fight. "To prevent any of the crowd from passing between and separating us," writes one, "we joined our hands together. One of the combatants was a powerful fellow, while the other was spare and weak, and of course the former had it all his own way. Seeing this, I proposed to my companion to overthrow the stronger man by the force of our wills. He agreed, and accordingly we concentrated our powers upon the weaker party. Immediately a wonderful occurrence took place. The thin spare man seized his giant-like opponent and threw him to the ground with surprising force. The crowd cried out with astonishment as he turned him over on his back and held him down with apparent ease. Nor did any one present except ourselves know the cause. *Seeing that my companion's eyes were much affected by the effort* which he had made, I bade him remark how perfectly successful we had been, and adding that there was no longer any necessity for our remaining here, we walked away." It is impossible to contend with an Arif or knowing person possessed of the power of the will; nor when he is inclined to assist is it necessary that the individual should be a believer. He may even be an infidel, since his faith is not necessary to the performance of the willer's design. After relating several achievements of a celebrated sheikh—relieving a beleaguered city and dispersing an enormous army being among them—Mr. Brown continues to this effect:—Many individuals who oppressed his friends received punishment through the power of this sheikh; some even fell sick and died, or were only restored.

to health by openly declaring their penitence and by imploring his intercession with Allah. His spirit even accompanied his friends and enabled him to commune with them at immense distances. His power of affecting the health of those who injured himself or his friends was greatly increased when he was excited by anger, and then his whole frame would be convulsed and his beard moved as if by electricity. Occasionally he exerted his powers in such a manner as to throw individuals into a sort of trance, which deprived them of memory; nor could they emerge from that state until he thought fit to release them. Whenever the details of any cruelty practised on the innocent reached his ears, the sheikh would be strangely affected, so much so that none dared to address him until the paroxysm was over, and on such occasions he never failed to communicate spiritually with the prince who had commanded these cruelties, nor to control him to deal vengeance on the really guilty. Notwithstanding all these eminent powers, this great sheikh is reputed to have spent his last days at Herat in extreme indigence, much slighted by those who had so greatly revered him during the vigour of his spiritual faculties, all fear of which had died out—indeed it is told that these faculties declined with the natural decay of his ordinary strength of mind and body.

Nor is the power of the will limited to merely earthly objects. The practice of the Zikr discloses the spirit world to the devotee, and enables him to arrest and hold converse with angel and jinn, and especially with the Rijal i Ghaib, or unseen men, concerning whom we can scarcely do better than condense and compound the varying descriptions with which Mr. Brown favours us:—Three of this band, called the masters of destiny, the Kutb, or centre, and his two umeva, or faithful, never leave their post on the summit of the Caaba. The remainder wander everywhere over the whole world in obedience to the divine command, completing its circuit in a month. Every morning they return to Mecca, report their proceedings to the Kutb, say their prayers, and set out anew in the direction laid down for the day on the daireh, or guiding circle, which each of them carries, and which is divided into thirty parts. The jurisdiction of these wanderers includes everything human, nor can anything be done until they have decided concerning it. By consulting the tables of the daireh, it is possible to ascertain the direction in which they are going on any particular day, and to look to them for help, which is never refused to the worthy. These Rijal i Ghaib, as the dervish believes, are human beings, still in the body, who have done indeed with common life and its duties, but over whose changeless heads centuries must pass

before the angel of death calls them to union with Allah, and opens their office to others, who are rendered worthy of it by the practice of the Zikr. Nor are the Rijal i Ghaib the only dervishes who have prolonged their lives indefinitely by this means; there are many others still existing, and destined to exist until the close of time, as the Iman Mehdee, but chiefly El Khizr the mysterious, the founder of dervishism, and the instructor of the patriarchs in its mysteries.

To become a dervish it is necessary to be regularly affiliated and to pass through a long and trying ordeal. The ceremonies attending initiation are much the same in all the orders:—we give a summary of those practised by the Bektashees. Having found two sponsors, themselves full-blown dervishes, to introduce him, the aspirant provides a sheep and a sum of money proportionate to his means, and hastens to the Tekkieh on the night appointed. At the door he finds his sponsors, who sacrifice the sheep on the sill. Putting the flesh aside for the feast that is to close the ceremony, they twist a portion of the wool into a cord, which they throw round the neck of the novice, and retain the remainder to be woven into that essential portion of his future costume—the taibend, or belt. Inside the door he finds three others, who, if he intends to take the severer vows, including those of celibacy, strip him altogether—otherwise only to the waist; but in the latter case they take care to remove every mineral substance from about his person. He is now led by the woollen cord into the hall, where he finds the sheikh and twelve brethren seated in a semicircle in front of the Maidan Tash—a stone with twelve angles. His conductors place the aspirant on this stone with his head bent humbly, and his arms crossed on his breast. In this position he repeats certain prescribed prayers after the sheikh. He is then led down and placed kneeling before the latter, who grasps his hands and administers the oaths—including one of secrecy, and thus his novitiate commences. This is in every respect a species of penal servitude—as irksome as fanaticism can make it. Every day a certain number of tedious forms must be observed, many annoying little tasks performed, and a few prayers repeated, from 101 to the very comfortable number of 1,001 times each—while, if the unfortunate murid omit but a single one of his impositions, the novitiate must recommence. At the close of this period—in most cases 1,001 days—he obtains the status of a dervish, and is invested ceremoniously with the costume. The chief articles of this dress are the taj or cap, the khirka or mantle, and the taibend or belt. In addition to these the dervish wears ear-rings called mengoosh, a stone attached to the neck, teslem tash, and another in the girdle, pelenk. Every article is the subject of

many wonderful legends, and has a hundred different mystic significations.

With respect to their ceremonies, we find that each order requires its members to recite certain prayers at fixed hours, in private as well as in common. Some of these are not very lively performances; as, for instance, sitting stock still in a circle until the phrase, "La ilaha ill'Allah," has been repeated 1,001 times. Several orders, however, indulge in practices a little more exciting, and in each of their convents there is a hall devoted to such exercises. This apartment is formed of wood, and has nothing to show in the way of ornament. That side facing Mecca contains a niche with the name of the peer, and some of the "beautiful names of God," of which there are ninety-nine in all, inscribed above it, and a sheep-skin carpet for the sheikh spread in front. As the practices of the Rufaees or Howlers include those of the other sects—the Mevleves, &c.—we give a summary of them from the several different accounts with which Mr. Brown provides us. Each of these exhibitions is divided into five acts, and lasts about three hours. The first act comprises the following items in the order we accord them:—A hymn in honour of the sheikh, the obeisance to the peer—the chanting of the Tekbeer and Fatiha—which are mere introductory matters, and concludes with a vigorous specimen of the real business of the evening, consisting in an incessant yell of "Allah," accompanied by some such elegant contortions as those in which clown and pantaloon delight, and lasting until the actors are out of breath. The second act opens where the other left off, with some slight variation of the motions and additional power in the shrieks. At first, as during the whole of the opening act, the dervishes retain their seats. In ten minutes or so, however, they rise, and without changing places sway violently on one foot from right to left, and alternate the wild scream of "Allah" with the still wilder one "Ya Hoo," but always maintaining admirable time and cadence. After a quarter of an hour at this sharp work, "some of the performers"—as our very circumstantial author informs us—"sigh, others sob, others again perspire great drops." Out of breath, there is a pause, but not a long one, and the third act begins. Now the fun grows furious, the movements quicken, and the yells redouble, one of the older hands taking his place in the centre to reanimate such as flag, and to stimulate all to fiercer exertions. Another pause, and act four begins. It is something like a cannibal dance—the wildest scene of a Feejee carnival. Still retaining their semicircular arrangement, the dervishes jam their shoulders together, and sweep round and round the hall in outrageous hornpipe, diversified with a violent

dash of highland fling, and accompanied by a perfect hurricane of yells. The scene is beyond measure exciting. Even the sheikh, hitherto silent and impassive, catches the contagion, and, joining the circle, emulates the maddest of his disciples. Towards the close of this act some of the older dervishes quit the ranks and take down certain awkward-looking iron tools which hang, along with a number of cutlasses, round the walls. These are heated to a white glow and presented to the sheikh. The whole of the dervishes, mad as March hares, cluster round him, hustling each other for the nearest place. The sheikh prays over the irons, invokes the peer of the order, and, breathing on each, hands them to the dervishes, who struggle and fight for the glowing bars as if they were so many sceptres. In an instant a disorderly mass, leaping, whirling, yelling, and wielding their weapons in all directions, astonishes the hall. They hug the hot irons, "gloat upon them tenderly, lick them, bite them, hold them between their teeth, and end by cooling them in their mouths." Those who are unable to secure iron lay hold of the cutlasses and thrust them furiously into their sides, arms, and legs. The sheikh walks round, surveys the dervishes one by one, breathes upon their wounds, rubs them with saliva, and in twenty-four hours afterwards not even a scar is to be seen; a fact, if fact it be, which proves satisfactorily enough that the Rufaees exercise their madness with very considerable method.

But the dervishes are not mere extravagant fanatics. Some of them display a liberality of sentiment that is not always found in "arifs" of purer opinion. Many of their sayings and much of their writings would do no discredit to the calmest philosophy.—"*Pall Mall Gazette*," *January 10th, 1868.*

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE VILLE DE HAVRE.

WE extract the following from the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, of Dec. 2nd, which gives an account of the sinking of the ship:—

"Mrs. Bininger was the wife of Mr. Bininger of the well-known wine firm in Broad Street. The daughter was saved, and the mother, it is feared, was drowned. Mr. Bininger was among the first at the company's office. He received a despatch containing the news that his daughter was saved and on her way to Paris, but that his wife was lost. He mentioned a curious circumstance: On the evening of the 23rd instant a flower, which his wife had left at his house, moved, and he

remarked to some friends who were present that he believed that motion indicated that some accident had befallen his wife. His friends tried to dissuade him from the idea, but his mind has ever since been uneasy in regard to the circumstances, and his worst fears have been confirmed. He was grief-stricken beyond measure, and his sorrow was shared by all present."

THE LATE MR. HAWKES, OF BIRMINGHAM.

Concerning Mr. Hawkes, of Birmingham, whose sudden death from syncope, while addressing a public meeting, was noticed in our last number, we take the following from *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* :—

A crowded meeting of the Birmingham Spiritualists was held on Sunday night at the Athenæum, Birmingham. Special reference was made to the death of Mr. Benjamin Hawkes, a local tradesman, who fell dead on Sunday, the 16th inst., while addressing a meeting in the same place. Mr. John Collier stated that, at a *séance* held at his own house, on Wednesday night, the spirit of Mr. Hawkes appeared and shook him by the hand. He (Mr. Collier) told the spirit that he intended publicly to refer to Mr. Hawkes's passing away, and asked what he wished to tell the Spiritualists of Birmingham and the world at large. The spirit then said, in his own voice, "Tell them I am quite well and happy."

SPIRITUALISM IN QUAKERISM.

As Mr. Howitt has shown, living Quakerism has always abounded in Spiritualism. A correspondent of the *British Friend*, for November last, forwards "the following brief but sublime discourse," delivered by Special West, at a meeting for worship in London, during the time of the Friends' yearly meeting :—

When there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour: when the vocal tribute of Holy, Holy, Holy, and the hallelujahs of sanctified spirits in endless felicity were suspended; their worship continued in awful, holy, solemn, inconceivable silence; it was a rapturous adoration too copious for language to express, a cloud of incense before the throne of immaculate purity and love. May our minds be gathered to it, let our name or profession to religion be what it may, and may we experience this divine communion of saints and deeply ponder God's unbounded love in solemn silence, for there is no power of eloquence can sufficiently acknowledge the obligation and reverence we owe His infinite Majesty, who fills heaven and earth with His glory and goodness; but let us look up unto Him, and wait to be prepared for it, for they that "wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;" wherein we may experience constant advancement from grace to grace, until we attain the glorious end proposed by this lively, animating salutation, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you always. Amen."

"Special West was a small farmer near Hertford, and it is related by those who were personally acquainted with him, that his capacity in the common affairs of life was rather below than above that which generally belongs to men of his class. His literary education was very limited, but he was a diligent reader of the Holy Scriptures and of the writings of Friends.

"The following anecdote is related of him. Being engaged

in religious labour in Oxfordshire, he believed it his duty to hold a public meeting in the city of Oxford. Divine power seems to have prevailed over the assembly, and Special West was enabled to declare the truth in a remarkable manner. At the close of the meeting, a gentleman connected with the University addressed the Friend by whose invitation he had attended, to this effect, 'You told me he was an unlearned man that had appointed the meeting, but I have been listening to the language of a scholar.' The Friend assured him that which he had said respecting Special West was strictly correct, and that if he would meet him at his house to breakfast the next morning, he would be able to perceive the truth of it himself.

"The gentleman did so, and afterwards acknowledged his conviction that it was not by means of a learned education, but through the gift of God, that his friend had been able to minister with such clearness and power."

EXTRAORDINARY HALLUCINATION.

A singular circumstance came to light in the Bristol Police Court, on Tuesday. Mr. Thomas B. Cumpston, and his wife, Mrs. Ann Martha Cumpston, of Virginia Road, Leeds, were brought up for being disorderly at the Victoria Hotel and with letting off fire-arms. It was stated in evidence by the landlady of the hotel, Mrs. Tongue, that the defendants took an apartment at the hotel, on Monday evening, and retired to rest about twelve o'clock. About four o'clock in the morning she was awoken by loud screams and shouts in their bed room, succeeded by a report of fire-arms. She went down and found that they had both leapt from their bed room into the yard below—a depth of upwards of twelve feet—and then made their way to the railway station opposite. Mr. T. Harker, the night superintendent on the Bristol and Exeter Railway, said the parties rushed into his office, partly dressed, crying out "Murder," and they were in a terrible state of excitement. They told him they had escaped from a den of rogues and thieves, and they had to defend themselves. They were under the impression that someone was following them, and they made him search the waiting room to see there was no one there. Upon his sending for a policeman, Mr. Cumpston was searched, and a revolver and three knives were found upon him. When asked by the magistrate what he had to say in explanation of the matter, Mr. Cumpston, who had an impediment in his speech, said he and his wife had been staying at Clifton; but, intending to proceed to Weston-super-Mare that morning, they came down and engaged a room at the Victoria Hotel,

being near the railway station. They were alarmed at about four o'clock in the morning by terrible noises which they could not explain, and which frightened them very much. The bed seemed to open, and did all sorts of strange things. The floor, too, opened, and they heard voices. They were so terrified that they opened their bed-room window and leapt out. Mrs. Cumpston, also, gave her version of the affair. She said they heard terrible noises at about four o'clock in the morning. The floor seemed to be giving way. It certainly opened, and her husband fell down some distance, and she tried to get him up. What they said was repeated every time they spoke. Being very much frightened she asked her husband to fire off his pistol, which he did, into the ceiling. The noises continuing, they got out of the window, but she did not know how. When they got outside she asked her husband to fire off his pistol again. They then ran up to the railway station. In reply to the Bench, the lady said she did not hear the noises so plainly as her husband. Ultimately, a Mr. Butt, who had been telegraphed for from Gloucester, attended the Court, and in reply to the Bench said the parties occupied a very good position in Leeds. He offered to take proper charge of them if they were handed over to him, which was ultimately done, the defendants being discharged from custody. No explanation can be given of this strange affair, and the belief is that it was an hallucination on the part of the husband.—*The "Times," Dec. 11th, 1873.*

Correspondence.

MR. WILLIAM HOWITT AND THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR.—Everyone of your readers cannot fail to be powerfully influenced by the able and trenchant letter which you have published from my friend Mr. Howitt. The flame of the "old man eloquent" still burns with undiminished lustre.

From his point of view he has gained an undoubted triumph; but, is his "point of view" the only one from which we ought to regard the plan of forming "A National Association of Spiritualists?" I think I must answer this question in the negative. Let us regard it as practical men of the world.

As I understand the project of this Association, it is not intended to be in the slightest degree "sectarian." It will no more deserve the name of a "sect" than does the Royal Society, the School Board, the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Society for Promoting Emigration, or any other Society which has for its purpose the promoting of the general and practical good of mankind. We must bear in mind that "Spiritualists"—properly so called—are at present under a cloud; and their influence, wide-spread as it undoubtedly is, is attributed by the self-installed social judges and law-givers of the world to the result of a "mental epidemic." We have, as a rule, the Press banded together against

us; and, individually, we are treated with contempt, because we are not organized into a recognized and powerful body. To teach the truth to the poor creatures who write in the newspapers and magazines is surely one piece of work deserving of the highest encouragement and attention, and which ought not to be left to isolated effort.

What Mr. Howitt says about the tendency of all organizations to become corrupt, must be admitted to be a great fact; but it is a fatality attending all human combinations. It is, however, a merciful dispensation that these combinations and organizations do not generally become vicious until they have fulfilled their mission. When they have served their purpose and done their work, Providence wisely and naturally dispenses with a co-operation which has become rotten and useless.

The basis of Spiritualism is the great element of truth in all religions deserving of the name; and I imagine that the office and duty of an Association of Spiritualists will be, for a time, to make this teaching strong and respected, until it can afford to run alone.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

Blackheath, 4th December, 1873.

MRS. HARDINGE ON INSIGHT AND FORESIGHT.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Having mentioned Mrs. Hardinge in my note on Landseer, I should like to say a word on her suggestive article. Those inner promptings are more or less common, and of which Socrates was a notable instance. The sense of the voice prompting I hold to be illusion; as when I have asked clairvoyants how they knew so and so, they have mostly replied, "The voice tells me so;" or, "It tells me so." But what I wish to remark on here is, that the more we study physiology, the closer we find our constitutions linked in with the lower animals; and that the more we observe in respect to the higher and deeper facts of mind, the closer we find ourselves again allied to the lower beings, setting aside Mr. Darwin's untenable mechanical fancy altogether. Yet "we are wiser than we know," or we should not be here to know it, and unless it had been so man could not have developed and maintained himself up to this time; just as it is with the lower animals, each requiring all the instinct that it now has to maintain itself. Hence that instinct should be the accumulation of experiences inherited is simply an impossibility. Mrs. Hardinge seconds her experience of her sympathies and antipathies and prompting impulse as exceptional marvels. But is not our unconscious being the source of our conscious being? Is not the whole physical being instinct with life and with actions adapted—as light from what is dark—to ends? If I stumble I right myself before the conscious mind is yet sensible of it, just as the eye closes at the touch from a speck of dust with the quickness of lightning, and thought and memory, reason and genius, spring from the unconscious self. But what is all this to the sympathy and antipathy of the lower animal? See how each keeps to its own species, though the difference is often so slight; and see with what certainty and nicety they adapt their habitations and select their food, selecting and rejecting with all the certainty of chemical affinities, as when the moth lays its eggs on the plant necessary for the food of its young—and is the marvel the less because it is not human?—is the intuition and the clairvoyance the less wonderful because it is not of man? I had almost said is it less spiritual? Milton represented man's mind as more rational and discursive; the angels more intuitive, then may we not be a little startled to find the extremes in a sense to meet the instinct of the lower animal and the intuition of the angels as given by Milton. Oh! what a grand and deep and large subject this is, and I don't see that it can be looked upon in any other light than that of Spiritualism, for we are dealing with matters that transcend experience and are the very source of experience of this nature, through and through, pregnant with instinct deeper than thought, higher than human wisdom.

Is not the little fly that wings the air as wonderfully and fearfully made as man?—and how we admire and envy its powers of flight—and its instincts, how admirably adapted to all its needs; and in what is the brute and brutal nature that men in their conceit refer to? "He who feels contempt for any living thing

hath faculties he has never used," said the poet Wordsworth, whose whole soul was bent on spiritualising Nature, and so raising the so-called lower world to its true position and dignity, and not to lower man, but to raise him to a true insight and spiritual discernment of the all-pervading spirit and power of Nature. Man, no doubt, has reason and elevated sentiments. The brute has not, even if the animal nature possesses any conscious ideas at all. But if man has a superior nature in some respect, has he not in his excesses and misdeeds, and cruelties and superstition, and the evil antics of the many, an inferior nature, and such as our little fly has not?

Then let us regard all things in nature with reverence and with respect, and no more pronounce on gross matter and brute nature, for spirit is everywhere, and infinite power lie hidden everywhere. Nay, to go low enough for an instance, recognise the beauty of the flower and the delicious flavour in fruit latent in the dung-heap. As the brilliancy of the diamond lies hidden in the dust of the grate, and as the power of Shakespeare rose from the little baby, mewling and puking in its nurse's arms, I confess that I care more about spiritualising life and mind, than about spirits: more about the goodness of life than about the length thereof. But that is very much a matter of temperament. Only assure me of the secure and rational, and moral progress of mankind, and "I would jump the life to come," but with all respect for those who think and feel differently, and whose life, associations, and affections make them do so, whilst I alone may not greatly care for anything I can conceive of in another existence, though here more happy than most men.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

P.S.—In respect to Mrs. Levy, I have known a case very similar, of a lady born blind, but who was also a clairvoyant, and most wonderful to relate she could see in the clairvoyant condition and in her sleep. The case of Mr. Brown is that of thought reading, or rather of brain sympathy, because the consciousness does not travel from brain to brain, but the cerebral concomitant action sets off an action in an intervening spiritual medium, which sets up a similar and corresponding cerebral action, and with the accompanying sense in the sympathising person's brain. The process being the same as in the case of light, and the sympathy as with the responding notes in music, or in magnetic relations and chemical affinities—so with the animal magnetic man.

H. G. A.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH. THE NEW YEAR.

FATHER, Thy children fain would bring
A humble song of thanks and praise;
Our hearts and voices we would raise,
Thy boundless love our souls would sing.
Thy goodness fills the circling years;
And though we wander far and wide,
Thy leading hand our footsteps guide,
Thy voice our inward spirit hears.
Though days and years flit swiftly by,
And many a loving friend has gone;
Though changeful Time flows ever on
To join the great Eternity:
Yet still we know that Thou art Lord
Of Time and Death,—that safe in Thee
Our spirits live; and joyous, free,
We trust Thy love—Thy surest word. T. S.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

NOTES OF AN INQUIRY INTO THE PHENOMENA CALLED SPIRITUAL, DURING THE YEARS 1870-3.

THIS is the title of an article in the current number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, by its editor, William Crookes, F.R.S. Those who imagine that the phenomena to which these four years of careful inquiry refer, is to be settled off-hand by some half-dozen random sittings at odd times with different mediums, and without any knowledge—perhaps in flagrant violation of the conditions on which these phenomena depend—may take a useful lesson from a Fellow of the Royal Society, who has given so much time to their truly scientific investigation. He tells us:—

“The subject is far more difficult and extensive than it appears. Four years ago I intended only to devote a leisure month or two, to ascertain whether certain marvellous occurrences I had heard about would stand the test of close scrutiny. Having, however, soon arrived at the same conclusion as, I may say, every impartial enquirer, that there was ‘something in it,’ I could not, as a student of nature’s laws, refuse to follow the enquiry wheresoever the facts might lead. Thus a few months have grown into a few years, and were my time at my own disposal it would probably extend still longer.”

The principal object of the writer and the conditions under which the facts recorded by him were witnessed are thus referred to:—

“My principal object will be to place on record a series of actual occurrences which have taken place in my own house, in the presence of trustworthy witnesses, and under as strict test conditions as I could devise. Every fact which I have observed is, moreover, corroborated by the records of indepen-

dent observers at other times and places. It will be seen that the facts are of the most astounding character, and seem utterly irreconcilable with all known theories of modern science. Having satisfied myself of their *truth*, it would be moral cowardice to withhold my testimony because my previous publications were ridiculed by critics and others who knew nothing whatever of the subject, and who were too prejudiced to see and judge for themselves whether or not there was truth in the phenomena; I shall state simply what I have seen and proved by repeated experiment and test, and 'I have yet to learn that it is irrational to endeavour to discover the causes of unexplained phenomena.'

In his previous papers Mr. Crookes did not go beyond the assertion of those of "the phenomena called spiritual," which he had been able to demonstrate by mechanical tests; in this paper he attests the whole range of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, as witnessed by himself and others under the strictest test conditions.

At the commencement, he corrects one or two errors which have taken firm possession of the public mind; one is that darkness is essential to the phenomena, another he mentions is that the occurrences can be witnessed only at certain times and places, in the rooms of the mediums, or at hours previously arranged. Those he narrates took place in his own rooms, and except where darkness has been a necessary condition, as with some of the phenomena of luminous appearances, and in a few other instances, everything recorded has taken place in the light. In those few cases he has been very particular to mention the fact, and in those instances all the results have been produced under such perfect test conditions that the suppression of one of the senses has not really weakened the evidence. In reference to the analogy supposed to subsist between the phenomena called spiritual and the feats of legerdemain by professional conjurors and wizards, exhibited on their own platforms, and surrounded by all the appliances of their art, he remarks:—

"To show how far this is from the truth, I need only say that, with very few exceptions, the many hundreds of facts I am prepared to attest, — facts which to imitate by known mechanical or physical means would baffle the skill of a Houdin, a Bosco, or an Anderson, backed with all the resources of elaborate machinery and the practice of years, — have all taken place in my own house, at times appointed by myself, and under circumstances which absolutely precluded the employment of the very simplest instrumental aids."

Mr. Crookes proceeds to classify some of the phenomena

which have come under his notice, proceeding from the simple to the more complex, and briefly giving under each heading examples of some of the evidence he is prepared to bring forward.

CLASSIFICATION OF PHENOMENA.

- 1.—The movement of heavy bodies with contact, but without mechanical exertion.
- 2.—The phenomena of percussive and other allied sounds.
- 3.—The alteration of weight of bodies.
- 4.—Movements of heavy substances when at a distance from the medium.
- 5.—The rising of chairs and tables off the ground, without contact with any person.
- 6.—Levitation of human beings.
- 7.—Movements of various small articles without contact with any person.
- 8.—Luminous appearances.
- 9.—The appearance of hands, either self-luminous, or visible by ordinary light.
- 10.—Direct writing.
- 11.—Phantom forms and faces.
- 12.—Special instances that seem to point to the agency of an external intelligence.
- 13.—Miscellaneous occurrences of a complex character.

Mr. Crookes gives instances of each class of the phenomena enumerated, with their attendant circumstances. He says :—

"I have had several repetitions of the experiment considered by the Committee of the Dialectical Society to be conclusive, *viz.*, the movement of a heavy table in full light, the chairs turned with their backs to the table, about a foot off, and each person kneeling on his chair, with hands resting over the backs of the chair, but not touching the table. On one occasion this took place when I was moving about so as to see how everyone was placed."

Most of the phenomena witnessed were through the mediumship of Mr. D. D. Home and Miss Kate Fox (now Mrs. Jencken). It is instructive to compare Mr. Crookes' testimony with that of other witnesses to like occurrences through these mediums, as for instance, the testimony of Mr. Robert Dale Owen to the varied circumstances under which the percussive sounds were heard by him in the presence of Miss Fox ; and with regard to Mr. Home and his levitations, Mr. Crookes, after relating facts of the kind witnessed by him, says :—

"There are at least a hundred recorded instances of Mr.

Home's rising from the ground, in the presence of as many separate persons, and I have heard from the lips of the three witnesses to the most striking occurrence of this kind—the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Lindsay, and Captain C. Wynne—their own most minute accounts of what took place. To reject the recorded evidence on this subject is to reject all human testimony whatever; for no fact in sacred or profane history is supported by a stronger array of proofs.

"The accumulated testimony establishing Mr. Home's levitations is overwhelming. It is greatly to be desired that some person, whose evidence would be accepted as conclusive by the scientific world—if indeed there lives a person whose testimony *in favour* of such phenomena would be taken—would seriously and patiently examine these alleged facts. Most of the eye-witnesses to these levitations are now living, and would, doubtless, be willing to give their evidence. But, in a few years, such *direct* evidence will be difficult, if not impossible, to be obtained."

There is one circumstance mentioned by Mr. Crookes, as attending these phenomena, to which the attention of scientific investigators might usefully be drawn. He says:—

"These movements (and indeed I may say the same of every kind of phenomena) are generally preceded by a peculiar cold air, sometimes amounting to a decided wind. I have had sheets of paper blown about by it, and a thermometer lowered several degrees. On some occasions, which I will subsequently give more in detail, I have not detected any actual movement of the air, but the cold has been so intense that I could only compare it to that felt when the hand has been within a few inches of frozen mercury."

Most of the phenomena attested by Mr. Crookes are of a kind with which our readers are already quite familiar. Those which are perhaps the least so are those of luminous phenomena; and which we therefore quote entire.

LUMINOUS APPEARANCES.

"These, being rather faint, generally require the room to be darkened. I need scarcely remind my readers again that, under these circumstances, I have taken proper precautions to avoid being imposed upon by phosphorised oil or other means. Moreover, many of these lights are such as I have tried to imitate artificially, but cannot.

"Under the strictest test conditions, I have seen a solid self-luminous body, the size and nearly the shape of a turkey's egg, float noiselessly about the room, at one time higher than any one present could reach standing on tiptoe, and then gently

descend to the floor. It was visible for more than ten minutes, and before it faded away, it struck the table three times with a sound like that of a hard, solid body. During this time the medium was lying back, apparently insensible, in an easy chair.

"I have seen luminous points of light darting about and settling on the heads of different persons; I have had questions answered by the flashing of a bright light a desired number of times in front of my face. I have seen sparks of light rising from the table to the ceiling, and again falling upon the table, striking it with an audible sound. I have had an alphabetic communication given by luminous flashes occurring before me in the air, whilst my hand was moving about amongst them. I have seen a luminous cloud floating upwards to a picture. Under the strictest test conditions, I have more than once had a solid, self-luminous, crystalline body placed in my hand by a hand which did not belong to any person in the room. *In the light*, I have seen a luminous cloud hover over a heliotrope on a side table, break a sprig off, and carry the sprig to a lady; and on some occasions I have seen a similar luminous cloud visibly condense to the form of a hand and carry small objects about."

But the most important section of this valuable contribution to the scientific aspect of Spiritualism, is that bearing directly on the intelligence which governs the phenomena, which we quote *in extenso*.

SPECIAL INSTANCES WHICH SEEM TO POINT TO THE AGENCY OF AN EXTERIOR INTELLIGENCE.

"It has already been shown that the phenomena are governed by an intelligence. It becomes a question of importance as to the source of that intelligence. Is it the intelligence of the medium, of any of the other persons in the room, or is it an exterior intelligence? Without wishing at present to speak positively on this point, I may say that whilst I have observed many circumstances which appear to show that the will and intelligence of the medium have much to do with the phenomena,* I have observed some circumstances which seem conclusively to point to the agency of an outside intelligence, not belonging to any human being in the room. Space does not allow me to give here all the arguments which can be adduced to prove these points, but I will briefly mention one or two circumstances out of many.

* * I do not wish my meaning to be misunderstood. What I mean is, *not* that the medium's will and intelligence are actively employed in any conscious or dishonest way in the production of the phenomena, but that they sometimes appear to act in an unconscious manner."

"I have been present when several phenomena were going on at the same time, some being unknown to the medium. I have been with Miss Fox when she has been writing a message automatically to one person present, whilst a message to another person on another subject was being given alphabetically by means of 'raps,' and the whole time she was conversing freely with a third person on a subject totally different from either. Perhaps a more striking instance is the following:—

"During a *séance* with Mr. Home, a small lath, which I have before mentioned, moved across the table to me, in the light, and delivered a message to me by tapping my hand; I repeating the alphabet, and the lath tapping me at the right letter. The other end of the lath was resting on the table, some distance from Mr. Home's hands.

"The taps were so sharp and clear, and the lath was evidently so well under control of the invisible power which was governing its movements, that I said, 'Can the intelligence governing the motion of this lath change the character of the movements, and give me a telegraphic message through the Morse alphabet by taps on my hand?' (I have every reason to believe that the Morse code was quite unknown to any other person present, and it was only imperfectly known to me). Immediately I said this, the character of the taps changed, and the message was continued in the way I had requested. The letters were given too rapidly for me to do more than catch a word here and there, and consequently I lost the message; but I heard sufficient to convince me that there was a good Morse operator at the other end of the line, wherever that might be.

"Another instance. A lady was writing automatically by means of the planchette. I was trying to devise a means of proving that what she wrote was not due to 'unconscious cerebration.' The planchette, as it always does, insisted that, although it was moved by the hand and arm of the lady, the *intelligence* was that of an invisible being who was playing on her brain as on a musical instrument, and thus moving her muscles. I therefore said to this intelligence, 'Can you see the contents of this room?' 'Yes,' wrote the planchette. 'Can you see to read this newspaper?' said I, putting my finger on a copy of the *Times*, which was on a table behind me, but without looking at it. 'Yes,' was the reply of the planchette. 'Well,' I said, 'if you can see that, write the word which is now covered by my finger, and I will believe you.' The planchette commenced to move. Slowly and with great difficulty, the word 'however' was written. I turned round and saw that the word 'however' was covered by the tip of my finger.

"I had purposely avoided looking at the newspaper when I tried this experiment, and it was impossible for the lady, had she tried, to have seen any of the printed words, for she was sitting at one table, and the paper was on another table behind, my body intervening."

Mr. Crookes enumerates the following—

THEORIES TO ACCOUNT FOR THE PHENOMENA OBSERVED.

1.—The phenomena are all the results of tricks, clever mechanical arrangements, or legerdemain; mediums are impostors, and the rest of the company fools.

2.—The persons at a *séance* are the victims of a sort of mania or delusion, and imagine phenomena to occur which have no real objective existence.

3.—The whole is the result of conscious or unconscious cerebral action.

4.—The result of the spirit of the medium, perhaps in association with the spirits of some or all of the people present.

5.—The actions of evil spirits, or devils, personifying who or what they please, in order to undermine Christianity, and ruin men's souls.

6.—The actions of a separate order of beings, living on this earth, but invisible and immaterial to us; able, however, occasionally to manifest their presence; known in almost all countries and ages as demons (not necessarily bad), gnomes, fairies, kobolds, elves, goblins, Puck, &c.

7.—The actions of departed human beings—the spiritual theory *par excellence*.

8.—The Psychic Force theory. This (says Mr. Crookes) is a necessary adjunct to the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th theories, rather than a theory by itself.

Mr. Crookes summarily dismisses the first theory with "It is obvious that this theory can only account for a very small portion of the facts observed." Of the second and third theories, he remarks, "These two theories are evidently incapable of embracing more than a small portion of the phenomena; and they are improbable explanations for even those." On the remaining theories (spiritual theories) he makes no comment, nor in this place shall we, satisfied that if the facts given by Mr. Crookes are allowed due weight and consideration, they will carry with them the only theory adequate to explain them all.

The article has been issued in a separate form, but as it has no price, and no publisher's name on it, it is, we presume, for private circulation only. If so, it is to be regretted, as it should receive a far wider circulation than it is thus likely to attain.

Mr. Crookes has in his Notes given only an outline of his labours in this inquiry. The reader will be glad to learn that he announces a forthcoming volume, in which this outline will be filled up, and such a wealth of facts, such an abundance of evidence, so overwhelming a mass of testimony, all of which, marshalled in order, will be given as will, we are sure, render it in some respects the most valuable contribution yet made to the literature of Spiritualism.

SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

GEORGE HERBERT quaintly sings—

Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

History, ancient and modern, the poetry of all nations, the records of travellers, literature in every department—but especially in biography—illustrate this truth. The most cursory reader, if his attention is once drawn to the subject, cannot fail to be struck with the frequent recurrence of spiritual incidents of the most varied kind, and illustrating nearly every phase of the phenomena with which we are now getting so familiar under the name of Modern Spiritualism. They are, for the most part, embedded in narratives of a very different kind, and only incidentally related, as something curious, but with no distinct purpose or perception of their import—especially when correlated with other facts of like significance. Sometimes they are introduced with an air of apology, out of deference to our nineteenth century wisdom—and often, no doubt, such facts are suppressed altogether from regard to the same high authority. We think that Spiritualists should be able to fortify and illustrate their position, not only from their own experience and the experience of the spirit circle—though these are amply sufficient to prove their case—but also by reference to experiences altogether outside and independent, and spread over the whole field of literature—showing that they belong, not to a time or sect, but to humanity. We therefore add a few examples to the many already given in this Magazine.

Among the unevoked phenomena which seem to indicate spiritual intervention are those of dreams, presentiment, and spiritual vision; we will cite illustrations of each.

PROPHETIC DREAM REGARDING THE ASSASSINATION OF THE
RIGHT HON. SPENCER PERCEVAL.

In the *Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval*, just published by his grandson, Spencer Walpole, we find the following highly interesting account of a dream :—

“The Speaker tells us on the authority of the late Lord Rokeby, that Perceval had strong apprehensions of his impending fate for several days before it took place, and that he had given his will to Mrs. Perceval, with some expressions indicating its probability. The singular dream of Mr. John Williams, the grandfather of the present baronet, Sir F. Williams, has often been narrated. The subjoined account of it is taken from an attested statement drawn up and signed by Mr. Williams, in the presence of the Rev. Thomas Fisher and Mr. Charles Prideaux Brune. It was given by the latter of these gentlemen to the author of these Memoirs.

“Some account of a dream which occurred to John Williams, of Scorier House, in the county of Cornwall, in the year 1812, taken from his own mouth and narrated by him at various times to several of his friends.

“Being desirous to write out the particulars of a dream which I had in the year 1812, before I do so, I think it may be proper for me to say that at that time my attention was fully occupied with affairs of my own, the superintendence of some very extensive mines in Cornwall being entrusted to me. Thus I had no leisure to pay any attention to political matters, and hardly knew at that time who formed the administration of the country. . . . My dream was as follows:—

“About the 2nd or 3rd of May, 1812, I dreamed I was in the lobby of the House of Commons, a place well known to me. A small man, dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat entered, and immediately I saw a person, whom I had observed on my first entrance, dressed in a snuff-coloured coat and yellow metal buttons, take a pistol from under his coat and present it at the little man above mentioned. The pistol was discharged, and the ball entered under the left breast of the person at whom it was directed. I saw the blood issue from the place where the ball had struck him; his countenance instantly altered, and he fell to the ground. Upon inquiry who the sufferer might be, I was informed that he was the Chancellor. I understood him to be Mr. Perceval, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer. I further saw the murderer laid hold of by several of the gentlemen in the room. Upon waking, I told the particulars related above to my wife. She treated the matter lightly, and desired

me to go to sleep, saying it was only a dream. I soon fell asleep again, and again the dream presented itself with precisely the same circumstances. After awaking a second time and stating the matter again to my wife, she only repeated her request that I would compose myself, and dismiss the subject from my mind. Upon my falling asleep the third time, the same dream, without any alteration was repeated; and I awoke as upon the former occasion, in great agitation. So much alarmed and impressed was I by the circumstance above narrated, that I felt much doubt whether it was not my duty to take a journey to London, and communicate upon the subject with the party principally concerned. Upon this point I consulted some friends, whom I met on business at the Godolphin mine, on the day following. . . . They dissuaded me from my purpose, saying that I might expose myself to contempt or vexation, or be taken up as a fanatic. Upon this I said no more, but anxiously watched the newspapers every evening as the post arrived. On the evening of the 13th of May, as far as I recollect, no account of Mr. Perceval's death was in the newspaper; but my second son, at that time returning from Truro, came in a hurried manner into the room where I was sitting, and exclaimed, "Father, your dream has come true. Mr. Perceval has been shot in the lobby of the House of Commons! There is an account come from London to Truro, written after the newspapers were printed." The fact was, Mr. Perceval was assassinated on the evening of the 11th.

"Some business soon afterwards called me to London, and in one of the print shops I saw a drawing for sale, representing the place and the circumstances which attended Mr. Perceval's death. I purchased it, and upon careful examination I found it to coincide in all particulars with the scene which had passed through my imagination in my dream. The colours of the dresses, the buttons of the assassin's coat, the white waistcoat of Mr. Perceval, the spot of blood upon it, and the countenance and the attitude of the parties present, were exactly what I had dreamed. The singularity of the case when mentioned among my acquaintance, naturally made it the subject of conversation in London, and in consequence my friend, the late Mr. Rennie, was requested by some of the Commissioners of the Navy that they might be permitted to hear the circumstances from myself. Two of them accordingly met me at Mr. Rennie's house, and to them I detailed at the time the particulars, then fresh in my memory, which form the subject of the above. I forbear to make any further comment upon the above narrative, further than to declare solemnly that it is a faithful account of facts as they actually occurred."

SAMUEL JOSEPH MAY.

In the partial Autobiography and Memoir of that indefatigable worker for humanity, the Rev. Samuel Joseph May, published by Roberts, Brothers, in Boston, United States, last year, mention is made of the strong religious impression made upon his mind, when a child, by the sudden death of his little brother, two years older than himself. This event took place when Samuel was four years and a half old. The two brothers were fondly attached to each other, and when Samuel at his urgent request was left alone with the dead body of his little playmate, and found that nothing he could say would arouse his brother, he was inconsolable. His parents and brothers and sisters tried to assuage his grief by telling him that Edward was still living—that he had become an angel, and had gone to heaven to dwell with the good and happy; but the little Samuel would not be comforted. He could not bear to be removed from the room where the little body lay, and twice he was found sleeping there and had to be carried to his own bed.

He says, "On the night after the funeral sleep soon came to relieve my young spirit, wearied with grief and strange excitement. And I dreamt of Edward. All that had been told me was proved true by what I saw and felt. The ceiling of the room opened, over where I was lying; a bright, glorious light burst in, and from the midst of it came down my lost brother, attended by a troop of little angels. They left him. He lay by me, as he used to do, his head on my arm, or my head on his. He told me how happy he was—what a beautiful place heaven was—how kind God and Christ were to him—and how all the angels loved one another. There he lay until morning, when the ceiling again opened, and the troop of angels came to bear him back to heaven. He kissed me, sent messages of love to father, mother, brother and sisters, and gladly rejoined the celestial company. So soon as I awoke, and was dressed, I hurried down to tell the family what I had seen, and to give them the kisses and messages that Edward sent them. All day long I thought and talked of what I had seen; often, as I have since been told, expressed impatience to have night come, and when it came, went eagerly to bed, in the confident expectation that the heavenly vision would be granted me again. And it was. The next night, and for several nights afterwards, I enjoyed the felt presence of my brother, and morning after morning, came down with the same or slightly varied messages of love, until by degrees my grief abated, the loss of my brother was in some measure supplied by other playmates, new things attracted my attention

and occupied my thoughts. But I have never forgotten my Edward and the events of his death and burial; and the scenes that I witnessed and the heavenly visions that I had are vivid in my memory, although most of my life, for several years afterwards, is indistinct. I have been most particular in narrating this part of my life, because I believe it had the greatest influence in awakening and fixing in my soul the full faith I have in the continuance of life after death. Indeed it sometimes seems to me that I do not believe more fully in the life that now is than in the life that is to come. And, moreover, that the future existence commences immediately after the close of the present."

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

In the first volume of the *Memoirs of Percival Stockdale*, published in 1809, are some passages which it may be here interesting to record:—

"Soon after my arrival at Tillmouth, in May, 1748, a remarkable vision of the night was presented to my father, (and I doubt not) immediately from heaven. I am anticipating the sneer, both of the learned, and philosophical, and of the superficial and ignorant sceptic. However, I am convinced, with Homer, that dreams, sometimes descend from Jove. The far greater number of stories which I have heard of dreams, and apparitions, I instantaneously reject: some accounts of each have had such respectable attestations, and have been dignified with such a predictive, moral, and religious force, that if I had persisted in not believing them, I should have thought myself an obstinate and incorrigible ass. This credibility, in some cases, while my mind admits, I press it to my heart. It is one evidence more of an invisible spiritual, immortal, and eternal world. It soothes the pains, it exalts the pleasures of my soul: it disencumbers me from the rubbish, from all the evils of life;—even while I am lingering on earth, it unites me to my God. Weak and foolish people imagine that to be hard of belief, and to laugh at what they should revere, are proofs of the vigour and acuteness of their understanding. This is a very compendious way to good sense and knowledge; for it does not cost a shadow of argument, an atom of thought.

"Our servant was the daughter of a deceased clergyman; she was a good young woman; and was, in every respect, warmly attached to our interest, therefore she was, in many instances, treated by us as an humble friend. For my father and mother she had the greatest affection and veneration. One of my father's dearest friends in his early and maturer years

was a Mr. Townson, a clergyman of excellent parts and a fine scholar. My father often, with the sacred tear of friendship in his eye, gave me particular accounts of this gentleman; of his graceful mien and person; of the generosity of his heart; of the enlargement of his mind; and of their attachment to each other, by the ties of literature and study as well as of friendship. One morning, early in the summer of 1748, while my mother and I were walking in the garden, my father called the servant whom I have mentioned to his bed-side; for he had not yet risen. He desired her attentively to observe, and remember what he was going to communicate to her.—He had dreamed (he told her), in a very striking and impressive manner, that his long-departed friend, Mr. Townson, came into his apartment, and conversed with him. His aspect and gesture (he said) had something inexpressibly august yet attractive; and his voice, and his eloquence, which were always elegant and forcible, were modulated, and inspirited with heavenly charms. He assured him of the eternal felicity of the just—incommunicable to mortal ear, because inconceivable to mortal mind; which felicity he should enjoy for ever with his old friend; and on which he was to enter within seven years. My father likewise expressed his perfect certainty of his death, at the time which was appointed for it in his dream. Accordingly, he died on the 7th of April, 1755. The servant, as he had desired, did not communicate the dream to my mother and me till after the sorrowful event. In his seven last years, he had some alarming indispositions; but on those occasions he always encouraged my mother, and almost assured her that he would recover: but in the illness which removed him to a better world, yet with a gentle transition, and on *his* part with a true Christian fortitude and serenity, he never gave her the least hopes of his recovery.

“From my veneration of the memory of one of the best of parents and of men, and from my regard for religion, I cannot omit here to relate a phenomenon which appeared in the death-bed of my father, on a night or two before he died. They who lead a sober life, and exercise impartial and close thinking, would be unworthy of their good habits, if they were not well prepared to meet the contempt, and the sneer of the superficial, the thoughtless, and the profligate. If we reject any particular fact, on account of its altogether unexampled novelty, I reply, that such facts are frequently rising in the moral and physical world; and even from *that* remoter and finer world, which occasionally reminds us of its reality. If we reject any object, because we cannot comprehend how it existed, we may spurn our belief of the whole creation. If we deny the possibility of any communication between visible and invisible beings; we

may as reasonably deny the existence of a God; we may as well adopt the impious and ridiculous nonsense of atheism.

"My father and mother were visited, in his last illness, by Mrs. Christian Spody, the housekeeper of old Mr. Wood, of Pressen, in our neighbourhood—a gentleman, who had for many years been my father's friend. Her friendship for my mother, and her veneration of my father were warm and extraordinary. As she was certain that he was dying, she was determined to stay by him, and to see the end. This gentlewoman was a person of great integrity; she was endowed with good sense, and with a remarkable presence and firmness of mind. Late one evening she was sitting alone in the room where my father lay. My mother, fatigued with her affectionate vigils, had retired to rest. The fire was low, and without any flame. The window-shutters were close, and there was no moon. This darkness was partly the effect of design; that there might be as little cause as possible of interrupting his sleep. Mrs. Spody arose gently and went to the foot of the bed; rather to *hear* than to *see* if he was composed. I must observe that he lay in a press bed; the folding doors of which were open, but close to each side of the bed, from top to bottom. One of these doors stood out from that part of the wall which was close to the fireplace: consequently it intercepted every kind of communication between the fireplace and the interior parts of the bed; but, as I have already said, a mere glow was the only dim light which the fire afforded. If there was a candle in the room, it was kept remote; it was so placed that its light had no access to the bed, lest it should disturb his rest. She heard by his breathing that he was in a soft and placid sleep: but she was struck with an astonishing sight—with a pure and luminous glory at the head of his bed; it shone steadily, and she surveyed it intently for several minutes, undoubtedly with surprise; but, as she often declared to me, without any fear. On the contrary, she assured me that she felt in her mind a delightful perception; a soft but inexpressible rapture of enjoyment, something like the fruition of heaven before her time. After having surveyed this unaccountable lustre for awhile, she calmly examined every part of the room, to see if such unusual light could from any quarter be admitted. She was convinced of the impossibility of the supposition; returned and viewed it again. After she had beheld it uninterruptedly the second time for about five minutes, in a moment it disappeared, and was succeeded by the darkness with which the head of the bed had been before shaded. I often minutely examined Mrs. Spody on this most interesting subject, and she was always consistent and uniform in her answers. . . .

"I must mention another fact which attended my dearest

father's death, and which may probably excite the ridicule of the inconsiderate and licentious, but I hope that it may deserve the belief, and be the cause of the serious and salutary reflections of thinking and good men.

"But a very short time before his last illness he was dining in our parlour at Cornhill. The servant-maid was standing by him; the same person to whom he communicated the dream which he had at Tillmouth seven years before, and in which his old friend, Mr. Townson, predicted to him that in that time he should be with *him* in an eternal and happy state. She was standing very near to the parlour window, which was on her right hand. The form of my father, distinctly and fully presenting itself, and exactly in the dress which he sat at dinner, passed that window, in the way which led to the garden. It looked at the maid gravely and steadily as it slowly passed the window. She was naturally much alarmed at this awful sight, and grew pale and trembled; my father observed these very visible marks of fear, and asked her the cause of her discomposure; she pretended a sudden indisposition, and he made no farther enquiries. From her meditating and melancholy view of past and present omens, which to *her* feelings amounted to demonstrations, she was now assured that my father would soon die. This very solemn and affecting scene dwelt powerfully on her mind; she frequently repeated it to me, with all its circumstances, and with a positive and unshaken certainty of its reality.

"It was unusually long since I had received a letter from Cornhill, yet I had entertained no apprehensions of my father's illness. About the time of his decease, however, I had reason to fear its reality. On the night of the 6th of April I dreamed that I saw him, meagre and pale, sitting in his easy chair, with a blanket thrown round him, and on the succeeding night (on the 7th) I dreamed that he died. These objects I saw in a strong and striking vision, and they impressed me with an indubitable certainty of his death. A short time after a young gentleman of my acquaintance came into my room one morning, while I was at breakfast, with an appearance of unusual concern in his aspect. Those events which occasion our most pungent grief are often first and most eagerly communicated to us by our friends. He told me with great regret, that he had just seen a letter from Berwick at the post-office, sealed with black, that the superscription addressed it to the Rev. Mr. Lyndeasay, of whom I have said so much, and that it was written in the hand of a gentleman by whom letters had often been directed to me. I had, by that very post, received a letter from my Berwick friend (but not sealed with mourning wax), informing me that he had lately visited my father at Cornhill, that he had been

very ill, but was now better, and earnestly requesting me to continue my diligent application to my studies: which, with the blessing of God, would procure me a comfortable subsistence. My friends well new my ardent affection for my father, and my exquisite feelings, therefore this fair stratagem was practised to keep my mind composed, and that it might not be diverted from its useful pursuits till the approaching vacation. The melancholy event was now demonstrated to me. I ran, in a frenzy of grief, to Mr. Lyndesay's, and told him that I was already acquainted with the letter which he had received, and with the loss which had befallen me. Himself and his worthy wife gently confirmed what I had anticipated.

"I shall relate two remarkable anecdotes on Captain Andrews and on Captain Noel, they will be respected by some, they will be slighted by others, at the worst they will not be altogether unentertaining.

"Captain Noel had a strong presentiment that he would lose his leg in that engagement; what was the foundation of this idea I know not. He was a truly brave man, and the apprehension by no means dispirited him; on the contrary, he one day jocularly tied his leg—the very leg which was afterwards wounded,—with his handkerchief, up to his thigh, and attempted to move with that great disadvantage. 'I am trying,' said he, 'how I could walk or hop after the loss of a leg.'

"My anecdote concerning the brave Captain Andrews is of a more serious and important nature. This anecdote was communicated to me by Captain Harvey, of the English Fusileers, who was on board of the *Defiance* at Byng's engagement. He was a gentleman of the most undisputed integrity and honour; he was Captain Andrews's messmate and intimate friend.

"This valiant and amiable commander, whose death was extremely deplored, and whose memory will be immortal, was very grave and pensive on the morning of his fatal 20th of May. His courage was indisputable; he had given proofs of it in the former part of his life. His friend Captain Harvey took the liberty to remark this unseasonable air of melancholy to himself. 'My dear Andrews,' said he to him, 'I know that you are a hero; but I am sorry to see you in a solemn reverie at this time, it hurts your own credit, and it may have a discouraging effect on your friends.' 'Captain Harvey,' replied Andrews, 'my heart thanks you for your seasonable admonition. I will instantly shake of this ignominious gravity, but pardon it, my dear friend, on account of its extraordinary cause. I never was a superstitious man, though I never was such a vulgar fool as to despise religion. But last night I was prodigiously impressed with a dream, of which I

have not now time to tell you the particulars, and which I am assured, without the possibility of a doubt, was oracularly prophetic of my death in this day's action. But depend upon it, I will die like a man; my death shall do credit to myself, to my friends, and to my country.' He nobly fulfilled his promise. He took a most affectionate leave of Harvey when they were retiring to their respective stations. 'He gave me a friendly and ardent kiss,' said Captain Harvey, 'but with cold lips.' His attack of the French (for *his* ship began the engagement) was vigorous and splendid to the highest degree. He was killed by a cannon ball, and I believe in the first quarter of an hour of the fight."

THOMAS BEWICK.

Thomas Bewick, the restorer of wood-engraving in England, in his charming *Memoirs*, published in 1862, relates the following experience. We cite it as a type of many others with which biography and literature abound:—

"In Christmas week, 1784, while I was amusing myself with sliding on the ice at Ovingham, which was as smooth almost as a looking-glass, between Eltringham and that place,—I know not what came over my mind, but something ominous haunted it, of a gloomy change impending over the family. At this I was surprised, for I had never before felt any such sensation, and presently scouted it as some whim of the imagination. The day was to be one of cheerfulness; for Mr. and Mrs. Storey—distant relations of my father's, and for whom my parents had the greatest regard—had been, with other friends, invited to dine with us at Cherryburn. At dinner, all was kindness and cheerfulness, and my father was as usual, full of his jokes, and telling some of his facetious stories and anecdotes. For two, or perhaps three Sundays after this, I was prevented from getting over the water by the ice and other floods, and returned from Ovingham without seeing or hearing how all were at home. The Sunday after, upon making my usual call at the gardener's in Ovingham,—where, when at school, we always left our dinner poke, and dined, he informed me, with looks of grief, that my mother was very unwell. I posted off in haste across the river, to see her. Upon my asking her, earnestly, how she was, she took me apart, and told me it was nearly all over with her; and she described to me how she had got her death. She had been called up, on a severe frosty night, to see a young woman in the hamlet below, who was taken ill; and, thinking the bog she had to pass through might be frozen hard enough to bear

her, she "slumped" deep into it, and, before she had waded through it, she got very wet, and a "perishment" of cold; and, in that state, she went to give her advice as to what was best to be done with her patient. I employed my friend, Dr. Bailes, to visit her, and I ran up from Newcastle two or three times a week with his medicines for her; but all would not do: she died on the 20th February, 1785, aged 58 years. She was possessed of great innate powers of mind, which had been cultivated by a good education, as well as by her own endeavours. For these, and for her benevolent, humane disposition, and good sense, she was greatly respected, and, indeed, revered by the whole neighbourhood. My eldest sister, who was down from London on a visit to her home at the time of my mother's illness and death, by her over-exertion and anxiety, brought on an illness; and, for the convenience of medical aid and better nursing, I brought her to my hitherto little happy cot, at the Forth, where she died on the 24th June, 1785, aged 30 years. These were gloomy days to me! Some short time before my sister died, upon her requesting me, and my promising her, that I would see her buried at Ovingham, she proposed to sing me a song. I thought this very strange, and felt both sorrow and surprise at it; but she smiled at me, and began her song of "All things have but a Time." I had heard the old song before, and thought pretty well of it; but hers was a later and a very much better version of it.

"During this time I observed a great change in the looks and deportment of my father. He had, what is called, "never held up his head" since the death of my mother; and, upon my anxiously pressing him to tell me what ailed him, he said he had felt as if he were shot through from the breast to the shoulders with a great pain that hindered him from breathing freely. Upon my mentioning medical assistance, he rejected it, and told me, if I sent him any drugs, I might depend upon it he would throw them all behind the fire. He wandered about all summer alone, with a kind of serious look, and took no pleasure in anything, till near the 15th November, which, I understand, was his birthday, and on which he completed his 70th year, and on that day he died. He was buried beside my mother and sister at Ovingham."

It is also remarkable that the last production of this artist was a vignette of Cherryburn, his native place, the spot where he entered the world, with a funeral passing by it, or from it, and a boat waiting on the river below, as if to take him away from it.

HUGH MILLER.

Professor Masson, in giving his *Recollections of Hugh Miller*, (*Macmillan's Magazine*, May, 1865) declares he has hardly known a man in whom there was so much of what Goethe calls the "demonic element," as in Hugh Miller. One of his ancestors—a certain Donald Roy—was a pious Highland seer of a hundred years back, of whom there were still strange legends. "Now," says Professor Masson, "not only had he a singular fascination for the memory of this second-sighted ancestor, but there was a vein in his life, as it is related in his autobiography, which it is difficult to suppose that he did not attribute to his descent from that Celtic worthy. He never speaks of second-sight or any other of that class of phenomena, except in the rational spirit of modern science; but he tells stories of his own childhood,* on the faith of which the believers in the 'occult' might claim him as a 'medium.' Thus, he tells us how, playing alone one day at the stair-foot of the long low house in Cromarty, where he had been born, and where he and his mother dwelt while his father was at sea, he felt a sudden presence on the landing-place above him, and, looking up, saw 'the form of' a large, tall, very old man, attired in a light blue great coat, steadfastly regarding him. Though sadly frightened, he at once divined the figure to be old John Fettes, his buccaneering great-grandfather, who had built the house, and had been dead some sixty years. Again, there is this remarkable story of what happened in the same long low house on the evening of the 10th of October, 1807. On this evening it was supposed his father's ship foundered at sea with all on board, for she left Peterhead harbour that day, and the last ever heard of her was that she had been seen tacking out into the open sea during a terrible tempest.

"My mother was sitting beside the household fire, plying the cheerful needle, when the house door, which had been left unfastened, fell open, and I was despatched from her side to shut it. What follows must be regarded as simply the recollection, though a very vivid one, of a boy who had completed his fifth year only a month before.

"Day had not wholly disappeared, but it was fast posting on to night, and a grey haze spread a neutral tint of dimness over every more distant object, but left the nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw at the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as ever I saw anything, a dissevered hand and arm stretched toward me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female; they bore a livid and sodden

* See *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. II., p. 103.

appearance; and, directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank, transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled, and ran shrieking to my mother, telling her what I had seen; and the house-girl, whom she next sent to shut the door, apparently affected by my terror, also returned frightened, and said that she too had been the woman's hand; which, however, did not seem to be the case. And, finally, my mother going to the door, saw nothing, though she appeared much impressed by the extremeness of my terror and the minuteness of my description. I communicate the story without attempting to explain it. The supposed apparition may have been merely a momentary affection of the eye, of the nature described by Sir Walter Scott, in his *Demonology*, and Sir David Brewster in his *Natural Magic*. But, if so, the affection was one of which I experienced no after-return, and its coincidence, in the case, with the probable time of my father's death, seems, at least, curious.' "

After citing this narrative, Professor Masson continues—"Notwithstanding the carefully guarded tone of the last sentence or two, my impression is that Hugh Miller did all his life carry about with him, as Scott did, but to a greater extent, a belief in ghostly influences, in mysterious agencies of the air, earth, and water, always operating, and sometimes revealing themselves. Though he had experienced, as he says, writing in 1853, no after-return of his childish liability to visions, he seems to have had, all his life, a more than ordinary interest in stories of the supernatural, and far less disposition than men of his weight and amount of scientific information usually have to discredit the possibility of abnormal impulses and coincidences, sudden nervous horrors, and the bursting in upon man of unearthly sights and sounds. His books are full of legends of the kind, Celtic and Lowland; so bold that one sees his imagination clinging to what his reason would fain reject. If he had been as cunning as Goethe, he would have formulized the thing in a high mythological expression 'after the manner of the ancients.' But Goethe only believed, from his observation of nature and affairs, that some agency unseen and perhaps personal and multitudinous, did intermingle with nature and human affairs, causing the incalculable and the contradictory. Hugh Miller, I fancy, believed in the breaking through of this agency so as to be visible."

CASE OF SUDDEN HEALING.

THE secular press of the country has for some time past been filled with narratives of the so-called "miracle," by which an estimable and "pious" lady (after the manner of the church) had been almost instantly cured of a severe chronic complaint by the intervention of a presence whom she designated as the Lord Jesus Christ. The facts in brief, as condensed from the varying accounts, are these:—

"The Rev. Moses Sherman is a clergyman of the Methodist denomination in the village of Piermont, N. H., which is located on the Connecticut River, about 30 miles above Lebanon. For the past three or four years he has resided there with his family, consisting of wife (about 35 years of age) and child, the former of whom has been unwell and sickly ever since the birth of the latter, 12 years ago. . . . During the three or four years' residence in Piermont the lady has been almost wholly incapacitated from attending to ordinary household duties, and been confined to the house largely. . . . About a year ago Mrs. Sherman was prostrated by her ailments, was obliged to take her bed, and from that time up to the latter part of last August she never left the house. Her physical strength left her entirely, and she became completely bed-ridden, unable to stand or even to feed herself. The diseases continued to prey upon her till she was reduced to a state of utter helplessness. For the lady to leave the bed unassisted became an impossibility, the services of two persons being required to lift her. The best medical assistance which could be procured was obtained, and human science failed completely to restore the exhausted and almost imperceptible vitality. The three physicians who faithfully attended the patient were finally compelled to acknowledge that their resources had been exhausted, and that they could do nothing. . . .

All hope of recovery was given up by her, but her mind still continued clear and unclouded. On the night of Wednesday, August 27, the patient was lifted as usual from and to the bed by her husband and an assistant, and it was noticed that she appeared more animated than usual in her conversation. She said that she had been thinking a great deal upon the work of the Saviour in healing the sick, and wondering why people could not be healed now as then. She had been praying to God to relieve her infirmities, and it seemed as though an answer to her prayers was impending. Suddenly she became aware of the presence of strange and unusual influ-

ences. *First there was a feeling of intense coldness, which set her in a shiver, and which alarmed her husband, who was in the room. He was unable to perceive anything unusual. Hardly had this sensation subsided when an entirely opposite one was experienced—the room seeming to be suddenly filled, as Mrs. Sherman expressed it, ‘with a current of hot air.’* She affirmed that she next distinctly heard a Voice, which replied, in answer to the prayers, that her faith was not strong. She inwardly prayed, ‘Lord, help thou my unbelief!’ and soon became conscious of returning strength. She then and there arose from the bed, approached and awakened her husband, and exclaimed that the Lord had healed her. The family was called up, and all were astonished and overjoyed at the remarkable occurrence. Mrs. Sherman walked all through the house, and the remainder of the night was spent by the members of the family in discussing the miracle, and wondering at the transformation which they had witnessed. On the following Sunday the minister and his wife walked together to church, the story having in the meantime spread like wildfire through the town. The church was crowded. And, after a few words from the pastor, Mrs. Sherman took the pulpit and stood for over an hour telling the wondering congregation the story of her deliverance, and praising God for the cure He had wrought. Her health has continued perfect up to the present time. . . . The effect produced on the community by this event may be described as something immense. The whole town was in an uproar when the ocular demonstration of the miracle was first apparent, and the belief prevailed generally that God had really descended among them and shown a wonderful instance of His might.”

The matter has received the closest scrutiny from the friends of church claims, the M.D.s who were smitten with discomfiture by the strange return to the world of activity of one whom they had adjudged a candidate for the “narrow house,” and the disciples of science—the first class of thinkers uniting with Moses and his wife Ellen M. Sherman, in their published card, in declaring that “Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, has been pleased, in His infinitely condescending love, for the glory of His own blessed name, thus to visit our humble home;” the two latter attributing Mrs. S.’s cure to the effect of a highly excited imagination.

The disciples of spirit communion have, however, an hypothesis greatly superior, because more in harmony with the universal laws of God and Nature, which are incapable of special or “miraculous” suspension. Those who follow the lady’s description of her sensations regarding heat and cold while

undergoing cure will be struck by the similitude of her feelings with those of a medium when being brought under spirit influence—which was the true state of the case. Desirous of gaining information bearing upon the phenomenon, we asked, at an early date, the spirits controlling Mrs. J. H. Conant concerning the reliability of the cure, and received the following reply from one of the invisible intelligences:—

“I am informed that it is correct, so far as that it occurred; but you speak incorrectly when you call it a miracle. It was no miracle, but simply an action of natural law. The woman herself was a medium—a medium adapted to just such a manifestation. Her prayers and earnest desires drew to her a class of spirits who were able to cure her through her own mediumship. We are told that they did so. Let us hope that there may be many such co-called miracles in your midst.”

The fact has been kept carefully out of sight by this worthy minister and his wife that any dealings with Spiritualism had been participated in by them, but the following extracts from a letter by E. Anne Hinman, dated West Winsted, Ct., Oct. 28th, point out the “missing link” in the story of the cure, and show the words of the controlling spirit above given to be correct, and to have been founded upon a knowledge of the case which *we* certainly did not possess at the time:—

“The instance of sudden healing in the case of Mrs. Sherman is a fact, and I myself am acquainted with the parties. I have several times been entertained in the family of Mr. Ward E. Clark, of Swift Water, N. H., who is a brother of Mrs. Sherman, the lady who was healed, and the facts were written to me in a letter from Mrs. Clark before the account appeared in print. . . . The sister-in-law, Mrs. Clark, spoken of above, persuaded her (Mrs. Sherman) to send to Mrs. Robinson, in Chicago, for an examination, which she made and forwarded to her with magnetized papers and plaisters, which she used a few days, but which were discarded after that time, on account of the prejudice of her husband against them, but which in my opinion were the instruments through which the healing was brought about. There are many reasons why the spirit coming to her should take the guise and character of Jesus. In the first place, she had confidence that He could do all things, and that of course made her receptive, when, if he had appeared as another spirit, she would have been sceptical and doubting, and hence less receptive.—“Banner of Light,” November 22, 1873.

SPIRITS, SPIRITUALISTS AND THE GOVERNMENTS OF FRANCE.

PART I.

IN the first volume of the New Series of the Spiritual Magazine, 1866, page 212, the probability has been suggested of spirits unadvanced out of the sphere of their earthly affections and creeds in all eras of great religious, social or political change, not only watching the progress of events, but even mingling palpably in the struggles of men. Sympathy, as we have there observed, would attract like to like, and the desire of the spirits being—as in the typical cases referred to in this article*—to demonstrate the verity of the old faith, through signs and wonders which not even their opponents in the flesh should dare to gainsay, they would carefully seek out amongst the human beings open to their influence, through similarity of belief, those organisms most suitable to the manifestation of their presence, and develop them as their “mediums.” In many cases too, the very exaltation produced by religious enquiry, or by political agitation, and by the excitement of the universal mental movement, would, in itself, prepare the medium for the use of the spirits, and bring him or her into *rapport* with them. And should we not, possibly in these renewed convulsions around the couch of each moribund religion—around the cradle of each infant truth, born not unfrequently of the dying religion—learn to recognize the operative forces of the Alpha and Omega of all time?

The history of the political struggles in France, always more or less connected with the conflict of old and new religious truth, furnishes us through various centuries with singularly vivid glimpses into the operation of this law. The fifteenth century shows us the typical history of Joan of Arc, now enshrined in men's minds as one of their most tender and sacredly heroic historic memories. At the present moment we have repeated apparitions in various parts of France, of the Virgin Mary, notably in Alsace, where the minds of men are troubled to the very core by political changes and religious agitation. Between the time of the Maid of Orleans and our own, the history of France presents us ever and anon with scarcely less startling revelations of the interposition of spiritual beings in the ceaseless warfare of human life. We will now present our readers with some

* Julian, the Apostate, the Maid of Kent, and the late struggles between Paganism and Christianity in Madagascar and New Zealand.

singular relations, drawn from the pages of Eliphas Levi, in his *Histoire de la Haute Magie* and other sources, relative to the period extending from 1772 to 1839.

THE JOANITES AND THE NEO-JOANITES.

In 1772, an inhabitant of St. Mandé, named Loiseant, being in church, believed he saw kneeling near to him a very singular personage; he was a sun-burnt man, who wore for his sole garment, a shirt of coarse woollen. This man had a long beard and crisp curling hair, and around his neck a scarlet and circular scar; he carried a book, upon which was traced in letters of gold, the inscription—"Ecce Agnus Dei."

Loiseant was astonished greatly that no one noticed this remarkable person; he finished his prayer and returned home. There he found the same personage awaiting him, he advanced to speak to him, and ask who he was, and what he wanted, when suddenly his fantastic visitor had disappeared! Loiseant took to his bed, ill with fever, but could not sleep. In the night he suddenly saw his chamber illuminated by a red light, and believing it must proceed from fire, started up in his bed, when suddenly in the middle of his room, upon the table, he beheld a golden plate, and in this plate, bathed with blood, the head of his visitor of yesterday! This head was encircled with a red aureole. The eyes rolled in a terrible manner, and the lips opening as if to utter a cry, a strange and hissing voice exclaimed, "I await the heads of kings, and the heads of the courtesans of kings. I await Herod and Herodias." Then the aureole became extinguished, and the sick man saw no more.

Within a few days he recovered, and was able to return to his business affairs. Crossing the Place Louis XV., he was met by a poor man, who asked for an alms. Loiseant, without looking at him, drew out a piece of money and threw it into the hat of the man. "Thanks," said he, "*This is the head of a king, but here,*" added he, extending his hand, and pointing to the middle of the Place, "*here will fall another king's head, and it is that which I am awaiting.*"

Loiseant then first looked with surprise at the beggar, and uttered a cry, recognizing in him the face of the vision. "Hush!" said the mendicant; "they will think thee mad, for no one here can see me except thyself. Thou hast recognized me I see; I am in fact St. John the Forerunner, and I come to announce to thee the chastisement of the successors of Herod, and of the heirs of Caiphas. Thou canst repeat all that I shall say to thee."

From this time, Loiseant believed that he almost always saw

near him St. John the Baptist. The phantem used to converse with him at considerable length regarding the misfortunes which were about to fall upon France and upon the Church.

Loiseant related his vision to various persons, who being struck by it, became visionaries like himself. They formed a mystical society, which met in great secrecy. The members of this association placed themselves in a circle, holding the hands of each other, and in silence awaiting communications. They used thus to wait, occasionally several hours; then the figure of St. John would appear amongst them, and they would all, or successively, fall into the magnetic sleep, and behold the scenes of the future Revolution and Restoration unfold before their eyes.

The spiritual director of this sect, or this circle, was a monk named Dom Gerle; he became its chief upon the death of Loiseant, which took place in 1788. At the epoch of the Revolution, having been seized with the Republican enthusiasm, he was rejected by the other sectaries, who followed in this the inspirations of the principal somnambule, whom they called Sister Française André.

Dom Gerle had also his somnambule, and he began to exercise, in an attic in Paris, the then new profession of a magnetiser. His seersess was an old and nearly blind woman, named Catherine Théot. She made predictions which came to pass; she cured various sick persons; and, as her prophecies had something more or less of a political nature, the police of the Committee of Public Safety were not long before they busied themselves with them.

One evening Catherine Théot, surrounded by her adepts, was in a state of ecstacy. "Listen!" said she. "I hear the noise of footsteps. It is the mysterious Elected One of Providence; it is the Angel of the Revolution; it is he who will be both its saviour and its victim—the King of Ruin and of Regeneration. Do you see him? He approaches. He also has his forehead surrounded by the bloody aureole of the Baptists. It is he who will bear all the crimes of those who will cause his death! Do you not see him dressed as for a festival, holding flowers in his hand—they are the crowns of his martyrdom. "Oh, how cruel have been thy trials, O my son!" she cried, "and how will ungrateful men curse thy memory across the centuries yet to come. Rise, rise, bow yourselves before him! He is here—the King of the Bloody Sacrifices!"

Our author then adds, that the door opened noiselessly and a man entered the room, with his hat drawn down over his eyes, and wrapt in a cloak. That the assembly rising, Catherine Théot exclaimed, extending her trembling hands toward the newly

arrived, "I knew that thou would'st come. He whom thou dost not see, but whom I see at my right, showed thee to me to-day, when an accusation was made against us to thee. We were accused of conspiring for the King, and in truth I have spoken of a King—of a King, of whom the Forerunner at this moment shows the crown stained with blood—over whose head do I see it suspended? Over thine, Maximilian!"

The visitor, at these words, with a surprised and furtive glance round the assembly, enquired what this might mean? Then Catherine Théot continued her rhapsodical address, exclaiming, amongst other things, that "it would be a grand day when a man clothed in blue, and holding in his hand a sceptre of flowers, would *become the King and Saviour of the World* (?) and placing his foot upon the head of the monster ready to devour him, shall declare both to executioners and victims, that a God exists!" "Cease to conceal thyself, Robespierre," she said in conclusion, "and show us that head which Providence will throw into the empty scale of the balance. The head of Louis XVI. is heavy, and thy head alone can equalize its weight!" According to our author, Robespierre appeared to regard these words with contempt, as fanatical menaces, and the dotage of an old crone, and declared his belief that he had been watched by their spies, "And since," he said, abruptly departing, "you insist upon your unknown visitor being Maximilian Robespierre, Representative of the People,—as Representative of the People I shall denounce you to the Committee of Public Safety, and cause proceedings to be taken towards your arrest." As he departed, Catherine Théot joined her hands together, exclaiming, "Respect his wishes—he is King and Pontiff of the new era! If we are struck—it will be Providence who strikes us through him. Let us extend our necks towards the axe of Providence."

The disciples of Catherine Théot awaited all night their arrest, but no one appeared. During the following day they separated. Two other days and two other nights passed over, during which the members of the sect did not seek to conceal themselves. On the fifth day, however, Catherine Théot, and those who were termed her accomplices, were denounced to the Jacobins by a secret enemy of Robespierre, who adroitly insinuated to the auditors doubts against the Tribune. The dictatorship was spoken of,—even the name of King had been pronounced. This was known to Robespierre—and how was it that this had been tolerated by him? Robespierre shrugged his shoulders. On the morrow, however, Catherine Théot, Dom Gerle, and some others, were arrested, and sent to those prisons which never again opened for those who had entered

them, except to furnish the daily supply of victims for the executioners.

How the history of Robespierre's interview with Catherine Théot transpired is not known. Already the counter-policy of the future *Thermidoriens* watched suspiciously the presumed Dictator, and he was accused of mysticism because he believed in a God. Nevertheless, Robespierre was neither friend nor enemy of the sect of the New "*Joannites*." He had gone to Catherine Théot in order to observe the phenomena taking place there. Dissatisfied at having been recognized, he left, uttering menaces which he did not put into execution. Those who transformed the conventicle of an old monk and an old fanatical woman into a conspiracy, had hoped through this accusation to have at least cast doubt or ridicule which should cling to the reputation of the "incorruptible Maximilian."

The prophecy of Catherine Théot had its accomplishment in the inauguration of the worship of the Supreme Being, and the rapid reaction of Thermidor. During this time, the sect which had rallied round Sister André, whose revelations were written down by the *Sieur Ducy*, continued to receive their visions and their miracles. Their fixed idea was the preservation of Legitimacy through the future reign of Louis XVII. Many a time, in dreams, they saved the little orphan of the Temple, and in reality believed that they had saved him. Ancient prophecies promised the throne of the Lilies to a young man who had once been a captive. St. Brigetta, St. Hildegarde, Bernard Tolland, Lichtenberger, all announced a miraculous restoration, after great disasters. The "*Neo-Joannites*" were the interpreters and the continuers of these predictions. Hence never was a Louis XVII. wanting to them. There were seven or eight Louis XVII. successively—one perfectly authentic and not the less miraculously saved.

It was to the influence of this sect, says Eliphas Levi, that we owe later the revelations of the peasant Martin, of Gallardon, and the marvels of Vintras, to which we shall come in due course.

Enthusiasm, through these magnetic circles became contagious, and was transmitted from Brother to Brother. After the death of Sister André, second sight and the prophetic power became the gifts of a man named Legros, who was at Charenton when Martin was temporarily placed there. He recognized a Brother in the peasant of Beance. All these sectaries through the strength of their desires for Louis XVII., in a sort of fashion, "actually created him," says our author. That is to say, they called forth so much of the spirit, or spiritual appearance of Louis XVII., that certain mediumistic natures transformed

themselves into the image and resemblance of the magnetic type, and ended by believing themselves in reality the Royal child escaped from the Temple. They attracted to themselves all the reflections of this sweet and fragile victim, and were full of recollections of circumstances alone known to the family of Louis XVI. "This phenomenon, however incredible it may appear to be," says Levi, "is neither impossible nor unheard of." Paracelsus assures us that if, by an extraordinary effort of the will, a person could believe themselves to be some one other than themselves, they would immediately know the secret thoughts of that person, and would attract to themselves the most secret memories. "Indeed, I have been conscious," says Levi, of himself, "of holding in dreams often imaginary conversations with a friend, in which previously unrevealed knowledge of that friend's life have come to me."

Amongst the false Louis XVII.'s, therefore, we should do well to recognize two classes—impostors, *purs et simples*, and those who were suffering from hallucination—or perhaps were possessed by spirits, seeking to carry out the dominant conviction of some principle vividly operative upon the age.*

Amongst the last class we ought specially to distinguish Nänndorff, a seer of the Swedenborg type, and of a conviction so

* In the second volume of Madden's *Phantasmata* we find the following curious matter relative to the impostors assuming the character or mission of Joan of Arc, immediately after her death. Two young girls, of the vicinity of Paris, regarded themselves as divinely appointed to continue the mission of Joan of Arc—one was burned, the other escaped the flames by a recantation of her error. Another, *militairement équipée, armée de pied en cap*, "exhibited herself in all public places of Cologne. She declared herself divinely commissioned to cause one of two pretenders to the episcopal throne of Treves—which was then contested—to be consecrated. She was excommunicated. It was to the notoriety acquired by this impostor that the report is attributable that Joan of Arc had not been burnt, and that the English had substituted another culprit for her at the stake. Quicherat says," continues Dr. Madden, "that this impostor, in 1436, imposed even on the family of Joan of Arc, and had exhibited extraordinary valour in Germany, France, and Italy. After having made a noise in the world during five years, she disappeared, leaving public opinion altogether changed in regard to the heroine who preceded her. In the opinion of some the true Joan was not dead, and the exploits of the second became confounded with those of the first. Then began to be formed the tradition in which La Pucelle was treated like the heroes of romance of the time of Charlemagne, absorbing all the military glory of the time."

In the second volume of the Abbé Barthelemy's *Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc*, we find two official documents of unquestionable authority; one dated 21st of August, 1436, and the other October of the same year; existing in the last century, in the archives of Orleans, and taken from the work of Quicherat. The first is a voucher for expenditure incurred by the Municipality of Orleans—a gratuity made to Jehan Dulys, brother of the Pucelle; and the other document is a similar voucher, dated October, 1436, for a gratuity made to Cœur de Lys, another member of the family of Jeanne d'Arc, who then held the office of Herald in Orleans, on account of a journey which he had made to his sister, the Pucelle, who was then at Erlou, in Luxembourg, and for having brought letters from the said Pucelle to the King.

contagious that even the ancient servitors of the Royal Family firmly believed that they recognized their prince, and threw themselves weeping at his feet. He even bore upon his body the particular marks and scars of Louis XVII. ; he related the story of his childhood with an overpowering appearance of truth, and entered into those insignificant details of recollection which are so impressive of reality. His very features were such as the orphan son of Louis XVI. would have borne had he lived to be of the same age. One only thing was wanting to have made him what he appeared to be—that is to say, *not* to have been—Nänndorff.

LORD AMBERLEY ON SPIRITUALISM.

LORD AMBERLEY is the son of an Earl; and in a country which “dearly loves a lord,” and where the question generally is—not as to what is said, but—who says it? This may account for his article on Spiritualism, in the *Fortnightly Review* for January, receiving more attention than it could properly lay claim to. His Lordship’s “Experiences of Spiritualism” appear to have been limited to attendance at five *séances* with different mediums, “singularly barren of results,” and with this experience he deems himself quite competent to sit in judgment on the whole matter, to overrule the conclusions of those who have given years to its investigation, and to decide the question not only for himself, but for mankind generally. We think Goethe must have had some gentleman of the Amberley type in view when he penned these lines in *Faust*:

“Hence know I you, immensely learned sir!
 What *you* can’t touch, that’s out of all men’s reach;
 What *you* can’t grasp, that’s not to be conceived;
 What *you* can’t see through, that must none admit;
 What *you* can’t weigh, that has no weight at all;
 What *you’ve* not coined, that cannot be true gold!”

We all remember what Sydney Smith told us of Earl Russell, that he would be equally ready, at a moment’s notice, to perform an operation for the stone, take command of the Channel Fleet, or form a Whig Administration; and if his son does not share the political ability, he at least inherits to the full all the self-confidence and temerity of his noble father.

It is evident from his article, that Lord Amberley’s relation to Spiritualism has been—not that of an honest investigator seeking the truth—but that of a dogmatic negationist, seeking only for evidence to confirm his foregone conclusion that mediums are impostors, and doing his utmost to make them

appear so, without being very scrupulous, or exhibiting any nice sense of honour in the means he used to that end. He put leading questions, and got wrong replies. He professed to be receiving a spirit-message, while he made the movements of the table by which that message was supposed to be given. The thought never seems to have crossed his mind that as the magnet attracts steel, so the man who goes to consult the spirits with falseness in his heart, and deceit in his act, attracts to himself spirits of kindred temper, and that while he is chuckling over his own cleverness, at having tricked the medium, he is really the ready dupe of these invisible tricksters, who fool him to the top of his bent, and laugh at his conceited folly.*

An honest mind, a humble spirit, a sincere and earnest desire for, and love of the truth, these are primary conditions for successful investigations of the experimental evidences of a future life, and for obtaining truthful communications from the spirit-world. That Lord Amberley should be ignorant of even the A, B, C of the spiritual alphabet need not surprise us; but it is surprising to find that his Lordship seems all unaware that the man who practises trickery and deception while professing inquiry into an important subject, forfeits thereby all claims to have his bare word credited.

When he confesses to, and recommends simulation and laying traps as aids to investigation, we may well, in reading his "Experiences of Spiritualism," bear in mind the warning he has given us as to "the extreme untrustworthiness of evidence."

Lord Amberley is an enlightened infidel, who regards Christianity as a played-out superstition, and has no more faith in the marvels of Scripture than of Spiritualism. Indeed, his attack on Spiritualism seems little more than a feint, the real point of attack against which the fire of his masked batteries is directed, is the Bible miracles. He insists that those of the present time are better attested; not, of course, for the purpose of crediting Spiritualism, but to discredit the Bible. In doing so, he certainly points out with much force the inconsistency of orthodox Christians, in denying the well-attested narratives of modern spiritual phenomena, and it may be well that they should have the benefit of the lesson Lord Amberley

* Lord Amberley seems really to have attended these *séances* very much as "a lark." The Spiritualistic hymns sung at one of the *séances* he attended were too lugubrious for him, so he tells us:—"At this distressing stage, I proposed that we should strike up 'We won't go home till morning,' or some other jovial song." The suggestion was at once accepted by the mediums, who said that this description of music would do quite as well." His lordship apparently belongs to the class known as "jolly dogs," to whom a "free-and-easy" is more congenial than a spiritual *séance*.

has read them. This paragraph is the best in the article. His Lordship is willing to admit that there are mesmeric and psychological phenomena not fully understood, and which are worth investigation; but what can only be adequately explained as the operation of spirits, *ab extra*, his Lordship sets down to either mendacity or delusion. Spiritualists are the dupes of their own credulity and imagination. They do not observe carefully, nor test vigorously, nor write accurately. They "betray an hopeless inability to discriminate between adequate and inadequate proof of facts, between unintelligible reality and commonplace imposture." The marvels they attest would vanish "under the withering touch of literal exactness," such as that of Lord Amberley, for example. His Lordship proceeds:—

Nor is this true only of the modern wonders alleged by Spiritualists; it applies equally to the ancient wonders alleged by other authorities. Finding, as we do, that positive falsehood is still rampant; that credulous acceptance of fantastic theories and unsifted statements is still prevalent; that the most improbable events are believed on the smallest possible evidence,—how can it be reasonably doubted that similar causes must have produced similar effects in former ages? Not to dwell, as is often done, on the more scientific character of our own age—for experience shows that the spread of scientific knowledge may fail to shake unscientific habits of thought—it is sufficient to urge that the totally undisciplined minds of bygone races were not likely to furnish evidence of a more trustworthy nature than that now offered by men constantly subjected to the critical spirit of our age. It is hard to understand—or would be hard were not flagrant incongruities so common—how the same individuals can reject with scorn the statements of Spiritualists, yet receive with faith the equally incredible statements which form part of their religious creed. Evidence offered by many witnesses, whose names are known, who have positively seen what they describe, who may be personally questioned, whose untruths, if any, may be detected, they do not even deem worthy of examination. Evidence offered by single witnesses, whose names are unknown or doubtful, who are beyond the reach of all inquiry, whose untruths, if any, there are no means of detecting, they believe even without examination. To assert that a lady floats in the air is ridiculous; to assert that a man walked on the water is quite credible. To believe that spirits return to us is a sign of folly; to believe that after actual death human beings were restored to life is rational religion. Angels might descend to converse with prophets; spirits cannot descend to converse with their dearest friends. That a table should be moved in some inexplicable way is not to be believed; that a sea or a river should be cleft in twain is not to be doubted. It might almost be maintained that the readiness with which the public accepts the marvellous and the inexplicable, varies directly as it is ill-attested. For not only is the testimony offered by Spiritualists immeasurably stronger, both in kind and in amount, than that on which the orthodox miracles repose, but it conforms far more closely to scientific conditions, being offered in order to prove, not exceptional prodigies, wrought by exceptional men, in opposition to the laws of nature, but phenomena of every-day occurrence, subject to their own laws, which if not fully ascertained, are no less constant than those of the material world. The Churchman says, "Extraordinary events happened once, under conditions that will never recur." The Spiritualist says, "Extraordinary events happen daily, under certain conditions, and will always happen when those conditions are fulfilled." Any argument, then, that is used against the latter, tells with hundredfold force against the former.

It is instructive to contrast the shallow pretentiousness of Lord Amberley with the careful and thorough investigation

of the distinguished scientist whose article appears in the current number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, to which we have drawn attention on another page. The spirit-world and its manifestations will not quite perish under the "withering touch" of Lord Amberley. We think they can just manage to survive it.

T. S.

NEW SPIRITUAL JOURNALS.

WE have received the first two numbers of *The Progressive Spiritualist and Free Thought Advocate*, a weekly journal devoted to the *Exposition of Spiritualism and the Promotion of Religious and Social Reform*, edited by John Tyerman, and published at Melbourne. This new journal gives us but little information as to the progress of Spiritualism in Australia, but we have in it a good deal of very free talk on theological matters. Indeed, it might fitly be called the *Anti-Theological Spiritualist*. This is not to be wondered at, when we bear in mind that Mr. Tyerman was a clergyman of the Establishment, who has been expelled from his living for honestly avowing himself a Spiritualist. Nor need it surprise us that under these circumstances the very name of Christianity should be distasteful to him. In his first article he objects to the name Christian Spiritualist as misleading, the two terms in it being, he thinks, incompatible; but then he makes it plain enough that he speaks of Christianity only as the synonym for Churchianity or Church dogmas; and he avows that "if by Christianity were meant nothing but the simple, beautiful, practical, benevolent religion taught and exemplified by the noble Jesus, then Spiritualism and Christianity would indeed be at one. Spiritualism, as a religion, is essentially Christian in that sense. But that is not what creed-making and creed-defending believers mean by Christianity." So much the worse for creed-makers and creed-defenders, if it be so. But why should those who are most in harmony with the spirit and teachings of Christ abandon the name to those who to so large an extent corrupt and pervert that spirit and those teachings? Against this, and against all who may assert that Spiritualism conflicts with the spirit and principles of Christ's teaching and life, the name "Christian Spiritualist" is a standing protest. Except for this protest, as a distinctive designation it were hardly needed. A present realisation of spiritual communion—a living Spiritualism, permeated with the faith in God and the divine charity to man which

Christ exemplified, would soon regenerate the Churches. As our contemporary testifies, "They greatly need something of the sort to give them fresh life, energy, and power, for they are languishing spiritually, and yearly becoming weaker, colder, and near their dissolution, which assuredly awaits them as they are now formed and constituted. . . . Spiritualism, supplying, as it does, too a present practical demonstration of immortality, is just such an ally as the churches need to enable them to repel the aggressive materialism of the age, and shed the light of another world upon the most darkened souls on earth." To accomplish, or to aid in effecting this great service to the Churches and the world, is, we apprehend, no slight part of the mission of Modern Spiritualism.

The *Progressive Spiritualist* is earnest, frank, courageous, and evidently of the Spiritual Church Militant. We wish it success in the hard fight it is likely to have with prejudice, bigotry, and superstition; but it will be the better part of valour not to make needless enemies of those with whom it should be in most friendly alliance.

The New Year also brings us No. 1 of a fortnightly journal, the *Pioneer of Progress*. The editor says:—"We hope to present in our columns from time to time articles representing every phase of Spiritualism, entirely free from sectarian or party spirit. We believe our platform is so broad and catholic in spirit, that it will exclude none from its arena. To all Spiritualists, whether they term themselves Independent, Scientific, Christian, Re-incarnational, or Progressional, or are known by any other title, we offer the 'right hand of fellowship,' and bid them 'God speed!'"

We quote from this opening number the following thoughtful article by T. Herbert Noyes, junr., on—

THE PARAY-LE-MONIAL PILGRIMAGE.

"The Paray-le-Monial Pilgrimage and the visions of the blessed M. M. Alacoque have been the theme of a protracted correspondence, and countless articles in contemporary literature, but we have noted with astonishment that the marrow of the question has been left untouched by one and all the disquisitions which have fallen under our notice. The reason is not far to seek—it lies in the unfortunate prejudice which still militates against the free admission to the Press of a mass of evidence of facts which has not yet received the *imprimatur* of our learned societies. But in very truth, the only reliable weapon against modern bigotry and superstition, and the popular prejudices which pass current under the stamp of orthodoxy in the Christian world, is to be found in the armoury

of Modern Spiritualism. By the light of its revelations, the pretensions of the Romish Hierarchy to the special favour of Heaven for the votaries of its fictions fade rapidly away, and the visions of the blessed M. M. Alacoque, shorn of their miraculous pretensions and prestige, and assigned to their legitimate source, become clear and intelligible. The experience of numberless creditable witnesses among our familiar friends forbids us to deny the authenticity of the visions and trances recorded in sacred literature and ecclesiastical annals.

"Such visions are seen daily by seers whose faculty or spiritual vision has been cultivated and developed—as every latent faculty with which we are endowed needs to be—by judicious exercise and careful attention to the requisite conditions. Those conditions were not unknown to the Church in its primitive times, for its ordinances and ceremonials embody the forgotten lore, and yield it readily to the student who is versed in mesmeric phenomena. The varied spiritual gifts exhibited in countless novel phases by our modern mediums are developed, as they were of old, in the case of Timothy, by the laying on of hands, and by the magnetic influence of circles in cases where the latent faculty exists:—and the consciousness of this latent faculty was no doubt 'the call' which our candidates for ordination now o' days are still obliged to plead, though they have not the faintest conception of what was originally implied by the plea. The apostolical succession was indeed no fiction, but it has departed from the ministers of the Churches, and is now to be found outside their ranks. True mediums are the legitimate successors of the Apostles and Prophets, who were the mediums of olden times, and seership is but one of the many spiritual gifts they have inherited.

"But the light of modern experience has illuminated the mysteries which ecclesiastical tradition has obscured. It has dispelled the haze of supernaturalism. When a spirit speaks to a modern medium, he no longer says it is '*the Lord*' who speaks, nor does he attribute infallibility to his inspiration, nor omniscience to the inspiring spirit. When he sees a vision he no longer attributes it directly to the Supreme Spirit of the universe. His eyes are open to a truer view of the unseen world and its inhabitants, who are in communication with the still incarned inhabitants of our planet, but who are still fallible like ourselves, albeit a little higher up that vast mountain of Progress whose pinnacles are, far beyond telescopic range hidden, in the haze of eternity. We have learnt that the man, whether he be good, bad, or indifferent, who throws off his garment of flesh retains his personal identity beyond the grave, and is just as reliable or unreliable as a spirit as he was as a man. We

have learnt that there are numberless claimants, personators and impostors in the spirit world who assume names and designations to which they have no right, and delight in deluding us if we do not make the best possible use of our reason to detect their wiles. Shakespeare had a better warranty for his Pucks than our Royal Society would give him credit for. But it is not only to wilful deception on the part of unscrupulous unprogressive spirits that many prevailing delusions are due. There is much symbolical and allegorical teaching by truthful spirits which is received and imparted by honest and truthful seers, and which is liable to misinterpretation.

"There can be no doubt that M. M. Alacoque was a medium and a seeress, and it may be that she faithfully recorded, and did not wilfully exaggerate, the visions presented to her, but, being an ignorant and uneducated woman, and living in a community of superstitious nuns deeply imbued with ecclesiastical dogmas and traditions, and utterly ignorant of the natural character of the then exceptional phenomena which occurred to their sister, she, no doubt, was aided by them to misconstrue the communications she received, and so both misinterpreted their meaning and mistook their source. Most probably she was often victimized by some well-meaning but ill-judging spirit, who thought to comfort her by impersonating great personages, whose appearance was likely to be grateful to her. Moreover, modern experience has proved that the art of producing pictures is practised in the spirit-world, and such visions are often but allegorical pictures drawn by ingenious spirits, in luminous rays, which are presented for a moment to the eye of the seer. Works of imagination are not restricted to the surface of this planet. Herein is the key to the mystery of Paray-le-Monial, and the sooner the truth is publicly confessed and made known that such visions are matters of every-day occurrence in our midst, and that neither the seers who see them nor the places where they are seen have any pretensions to especial sanctity, the better will it be for the interests of truth, and the worse will it be for the miserable superstition and imposture by which the chains of Romish priestcraft are riveted on the necks of deluded pilgrims."

The foregoing is but one of many illustrations that might be given of the way in which Spiritualism presents a clear and reasonable explanation of facts, denied by so-called Rationalists on the one hand, and perverted by superstition and priestcraft on the other.

PLUTARCH ON THE CESSATION OF ORACLES.

IN the *Fortnightly Review* for November, Mr. Brodribb, in an article of great interest, upon the Essays of Plutarch, writes as follows:—"One of Plutarch's most glorious essays (its genuineness has been questioned, but it harmonizes with his general scheme of thought) deals with one of those remarkable facts of the age which is significant of the great change then gradually stealing over men's minds. It is an attempt to an explanation of the failure or cessation of the oracles in the first century; and I imagine that it suggested the fine and well-known passage in Milton's Hymn on Christ's Nativity:—

The Oracles are dumb.
 No voice, no hideous hum
 Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving:
 Apollo, from his shrine,
 Can no more divine;
 With hollow shriek—the sleep of Delphos leaving—
 No mighty trance, or breathèd spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic ccell.

In this essay Plutarch largely uses the Neoplatonic philosophy, and indulges in what must seem to us the most fanciful theological speculations. He clearly felt the subject one of great difficulty. A modern writer would seek an explanation of it in the altered spirit of the age, and refer the cessation of the Oracles to much the same general causes as those to which he could trace the disappearance of witchcraft. It is scarcely possible to define with precision the various influences which from time to time produce a change in the attitude of the human mind in regard to certain ideas and beliefs. We cannot, so to speak, put our finger on the exact causes and circumstances of these mental revolutions, but are obliged to rest in partial explanations. Of this special phenomenon, the failure of the oracles in the first century, we can, no doubt give some respectable account, though it would be too much to say that we can explain it fully. One great cause, no doubt, is to be sought in the extinction of separate nationalities, and the consequent absence of political life and activity under the Roman empire.

It is suggested in Plutarch's essay that the wickedness of mankind may be the chief and principal cause of this withdrawal of Divine direction. "There was no open vision," it is said in the 1st book of Samuel of a disorderly and anarchical time in the history of the Jews. But Plutarch cannot allow this explanation, as he thinks that it attributes unworthy feelings and emotions to the Divinity. Could it then be due, he asks, to the depopulated condition of the world, and of Greece

particularly, which he seems to have looked upon as one of the marked features of his age? The country districts of both Greece and Italy were, no doubt, from various causes, much less populous than they had been in former times. Population was aggregated into great cities, some of which, were probably crowded to a degree never before known. But the real cause of the failure of the oracles, Plutarch traces to a sort of temporary break-down in the supernatural machinery which regulates human affairs. The gifts of the gods to mankind are, he thinks, in their nature transitory; and it is, moreover, very hard to define how far the supreme providence extends, and whether it is strictly the cause and origin of all things. Many things, among them the oracles, may be left by the gods to subordinate beings, or demons, who themselves, from time to time, fail and perish, and are succeeded by others. This strange notion he confirms by a singular story of an occurrence which is said to have happened during the reign of the Emperor Tiberias, and to have been reported to him. A ship, on its way from Greece to Italy, was becalmed near the Echinades Islands, off the coast of Acarnania, and a voice was heard by the passengers calling on one Thamus by name, who, it appears, was an Egyptian sailor on board the vessel, but scarcely known to any one. To the third call he replied, "Here—I am the man." The voice then directed him, on the ship's arrival at a particular place, to make known that the great god Pan was dead. The passengers were much astonished and perplexed, and there was a warm discussion as to whether the voice should be obeyed or disregarded. Thamus made up his mind, in the event of a calm, to do as he was bid, and as the wind was perfectly still, and the sea smooth, on their reaching the place in question, he stood on the deck, and with his face towards the land, he exclaimed with a loud voice, "The great Pan is dead." Then followed a dismal noise of groaning and lamentation, which was heard by all the passengers, who on their arrival at Rome reported this marvellous incident.

This story is told by Plutarch in proof and illustration of his theory that the demons, or subordinate divinities, are themselves mortal,* and he thus suggests that the cessation of the oracles may be compared to that of music in the absence of the musician. This, however, is not all he has to say in explanation. He goes on to mix together theology and physical speculations in a strange compound. Although the earth is

* What are we to understand by the word *mortal*? Surely, subject to death. In spiritual language, by *death* is not *change of state* implied?—The casting off an old state and the entering into another? That spirits must die in this sense is quite comprehensible.

itself indestructible, yet its virtues and properties are liable to decay. Inspiration itself may be partly the result of physical or natural causes. The prophetic faculty, on which oracular responses depend, may remain dormant from never having been brought into contact with the proper object which can alone stimulate and call it out actively. Vapours and exhalations may thus have their part in producing the conditions under which oracles are given. Hence, any physical changes in the earth may conspire with the decay and failure of supernatural powers in bringing about this temporary failure of oracles." Mr. Brodribb observes, "We are here in a curious, perhaps a barren field of thought." To the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* it might probably prove, on the contrary, a very fruitful field for study and speculation.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE NEW QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DR. SEXTON, in a recent lecture, makes the following reference to a silly article in the above Magazine:—

"A writer in the *New Quarterly Magazine* holds a mock *abance*, and imposes upon half-a-dozen of his friends and frightens a medium by his tricks. He has a hole in the ceiling of his room, out of which comes a leathern band to lift some one to the ceiling; a hole in the floor with machinery for raising the table; a hole in one of the walls to produce an illusion with a looking-glass, and so on. And we are to believe that when spiritual manifestations take place in our own homes, for example, all this preparation has been adopted by somebody to deceive us. Truly, this writer must think we are a set of fools. But who is he? No name is given, no address stated; some of the tricks described are simply impossible; in fact, the whole thing is probably as pure a piece of fiction as has ever been put upon paper."

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH ON MR. CROOKES.

The *Daily Telegraph* of January 13th, in a leader on Mr. Crookes and his testimony to "the phenomena called Spiritual," observes:—

"Mr. Crookes is a distinguished, if not an eminent man of science; his honesty is above doubt; and his courage in confessing to opinions associated in the minds of most thinkers

with rank imposture and sheer credulity is praiseworthy in itself. He is accustomed to observe facts, to draw conclusions; he is familiar with natural phenomena, and with the laws based upon them. Take him for all in all, he is a good witness. He now comes forward to tell us the result of four years' experiments, and in all sobriety and seriousness he records miracles—that is, astounding occurrences in defiance of 'the most firmly-rooted articles of scientific belief.' The 'miracles' occurred, for the most part, in his own house, surrounded by private friends, and in broad daylight."

TESTIMONY OF THE HON. WARREN CHASE.

We take the following from the report of a lecture by the Hon. Warren Chase, in the *New Church Independent* for November, 1873:—

"The materialization of spirit-forms is one of the triumphs of spirits in showing themselves to mortals. Only three weeks ago I saw at a house in the State of New York, two friends in the spirit-world—hand to hand and face to face, we met—not eighteen inches apart. I saw their faces as plainly and felt their hands as sensibly as if they had been in the flesh. One of these friends was William White, deceased, of the *Banner of Light*. If I ever saw him in my life, I saw him at this time. I could not be mistaken in that familiar face. I was not psychologized, I was not mesmerized, I was not biologized, or deceived by my senses in any manner whatever. I knew William White—I knew the pleasant gleam of his eye, and the old serene smile that played over his face. Nor was I alone in this recognition. A friend, sitting near me, exclaimed, 'Why, that's William White!' It would be vain for me to attempt to convey to you the strange sensation, the joy and the wonder that overwhelmed me, on seeing these spirit-friends. I was thrilled through and through, and have ever since been inexpressibly happy in the memory of that meeting. The sweet recollection of that hour dissipates my sorrow, and hangs about me like a halo of glory, while I reflect that I too, may soon be with them. It has brought to me a realizing sense of the spiritual world and its inhabitants which no power can take away."

VISION IN A DREAM.

The *Banner of Light*, November 15th, has a letter from Captain J. M. Hill, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in which among other manifestations through the mediumship of Mrs.

Margaret Sunderland Cooper, of Portsmouth, he relates the following:—

There appeared on a large mirror in the room where we were sitting a landscape view, in the centre of which was a beautiful lake, bordered with graceful trees; and what appeared to be numerous fairy boats, seemingly gliding over the surface, filled with men, women, and children of all ages. This picture remained on the glass during the evening, plainly visible to all in the room. Some of the company tried to rub it off with their handkerchiefs, but the labour was in vain. It did not vanish, I am told, until the next morning, when the elements of the phenomenon were seen to dissolve by one of the family.

THE SPIRIT-POST.

In a recent letter from Leghorn, Baron Kirkup writes:—

"I have had a demonstration of letter-carrying by spirits more perfect than any of the former ones, of which there have been four or five. I myself wrote the letter alone in my room to a lady at Bologna, distance 110½ miles by railroad. The spirits Annina and Regina promised to take it and wait for an answer. It was a long one, very punctual, and on large paper. That and the two journeys—221 miles by railroad—were all accomplished in two hours and thirty-five minutes! The distance by straight line is less, of course; how much I do not know. The answer was thrown into my lap. I saw it in the air coming. The lady herself has since arrived from Bologna and confirmed what she wrote, and I knew her handwriting. She is the mother of Annina."

A SPIRIT AND THE MEDIUM SEEN AT THE SAME TIME.

In the *Medium* of January 2, is an account of a private *séance* with Mr. Williams at the rooms of Prince Wittgenstein (aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia), in the Palace Hotel, Buckingham Gate, December 16th. After describing the room and its contents and surroundings, the report goes on to describe the appearance of a spirit in a turban and loose flowing robes, with swarthy countenance and curly black beard, holding in front of him a substance which suffused over the upper part of his figure a soft, luminous phosphoric-like flame of a bluish green tint, and so mellow that the eye could rest on it without discomfort. The writer then gives a description of this spirit-lamp, which corresponds with that quoted by us in a previous number; and he tells us the figure was lit up with great brightness, illuminating part of the room. He shook hands with the Prince and Dr. Boulland, and the writer; who says, "The hand was warmer than my own. As the hand was rather slowly reaching mine, I felt a slight sensation at the points of the fingers, as if a current of magnetism

was passing from me." In reply to the request to be allowed to see the medium at the same time, after some ineffectual attempts to throw his light where the medium could be seen, the Prince was invited by him to go to the screen behind which the medium was placed, and was entranced. "In a short time he returned, and told us he had seen Mr. Williams quite clearly, asleep on his chair, while John King stood over him, lighting up his figure with the lamp." The report is written by Mr. Webster Glynes, of 4, Gray's Inn Square, W.C., and to this is appended the following:—

"We declare the above to be a correct account of what took place in our presence.

"(Signed) E. B. BOULLAND, LL.D.

"GIUSEPPE PRESUTTO.

"I declare the above account to be correct. I saw the medium as stated, and John King holding a lamp over him.

"(Signed) PRINCE EMILE WITTGENSTEIN."

SPIRITUALISM IN INDIA.

The following paragraph is taken from the *Friend of India*, published at Serampore:—

The Bombay papers contain accounts of a mania for spirit-rapping which they say has set in among the natives there. If the statements are correct, it would not be surprising if the mania ran through India. Everything connected with the spirit-world is a profound mystery to the native of India. He has no definite ideas as to the future. He confesses at once that it may be this or that—he knows not what. A city with golden pavement astonishes him, but really the definiteness is what puzzles him. If spirit-rapping finds its way among such a people, we shall have queer revelations by-and-bye. They will intensify a hundred-fold all the mysteries, and will make a thousand more. Religion will not stand in the way in the slightest degree. A Hindoo is free to examine anything on the face of the earth, and speculate to his heart's content.

Mr. Peebles, in one of his recent letters of travel, published in the *Banner of Light*, writes of Peary Chand Mittra, a Calcutta commission merchant, writer and Spiritualist:—

"It can well be imagined that it gave me much pleasure to clasp the hand of this Hindoo thinker. He was for a time a writing medium; but at present his gifts pertain more to spiritual insight. He assured me that his ascended wife was as consciously present to him at times, as though in her body. Mohindro Saul Paul and Romanath Senx—two interesting young gentlemen connected with the higher castes—called upon us several times to converse of spiritual phenomena in America, and the best methods of holding private *séances*. Conversant with the spiritualistic literature of England, these young men are Spiritualists; and yet they have never

witnessed a shred of the phenomena. Shibchunder Deb—another devoted Spiritualist, introduced by P. C. Mittra—presented us a neat volume that he had recently published upon Spiritualism. It contains liberal extracts from American authors. This gentleman has also translated Emma Hardinge Britten's *Spiritual Commandments* into the Bengalese language, and they are now being circulated as a tract in India. We saw several Hindoo *healers* relieving the sick in the streets."

Captain Forsyth in his work on *Central India*, tells us:—

"Theirs—the *Bygas*—it is to hold converse with the world of spirits, who are everywhere present to the aborigines. Ghosts are supposed to be ever present, inciting to either good or evil. Many profess to see them. . . . These Bygas medicine men further possess the gift of throwing themselves into a trance, during which the afflatus of the Deity is supposed to be vouchsafed to them, communicating the secrets of the future. I am thoroughly convinced," says the Captain, "by evidence from other quarters, that this *trance* is not mere acting."

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

A singular circumstance occurred in connection with the death, a short time since, of the wife of Rev. J. V. Osterhout; of Webster. While she was sick with typhoid fever, her infant daughter, two months old, died, but the knowledge was kept from her. A few days before her death, she was observed looking up, as if she saw some object above her, and on being asked what she saw, replied, "I am looking at the baby, and she has died and you have not told me. There she is, right up there." After this she saw her several times and folded her to her arms.—*Boston Daily Journal*.

A MINISTER SAVES HIS LIFE BY HEARKENING TO—"THE DEVIL."

The following is taken from the *Ardrossan Herald*:—

"*Craigie—Witches and Spirits of Evil Genius.*

"The following is a curious instance of the prevailing belief of the period (some years before the Restoration):—
'Mr. Campbell, the minister, had frequently warned his hearers from hearkening to or believing in the local superstitions. He had been abroad preaching, and when riding home alone to his own house, he heard some one calling him by his name on the highway; and Mr. Campbell looked about, but saw nobody. This was repeated a second and third time. At the third time he said nothing, but heard a hideous laughter, and a voice saying, "The minister himself must now hearken to the devil!"

He rode on without any return. In a little he was called again by his name, which he did not notice, but rode on; then the spirit cried to him that he had better hearken to him, for he had a matter that very nearly concerned him to impart. Mr. Campbell still rode on, not seeming to mind what was said. The voice continued—"Well, believe me or not, it's time I tell you, and you ought to take heed of it! When you go home your wife is expecting you to supper; and there is a hen roasting at the fire for you; but do not taste it, for it is poisoned!" He rode home, and when he entered his house he saw a hen roasting. He was then in much perplexity, and asked his wife where she had the hen? She told him the beast was brought in dead, though warm, and sold by a woman under a very ill fame for witchcraft. He went to prayer, and asked light from God. He was in great strait, betwixt a just care for his own health, and taking a warning from an evil spirit. However, at supper he cut up the hen, which looked well, and was no way discoloured, which made him inclined to eat her. Just at that instance a little dog came into the room, and it struck him in the mind to try an experiment on the dog; and he cast a piece of the hen to the dog, which had no sooner eaten it but he swelled and died! This cleared his way, and he ate none of the hen. "There are some evil spirits," very sagely says Wodrow, "that when permitted, seem to delight in freaks; and yet it seems this evil spirit has been forced to tell Mr. Campbell his *hasard*, and used as an instrument for preserving this good man. The fact is sufficiently vouched, and may be depended on."—*Note in Stat. Account.*

Correspondence.

AN ANSWER TO MR. HOWITT'S LETTER ON THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

23rd December, 1873.

SIR,—Mr. Howitt has made his letter to Mr. Everitt public property in sending it to you for publication. Everything written by so old and tried a worker in the cause of Spiritualism must needs have great weight with all candid Spiritualists. His anathema is, therefore, eminently calculated to do the Association serious injury, if left unanswered.

I therefore crave space in your pages for a few words on the other side, unless some abler pen than mine have forestalled me.

Mr. Howitt argues that because Spiritualism has, without the aid of associations, or combinations, or human struggles, progressed in a manner which has excited his "increasing wonder"—because "this spiritual force has (he considers) not failed" in any way—because its expansion and diffusion have been unparalleled—therefore associations and combinations are unnecessary, and incapable of "adding to its operations the elements of a more decided success"—

that, because its progress has been the work of the "Great Invisible Spirit"—because it has triumphed thus far, "not by favour, by human care or plans, by human aid or wisdom, but in direct opposition to all the forces and intellectual subtleties of humanity," and in spite of "sneers and malice," therefore "it is clear that it is a divine element which no hand but that of its Creator can wield," and it were impious for man to meddle with it—at least, as "conductors," or in the way of associations to promote the study or the spread of it. Surely, Sir, such arguments need not to be answered, but only to be stripped of those stately folds of rich and florid rhetoric in which Mr. Howitt knows so well how to clothe his ideas, and to be stated in their naked simplicity! Or, if they need any answer, this should suffice, *viz.*, "All history proves" that it ever pleases God to work out his ends by human means. The very successes of Spiritualism which Mr. Howitt so much exults in, are no exception to this rule: "human care and plans, human aid and wisdom, the forces and intellectual subtleties of humanity," have been elements which have contributed to those successes, by God's will and grace, though they may have been arrayed at the same time on the other side as well. And though the triumphs of Spiritualism hitherto may have been unparalleled, we may yet hope that, if we do not neglect it, its triumphs hereafter may surpass the former. The plan and objects of the Association differ rather in scope than in kind from those which have hitherto been pursued by the earnest disciples of Spiritualism, and their principles remain the same.

Mr. Howitt asks whether the Association aspires to "protect," &c., "this evidently divine afflatus?" Not exactly; (there is a slight touch of sarcasm in the use of the word "protect" here, and of the other expressions in this paragraph). It humbly hopes to aid in cherishing, fostering, and diffusing this divine gift, and, if necessary, to "protect" Spiritualists.

He asks, "Can you add fresh wings to the wind? fresh impulse to the tides of ocean? fresh speed and brilliancy to the light?" No; but we can utilize the wind, the tides, and the light. We can divert, concentrate, or diffuse these "sublime elements" to advantage, nor is it, in the present day, generally considered sacrilegious to do so. Mr. H. "can only follow with admiration and thankfulness to God the career of glorious energy and victory of development of Spiritualism." If he had always been content merely to stand thus idly gazing up into heaven, I much doubt whether Spiritualism would have spread so much as it already has done in this country. Steam is a wonderful thing, and no less a gift of God than Spiritualism is; but if James Watt had contented himself with staring at the kettle, and wondering, we should not have been much the better for it. Even now, in taking the trouble to write this letter, Mr. Howitt belies his own theory.

He says that combination is unnecessary to Spiritualism, because this latter has shown no sign of decadence or defect, and because history proves that combination leads to disintegration, and he instances Judaism, Christianity, and Protestantism. Is it not perhaps rather true that the disintegration began first, through human frailty, and that the combinations were attempts, partly unsuccessful (owing also to the human element of error) to stay the process of decay? And may we not hope that the Association will profit to some extent by the lesson of these partial failures of the past? As to there being yet no sign of decadence or defect, is it not true that Spiritualists in this country are already to some extent split up into factions, more or less at open war with one another, one of them, perhaps the largest, eminently autocratic in its constitution, the self-constituted leader of which does much injury to the cause of free Spiritualism, by the unscrupulous and tyrannical use he makes of the almost complete monopoly which he usurps of spiritual patronage, and of the diffusion of that modicum of spiritual truth and knowledge which he allows to circulate; and daily shows signs of becoming more intolerant, more bitterly hostile to those Spiritualists who are not of his way of thinking, and who decline to bow down before the molten image which he has set up? The Association humbly hopes to do something towards healing these sores, by affording a common ground of union on the broadest Spiritual basis—a common centre of action where all may meet, free from extraneous influences, and learn to know one another better, and therefore to love one another better, and to co-operate for the general good. Bickerings there may be no doubt, and heartburnings, perhaps not a few

quarrels, for we are human; but these evils will exist, not because association is wrong, but because men are fallible, and it may, I think, be doubted whether they will not be moderated rather than aggravated by our attempts at union. Else it were better we should each of us hide his light under a bushel altogether, and confine himself for ever in his separate hermit cell.

Mr. Howitt pleads that our Association will hereafter fall into the hands of selfish men, who will use it as a means of ruling. No doubt this is a great danger, and one which, guard against it as we may, we shall probably not be able wholly to avoid: we can only try to do so as much as possible; and, as I have already said, there seems no good reason for supposing that the Association is likely to induce any worse usurpations, tyranny or monopolies than exist already, but rather the reverse. Has this danger not yet arisen? Has no selfish man yet used Spiritualism as a means of gratifying his vanity and ambition? From such the Association would fain rescue it, so far as may be possible.

Mr. Howitt asks whether the Association proposes to establish itself by the "authority of an election by every individual independent Spiritualist in the kingdom?" Surely! Why not? *All* may join. *All* may vote at the general meetings. There are no tests—no qualification, except an annual subscription of five shillings, which if we succeed as we hope to do, may possibly be reduced hereafter, or done away with.

Mr. Howitt "solemnly protests against any such design" as the formation of an Association, because "those who do not approve of such a public machinery will dissent and oppose." No doubt if there were many Spiritualists as dogmatic and obstructive as your correspondent, we should have stormy times of it, and probably fulfil his prophecy of utter failure: but we hope far better things. And he has already urged that Spiritualism thrives under opposition—that it has "lived on poisons." By his own showing then, our "Pandora's box" ought to do Spiritualism good service.

He thanks God that he has "lived in the glorious time of the persecution and contempt of this Church of the latter ages." He does well. God forbid I should deny that sweet are the uses of adversity; but that fact does not justify voluntary penance, or submitting to persecutions which may *legitimately* be avoided. The genuine martyr, such as he has been, may well glory in his tribulations, and he is indeed to be envied and revered. But he would be a fanatic, and no genuine martyr, who should insist on being burnt at the stake, or on his friends being burnt, when it might be avoided by a little combination, provided it did not entail a sacrifice of principle. Mr. Howitt maintains that it does entail such a sacrifice, but the burden of proof rests with him, and I humbly submit that he has not borne it out successfully. Moreover, all of us are not made of the iron fibre, or gifted with the same amount of noble powers of self-denial which distinguish him. What of the many thousand fearful ones who, yearning in secret isolation for sympathy and spiritual food, dare not go out to seek it in face of the opposition and ready ridicule which surround them, and so pine and eat their hearts in silence, till kind death releases them, or perhaps suffer moral deterioration from this starvation? In the former case—nay, doubtless even in the latter—such discipline may be for their ultimate benefit, but is it for us to inflict it? Are we to constitute ourselves the scourges of the Almighty? For, by holding aloof we do inflict these sufferings on our weaker brethren. Would not this Association be to such a strong wall of defence, a grateful source of encouragement, an ark of refuge, a firm ground whereon to cast the anchor of their hope, a well of consolation?

Mr. Howitt allows *local* associations. Before we can avail ourselves of this permission we should know what number of Spiritualists may constitute, or how many square miles may be covered by a local association? For he advances no argument, nor can I conceive any, applicable against a central association which would not be equally applicable against a local association in a greater or less degree, nor any work that could be done by the latter, whether in the way of the "conduct of schools, or of lectures" or what not, in which a central association might not be of the greatest assistance to the local ones. Such at least is one great object of the central association, another is to promote the formation of such local associations.

Mr. Howitt asserts that "at present Spiritualism the world over, stands free and independent." Query. "No man or set of men can claim any right to say 'Do this,' or 'Do it not.'" I know not about the *right*, but certain I am that some men do say "Do this," or "Do it not," and say it pretty strongly and peremptorily, too.

Summarily and finally, "If it be true that Spiritualism has maintained and disseminated itself infinitely beyond what all human powers could have done," is (so far as I understand the sentence) not a fair way of putting the matter, because the Association does not profess to supplant the Almighty, but only to try to carry out His purposes as His humble but willing and thankful instruments. The point which Mr. Howitt had to prove was rather that Spiritualism has maintained itself infinitely more than it would have done if there had been any combination of human powers to assist it. I deny that he has proved his premiss, as he was bound to do, but granting the premiss (as put by me), I deny the conclusion that the Association is therefore *now* "unnecessary and uncalled for." It may have been unnecessary hitherto, but the time may have come when it has become necessary. "If it be true," which, I submit, he has also failed to prove, "that the dissensions of all great spiritual bodies have sprung out of the attempts to incorporate them," it would not necessarily follow that the Association would be wholly "mischievous," but only that it would be subject to certain evils inseparable from everything human, but which we maintain would be over-balanced by the good, and would probably be less than the evils already existing. "If it be true that Spiritualism has always been free and universal as the air we breathe, then to enclose it in partial boundaries and with partial cognomen is to strip it of its glory." No doubt; but the Association does not enclose *Spiritualism*, or give it a partial cognomen. The Association itself is limited to the United Kingdom, for the present, because that affords it as wide an area as it can conveniently compass in the present state of things. Mr. Howitt condemns it as being too broad and comprehensive, and again, almost in the same breath, as being too narrow and exclusive.

I am sure, however, that he has written his letter in the most perfect good faith and with the best intentions, which I believe to be the case with all his actions, and that his concluding prayer for our enlightenment is sincere. I therefore heartily thank him for the one, and earnestly reciprocate the other.

I am not authorized in any way, formally or informally, to speak for the Association, or for any one but myself, but I know that I am not alone in the sentiments I have expressed.

A. J.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I hear that my friend, Mr. Newton Crosland, has made a reply to my letter on the subject of a National Association of Spiritualists. I have not seen it, the Magazine having failed to reach me this month. That, however, is of no consequence, as I have no intention of disputing the matter with him or any one else. "What I have written, I have written;" and time will only too surely verify my statements—if history be history, and not fable. No age has been wanting in those who would

Gild the refined gold, and paint the rose,
And add fresh fragrance to the violet.

In face of the argumentative genius of Englishmen, words might be accumulated to any extent; we must refer this question to *facts*. If the National Associationists wish to disprove the arguments of my letter, they have only two things to do—avoid the evils which have beset all such associations on psychologic or religious subjects, and show practically that they can extend and prosper Spiritualism better than it has been extended and prospered without them. Till then I remain incredulous; and till then, I remain their and your friend and fellow-servant,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

COMMUNICATION FROM ALLAN KARDEC.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I beg to forward you a translation of a communication recently received from Allan Kardec, founder of Spiritualism in France, by Dr. C. B. Boulland, LL.D., reporter to the *Revue Spirite*, No. 7, Rue de Lille, Paris.

WEBSTER GLYNES.

"Repeat to our English brother Spiritualists that greater unanimity should prevail amongst them. A warfare of words soon breeds real discord. They should bear in mind that the narrow-minded and ungenerous are ever ready to take advantage of differences of opinion upon matters even of no real importance, to stir up hatred among God's children, and to estrange them from one another.

"Remember me to Mr. Morse, to Mrs. Tappan, whom I much admire, to Mr. Williams and to Miss Cook, and also to the English editors and writers on Spiritualism; for yourself accept from me in spirit a cordial grasp of the hand.

"ALLAN KARDEC."

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

SOUL CONVERSE.

THE chair is vacant on the hearth,
The gracious form has gone from sight
Whose presence was a guiding light
Illumining our daily path.

We know by loss how great his worth;
The gentle voice in counsel wise,
The love that trembled in the eyes,
We never more shall meet on earth.

Nor ever grasp the friendly hand,
Nor ever see the kindly face,
Nor e'er with mortal vision trace
His footsteps in the Silent Land.

But sometimes mystic gleams there are
Which pierce the spirit's inner sense,
And notes of high intelligence
Like distant music, faint and far,

Are wafted from the spirit-shore:
And then we feel a presence near,
And hear again the voice so dear,
And doubt is gone for evermore.

And on the spirit there is left
A strength which none may understand:
We wait with hope the Better Land,
And walk the world of fear bereft. T. S.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

MARCH, 1874.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF DR. F. W. MONCK'S MEDIUMSHIP.

By GEORGE SEXTON, LL.D.

THE extraordinary mediumship of Dr. F. W. Monck, late Baptist Minister at Bristol, has been recently made the subject of numerous newspaper paragraphs, and a score or so of pulpit discourses, and has consequently furnished a topic for conversation amongst some thousands of people, both in these islands, on the Continent of Europe, and in the great Transatlantic land of the West. As a matter of course very much that has been said and written has been unfavourable to the medium, and only calculated to make the world believe that he is an impostor, and a man whose daily practice it is to state what is not true. Still the fact that what is reputed to have happened to him should have produced so great a sensation, shows clearly the extraordinary character of the events in which he was—or is said to have been—the chief actor.

Whether all the phenomena with which I find Dr. Monck's name associated in the public mind really happened, I certainly am not in a position to say. Such matters must be judged of, like all others, by the evidence presented in their favour. It is only fair to say, however, that the most extravagant of these phenomena will certainly appear quite possible to the mind of every person who is acquainted with the extraordinary manifestations of Modern Spiritualism, and especially with those that are *known* to have happened in the presence of the medium in question. That Dr. Monck is one of the most wonderful mediums that have up to the present time arisen amongst us, I have no doubt; and from what I have

myself seen I should consider that he would bear a not unfavourable comparison with the most richly endowed of them all in mediumistic power.

To write a detailed account of all the spiritual phenomena that have happened in connection with the mediumship of Dr. Monck, would occupy more space than could be spared for the purpose in a single number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and would perhaps after all prove less satisfactory to the reader than a record of that which the writer himself can attest to be true.

The first occasion that I ever saw Dr. Monck was some time in the early part of the summer of last year. My friend, the Rev. F. R. Young, of Swindon, was announced to preach an anniversary sermon at the General Baptist Chapel, in Worship Street, and I formed one of the congregation. Dr. Monck was present, and took, I think, some part in the service. At the close he was introduced to me, and in the course of a day or two he and Mr. Young called at my residence. Up to this time I had not heard of the "Extraordinary Flight of a Christian Minister," as it has since been called, except spoken of in some very vague way as having happened to a minister of the Gospel, whose name was never mentioned. I was therefore somewhat agreeably surprised to find that I was now in the presence of the gentleman who was said to have been so mysteriously conveyed from Bristol to Swindon. Dr. Monck was very reticent on that subject however, and remained so for some time afterwards, as will be remembered by all who have read the report of the Liverpool Conference, on which occasion it was with difficulty that Mr. Young and myself could induce him to speak of his mediumship at all, the more particularly the part that referred to the "Mysterious Flight." We had a long conversation on various topics, and on Spiritualism as a matter of course amongst the rest. This ended in our sitting down at a *séance*, at which there were present most of the members of my family, Mr. Young, Miss Wreford, and Mr. Ogan. A number of manifestations took place unconnected with Dr. Monck, and these over, Mr. Young, Miss Wreford, and myself left the *séance* room and went into my library, situated two stories higher up in the building. Soon after we had left, Dr. Monck became entranced by his guardian spirit Samuel, and a great number of manifestations of a very extraordinary character occurred, one of the most remarkable being the raising the medium up to the ceiling, on which he wrote the name Sam, an inscription that still remains. As the noise produced in the *séance* room on this occasion was something alarming, seeming to us upstairs as though Pandemonium was let loose, I remarked to Mr. Young that I would go down and

put an end to it, by driving away such spirits as could not be a little more quiet in their manifestations—a course of procedure I had resorted to before in the case of other mediums. I had no sooner opened the library door, however, than a voice in the room in which the *séance* was being held was heard exclaiming, in most stentorian tones, “The Doctor is coming down, don’t let him in.” This was repeated four or five times. The reason that I was not to be admitted, I am quite ignorant of up to this day; but the important fact to be borne in mind is this, that no mortal being in the room from which the voice issued could have possibly known of my intention to go downstairs, seeing that I was as yet two stories off, in a part of the house where everything was still, and therefore presenting a striking contrast to the boisterous sounds mixing with the voice forbidding my entrance. On this occasion some very marvellous phenomena occurred; but, as an account of them was not written down at the time, and as they were to a great extent repeated a short time afterwards, the description of the latter *séance* will answer the purpose of the two. At this second *séance* I was not personally present, although it occurred in my own house. The following account of it has been written by my son Frederick, a lad of 13 years of age:—

A SEANCE WITH THE REV. F. W. MONCK, OF BRISTOL, AT
DR. SEXTON’S HOUSE.

Friday, August 22nd.—There were present besides the medium, Mr. Ogan, my sister, my brother George, and myself, and we all sat down to a large dining table, Mr. Ogan sitting quite close to the medium. We were ordered by the spirits to put out the light, and immediately upon this being done, Mr. Monck’s boots were taken off and thrown upon the table, and no movement was experienced by Mr. Ogan, who, in his position, must have felt any motion on the part of the medium. This was directly followed by a large easy chair being wheeled several feet towards the table, without any of us leaving our seats. Mr. Ogan’s chair was next moved, which he says he is quite certain was not done by the medium or any one else in the room, and at the same moment he felt Mr. Monck slip away from him, who instantly exclaimed, “Get a light,” and upon striking a match, we saw him (Mr. Monck) lying at full length upon the table. After sitting for a short time longer, the lights having been again extinguished, and the medium having resumed his seat at the table, he was entranced by a spirit named Sam, who requested that Mr. Monck might be tied, and produced a piece of cord from his (the medium’s) pocket, which he had brought for that purpose. Mr. Ogan then tied him

hand and foot to the chair in which he was sitting, during which process Sam was laughing and making comical gestures, in order to show how easily he would twist the ropes off. We placed a tambourine and a bell upon the table and again extinguished the lights, and instantly the tambourine was played upon and the bell rung, whereupon we obtained a light and found the medium still entranced, with both his hands and one of his feet free. Sam said that he had not been tied tight enough, and told Mr. Ogan to "have another try," which he accordingly did, tying him in such a manner that he said it was quite impossible for him to untie the cord without help from some quarter, either spiritual or material, and from the latter he could not have received any as will be seen by the following:—As soon as the tying was finished, Sam told us all to go to the far end of the room, which we did, holding each other's hands, so that had any one attempted to move, the rest of us must have been aware of it. Darkness having been again procured, the movements took place as before, the tambourine and bell were knocked about very violently, and on our again striking a light, we found the medium tied apparently in the same manner that Mr. Ogan had fastened him; but owing to a disturbing influence occasioned, Sam said, by some strange spirits entering the room, we were not allowed to go close to the medium to examine the cord, but had to do so from where we then stood, a distance of about three yards and a half from him. Sam said that he had untied Mr. Monck and used his hands to move the things about; and to prove this, when the lights were again out he told Mr. Ogan to hold his hands across the table towards the medium, whose hand instantly took hold of one of them, without making any noise, seeming as though he knew exactly where the hand was, without feeling over the table for it, which Mr. Monck could not possibly have done in consequence of the darkness. Sam then shouted out, "Now then, five of you!" We heard a knocking of string on the table, and something was thrown across the room, which turned out to be the cord with which the medium had been tied. All Mr. Ogan's knots (a considerable number) had been taken out, and the cord was tied its whole length with 52 tight knots. Sam explained that when he said "Now then, five of you!" he was asking five spirits to help him to tie the cord. A few slight movements of the table were the only other phenomena obtained.

FREDERICK MAURICE SEXTON.

Dr. Monck has been again and again, in my presence, lifted from the floor and floated about the room. One of the most

extraordinary facts that has occurred in connection with his mediumship, however, is the obtaining music from an accordion whilst fastened in such a manner that it is rendered impossible for it to open. This wonderful manifestation appears to have taken place first at Bristol, and an account of it has been given by Mr. Beattie, in a rather lengthy letter, in the *Bristol Daily Post*. The following extract bears upon the question:—

“On sitting down the room was partially dark. Moving of a large table and other common things soon took place. As evening set in the room became dark. Gas was lighted, and I was told to take a cord and tie an accordion. I took the instrument and so fixed it that the bellows could not move the sixteenth of an inch; I made it that the cord could not be touched without my knowing it. The medium was in a complete trance all the while, and we held hands. The instrument then moved about and sounded *long* notes. I was bewildered and completely puzzled; I at once *thought* these sounds might be made by another instrument or a mouth reed. But I was soon sunk deeper in difficulty, for the instrument was brought to me by the medium (still in a trance); I fully examined it, twisted a portion of the cord round my hand and held it fast, while with the other hand I manipulated the keys, it answering fully to my fingering. Here I will not say what must or what must not have taken place, but certainly that which gave the sensation and appearance of rigidity was, under some influence, converted into the very opposite, namely, that of elasticity.”

Having heard of this very marvellous manifestation, I was exceedingly anxious to see it, although I did not mention my wish to anyone. The fact is—I may as well admit it—I could not altogether get rid of the suspicion that either another accordion, quite free from cords, was employed on the occasion, or that, by an elastic tube placed in the medium's mouth, he had contrived, by some means, to blow into the fastened instrument. These suspicions I kept to myself, and waited patiently for an opportunity when I should be able to prove their truth or dispel them for ever. Fortunately, I had not to wait very long. In the early part of August last I went to Swindon to preach the anniversary sermons in my friend Young's church, and on this occasion I again met Dr. Monck, who came over to speak at a tea meeting to be held in the church on the Saturday evening—a sort of preliminary gathering to the Sabbath anniversary services. On the Sunday evening, I should think about ten o'clock, whilst sitting in Mr. Young's house, in company with himself, the members of his family, Dr. Monck, and my son George, the conversation—as was very natural—took the direction of Spiritualism, and I then spoke of

the extraordinary accordion manifestation, and said I should like to see it. Some one of the party proposed a *séance*, to which the rest agreed. We had been sitting at the table but a very short time, when Sam—the guardian spirit before referred to—expressed a wish that we should sit again on the following morning, as it was then too late at night for us to go on with the *séance*, the medium having to go some distance to sleep. We inquired at what hour on the following morning we should sit. The reply was, "Any time you please." "Eleven o'clock," I remarked. "That will do very well," said Sam. "Eleven o'clock then let it be," we cried; and eleven o'clock was agreed upon. "One thing more," said Sam. "I should like on that occasion for Dr. Sexton to search the medium, so as to make quite sure that he has nothing whatever concealed about him." I was particularly struck with this remark, as I had never breathed a word of my suspicions to any living being. Of course I agreed to the proposition most gladly.

On the following morning we all met at Mr. Young's residence as agreed on, and preparation was made for the *séance*. The room in which it was to be held was darkened as far as it was possible to shut out the light, by hanging up cloths of various kinds at the windows, a means that is never very effectual at any time of the year and least of all on a bright day in August. The semi-darkness thus obtained left quite enough light in the room for us to see each other and perceive all that was taking place. The persons present on this occasion were Dr. Monck, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Harben (Mr. Young's daughter), Mrs. Wreford, Miss Wreford, my son George and myself. There was a small bed room immediately adjacent to the partially darkened drawing room in which the sitters had assembled, and a door leading from one to the other. Into this smaller room I took the medium, and here he divested himself of all his clothing in my presence. I carefully examined every article of apparel that he had worn, and removed from his pockets their entire contents, not leaving behind a single thing of the most insignificant character, such as a key or a piece of paper. This done, he again dressed himself and walked before me into the *séance* room. We now all took our seats at the table. Not long had we to wait for manifestations. Dr. Monck very speedily became entranced, and Samuel informed us of his presence. After some manifestations of a comparatively unimportant character, sounds were heard issuing from the accordion which had been securely tied up with cords previous to the commencement of the *séance*. During the time that this was going on the medium was walking about the room at the back of our chairs with the musical instrument in his hands, or

perhaps it would be more correct to say in his arms, for he appeared to be hugging it close to his chest. Thinking that possibly the cords might have been removed or loosened by some means, I said, "Sam, will you kindly pass that accordion to me as soon after it has ceased playing as possible; I do not stipulate the time, but do it as quickly as you can?" The reply was, "Certainly, Doctor." More musical sounds were heard, and, the very instant they ceased, the instrument was thrust into my hands. I inspected it very carefully and found that the cord was still there, knots and seals all intact. "Does that satisfy you?" Sam inquired. I replied, "Yes." "But," said he, "you shall have a better test than that;" and, so saying, he passed the accordion to me and requested me to hold the bottom part of it with one of my hands. I did so, keeping my fore-finger on the brass valve underneath, to make sure that it did not open to admit any air—the cords I could, of course, feel most distinctly the while. Sounds now issued from the instrument as before; and, in truth, a sort of melody was played, though it must be confessed that the spirit by whom it was accomplished could not be considered a very proficient musician. Nevertheless the fact remains that notes were produced whilst the accordion was tied so as to render it impossible for the bellows to open, and with my fore-finger placed in such a position as to prevent the valve from moving. The spirit now requested me to place my other hand in such a position that my fingers could feel the keys. This I did, and, to my astonishment, I found that when I pressed the keys down, just as I should have done had I been playing on the instrument, the notes came out most audibly, corresponding to the keys touched by my fingers. I must say that I look upon this as so extraordinary a manifestation that it has been seldom equalled, perhaps never excelled.

The most wonderful phase of Dr. Monck's mediumship perhaps is his power of clairaudience. He seems to hear voices whenever spirits are seen either by himself or by other mediums present, and very frequently when they are not visible to any one. The voices generally tell the names of the spirits from whom they come, and in this respect, therefore, a test of identity is given of marvellous accuracy. I have seen this power displayed by Dr. Monck some scores of times. A few instances, however, may suffice. On one occasion he and I had agreed to spend the evening with the editor of this Magazine, and accordingly went to his residence for the purpose. We had hardly entered the house, when Dr. Monck described a little boy of about eight or nine years of age, so real in appearance that he actually at first mistook him for a child still in the flesh.

"Now," said he, "it is on the chair, apparently playing; now it has fallen off, and is on the carpet; now it is struggling, as though in pain, and now it is dead. The name is Harry Shorter. Have you lost a child of that age?" he enquired of Mr. Shorter. "No," was the reply; "but I know who it is." We were then informed (what was perfectly unknown previously to both Dr. Monck and myself) that a nephew of Mr. Shorter's, of about the age named, had been drowned whilst at play; and what was more wonderful still, the name had been accurately given.

Some short time since Dr. Monck and I were dining with Mrs. Mackdougall-Gregory, at her residence, and there were present, besides two or three well-known Spiritualists, some persons of an extremely sceptical turn of mind with regard to spiritual phenomena. During the dinner Dr. Monck frequently suddenly called out so-and-so is here, mentioning a name, in most cases new to every person present with the exception of one, and by that one recognised at once as belonging to a departed relative or friend. This happened so often that in the course of the evening some twenty-six names were thus given, each of them recognised by some one present—several times by one of the sceptics—as the name of a loved one who had departed to the spirit spheres. In every case the name was given with the most perfect accuracy—as all who were present can testify—and yet they were frequently very uncommon ones, such as it would have been perfectly impossible to hit upon by guessing. Nor could the medium have been previously acquainted with them, since they often referred to members of the family of some one present, that he had never seen before, and whose name was totally unlike that of the spirit-visitor. I mention this particular evening at Mrs. Mackdougall-Gregory's—although by no means the only one on which the same kind of phenomena were observed—because a larger number of names were given on that occasion than at any other time, and also because some most interesting manifestations of a different character took place in connection with Dr. Monck's mediumship, which those who were present will well recollect.

This power of clair-audience I have seen displayed by Dr. Monck, again and again, in the houses of total strangers to himself, and thorough sceptics of the truth of Spiritualism; and in every case—I think without a single exception—the names have been most accurately given. I look upon this phase of mediumship as being of a most important character, since it gets rid of a great difficulty that we so frequently have to contend with, *viz.*, that of the means of identifying the spirits when they communicate.

It was my intention to have given several other illustrations

of the wondrous mediumship of Dr. Monck, but I find I have already occupied a great amount of valuable space, so will bring these somewhat rambling remarks to a close with a quotation from the great poem of Dr. Kenealy :—

The sky, the space, the air that circles us
Is filled with spirits ; some as fair as light,
And some as dark as darkness.

* * * *

The mob ignore them, for the mob are slaves
To sensuals ; but the spiritual see and feel them.

THE TRUE THEORY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC APPARITIONS.

THE article of Mr. Herbert Noyes, quoted in the last number of the Magazine from the *Pioneer of Progress*, on the "Roman Catholic Visions and Apparitions," is quite correct in putting these on the same basis as those of Spiritualism in general. They are the visions of Catholic mediums, or apparitions enabled to present themselves by mediumistic influence. The papal assumption which denounces un-Catholic Spiritualism bluntly as from the devil, canonizes the Catholic mediums as saints, and their manifestations as holy revelations for the good of the Church. Mr. Noyes, however, omits the most essential feature and essential object of these ultramontane manifestations. They are, undoubtedly, the operations of fanatic popish spirits, who are from that side of existence joining in the great fight going on upon this side for the maintenance of the now fast decaying delusions and despotisms of Popery under the spreading light of education and the free spirit of modern inquiry. They are, no doubt, more than that. These ardent spirits from the depths of the invisible are inciting the priests here to the warfare, and joining rabidly in the fray. The editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, at the conclusion of that article, well observed, that "this is but one of many illustrations that might be given of the way in which Spiritualism presents a clear and rational explanation of facts denied by so-called Rationalists on the one hand, and perverted by superstition and priestcraft on the other." (*Spiritual Magazine*, p. 84.) Let us direct a little attention to the ultramontane side of the question.

No fact is better established by Spiritualism than that spirits, and especially those of strong and demonstrative natures, carry with them all their habits, feelings, and aspirations ; and

that they linger on the confines of this world, and endeavour, through mediumship, to continue their warfares for favourite ideas, systems, and enterprises. Kaulbach has well exemplified this in his great picture of the Battle of the Huns, in which the spirits of the slain, on both sides, are seen to rise and continue the conflict furiously in the air. In the great popular insurrection, some years ago, in Madagascar, against the Christians, the infuriated mob marched on, declaring that the late Queen Ranavalana was at their head leading them on to exterminate the Christians, who were overturning the native religion.

In fact all old religions projected their spirit-influences into their supplanting systems. Ammianus Marcellinus says that the gods appeared to and conversed with Julian the Apostate, thus confirming him irrevocably in the conviction of the existence of the mythologic deities. When the people worshipped those gods, and believed in Jupiter, Apollo, Minerva, and the rest of them, spirits assumed their shapes and attributes, and appeared such in dreams, and spoke as such in oracles. Still more, the spirits that inhabited woods and wilds, occasionally made themselves fittingly visible in clairvoyant moments to the lonely haunters there, and hence the faith in Pan, Silenus, fauns, satyrs, and the more agreeable forms of nymphs, naiads, dryads, and the like.

They learned to use material voices, as spirits do now, and hence—

The airy tongues which syllabled men's names.

In every different country they came, not only as the chief gods, but in the guise of dwellers in forest and mountain, conforming to the faith of the region. Persia had its Sylphs and Gnomes; Scandinavia its Valkyriar and Necks; Germany its Dwargs and Kobolds; Scotland and England their Brownies and Good-fellows. All was not fable, nor mere imagination; it was, in part, revelation from the inner world of the spiritual forms of Nature, projected on the clairvoyant eye, and probably more intensely so in the moribund crisis of departing faiths.

There is no doubt that all fanatics, of whatever kind—all filled with the spirit of domination—conquerors, priests, propounders of new philosophies and creeds—all who have created division, passionate discord, and great delusions—still continue their particular frenzies, and seize on mediumship to enable them still to make the earth the battle-ground of their ambitions and the Golgotha of their incendiary fury. The melancholy spectacle of to-day, in which so many of the kingdoms of the earth are lent to princely factions, by contending creeds and dynasties, by swarms of pretenders—imperial, royal, republican, and hierarchial—is not the work simply of the present discrowned

heads, of the fallen Pope, the outcast Jesuits and unhoused monks and nuns;—it is that of the past hordes of the anarchs, deluders and butchers of mankind; of the Nimrods, Alexanders, Cæsars, Alarics, Attilas, Ghengis Khans, Charlemagnes, and Charles's of many realms and ages, bigoted and sanguinary Ferdinands, Alvas, Wallensteins, Tilleys, and Napoleons; the triple-crowned Hildebrands, maniacal Loyolas, massacring Dominics, and the whole light and liberty-hating hordes of priests, monks and inquisitors, all are mixed in the horrible carnival of death and political chaos which astonishes the philosophical and scientific daylight of the end of nineteenth century. As there never was so gigantic a system of fraud, forgery and despotism as that of Rome, which establishing itself in the dark ages, extended its dominion over the souls of men and over the proudest thrones of kings, has dared even to face the highest noon sun of civilization, and still holds some millions of men in the combined bonds of ignorance, hate, superstition, and priestly insolence, so is and must be desperate the resistance of the hierarchical conspirators, the apostles of human negation and spiritual slavery, when the peoples and even their rulers begin to kick against the base imposture of fifteen centuries.

Any one who has acquainted himself with the so-called Jesuit Moral Theology as it is to be found in the great work of the great Doctor and champion of Jesuitism, Don Alfonso Liguori, and in the *Compendium* of this moral, or more properly, most immoral theology of Moulett, both of which are text-books of all Roman Catholic colleges, will not wonder at the reckless fury and the audacious lying with which the Ultramontanes are everywhere in arms against all civil governments. Of this unabashed mendacity there is no greater example than Archbishop Manning, who belies Scripture and history as if all the world were not familiar with them, and denounces all the assertors of freedom of opinion, and exposers of the sink of Vatican iniquity, as if Rome, its spirit and its deeds, were not as well-known as the dome of St. Paul's.

Certainly no such Satanic system of logic was ever invented, much less published, by any body of men. A system openly taught, and openly vindicated: a system which sanctions and defends every possible fraud, crime, and villainy—rape, murder, perjury, seduction, robbery, disloyalty, and treason. You may defraud the Customs, bribe judges, pervert justice, take your master's money privately, in fact do what you like, only be as careful as possible to avoid a scandal. A maxim constantly in Jesuit mouths is, "*Si non caste saltem caute.*" Combine this with the principle of implicit obedience to spiritual superiors

demand of every Catholic, and that with the new dogma of infallibility of the Pope, and you have a system in which nothing is sacred but superstition, and under which no person's property is safe. What the Pope orders, being infallible, must be obeyed at any cost. What he commands the cardinal and bishop, the cardinal and bishop must command the priest, and the priest to every soul under his care. By such a system the war on all national civil supremacy is now animated, on this system it is conducted, and by the law of implicit obedience becomes a law more fatal and determinate than any law of Medes and Persians.

But how does this apply, you will say, to the Roman Catholic visions and apparitions? That we shall see anon. But no man can see it thoroughly who does not fully understand what is meant by the moral theology of Liguori and Moulett. Let us note these a little more closely. The *Theologia Moralis* of Don Alfonso Liguori was last published at Ancona, from the press of Guiseppe Aurelio, in 1844. It consists of six volumes of eight hundred pages each. As this is not very accessible to the general public, the Rev. J. P. Moulett, ancient professor of moral philosophy, condensed the huge mass of the true "doctrine of devils" into a *Compendium*, which is sold at No. 11, Cathedral Square, Strasburg, by the bookseller Draht. I am particular in pointing out this because it costs only a few francs, and any one can thus satisfy himself that I am propagating no fables, but a sober and most sorrowful truth. The *Compendium* of Moulett is the quintessence of Dr. Liguori, as the huge work of Liguori is the depository of all the diabolical sophisms of the whole race of Jesuit doctors who preceded him. Both these works are in Latin, however. And let no one suppose that these works stand on the mere responsibility of their authors, and are or can be disowned by the Roman Church. No, they are acknowledged by the infallible Pope, and stamped with his now unquestionable and unerring authority. Pope Pius VII. beatified Liguori on the 15th September, 1816; Gregory XVI. placed him on the list of Saints in 1839, and Pius IX. created him doctor of the church in 1871, and by a separate encyclical ordered his book to be taught in all Catholic colleges and schools. Moulett has now made the principles of this work accessible to everyone. It may be truly called the "Devil's Manual."

As I have said, there is no crime, treason, rebellion, murder or sensuality that it does not sanction, and which the Vatican by sanctioning it does not sanction. At page 17 of the *Compendium*, Vol. 2, is asserted that the Church of Rome and all its clergy are exempt from the jurisdiction of any evil law in

any country. This is plain. According to the Jesuits the Church of Rome is supreme and absolute over all powers on earth; and where it is not allowed to be supreme in both Church and State, it is suffering the most impious oppression. This is the grand dogma which they are now daringly endeavouring to fight out with Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France and Spain, luckily a day or two too late.

These books equally assert the violation of any oath, the venality of public justice, theft, violation of women, procuration of abortion, and mental equivocation to be perfectly right and justifiable. At p. 38 of the *Compendium* it is declared that if violence be offered to a young woman, and her violater threatens her with instant death if she makes any alarm, and she to save her life suffers dishonour, she is to be rightly held not to have resisted.

If, says Dr. Liguori, in libro vi., tractato vi., on Matrimony, a man seduces a woman, or any number of women, under promise of marriage, or if he have promised most sacredly to marry a woman under any circumstances, he can perfectly free himself from both the oath and its responsibility by becoming a monk or priest, as the oath of celibacy extinguishes every other oath opposed to it, and leaves the man innocent as a lamb, and pure as the babe just baptized.

Now after an exposition like this, we may fairly be justified in putting no faith in any story of holy apparition however elaborately put forward on a pretended basis of actual fact. And if we do it not—if we admit that there may be such visions and manifestations, we do it on the open ground that manifestations of spirit-power are no particular privilege or charter of popery; they are common to the race, and are attended by all the varieties, good and bad, that attend spirits, both in and out of the body. Even assuring ourselves of the fact of these Catholic manifestations, we are no nearer the truth, for this system of popish fraud originated in the spirit-world with the Father of Lies, who was a murderer from the beginning. This spirit of fraud is incessantly emanating from the hells to earth; it returns to the invisible with every disembodied fanatic, and again works backward to earth with ever accumulating force, so that even when we get the truth of fact from them, we get the fraud of the spirit too.

To the old man of the Vatican, who, in the hands of the Jesuits, has been the consummator of this system, there could be no words so appropriately addressed; I do not say in his personal, but his official capacity at the hour of death; or those of the prophet Isaiah:—"Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even

all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, 'Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?' Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols;* the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning; how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thy heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north:† I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that shall see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying—Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms?"—Chap. xiv., 9—16.

It is the evident "fall," the evident "cutting down" of this man exalted into a god; this "bringing down" of the monster fetish of the ages, by the intelligence of the present times, that has called forth not only the audacity of bishops and archbishops to override the temporal powers and constitutions of the earth; which has not only excited the ignorant and besotted portions of the peoples of France and Spain, to assist legitimist rebellion against the established governments; but has called forth all the route of pilgrims, seers of visions, and of apparitions of "Mothers of God" in all their finery, with the display of sacred hearts, and their substitution for the hearts of Neros. But people say, "And do you Spiritualists call in question these miracles, having so many miracles of your own?" No, we do not, as I have said, doubt some of them, though we might very well doubt anything advanced by Roman priests with their openly manifested relics of pretended saints; their farce of the blood of St. Januarius, their winking and nodding virgins with the sordid trade that is made of them. We believe the fraud is not all on one side. There is fraud enough and to spare amongst the priests, but still, no doubt, there are real visions and apparitions of so-called but not real Madonnas.

As we have said, the popish fanatics and propagandists out of the body are as eagerly at work to prop the falling systems, to keep up the ancient delusions of the fanatics and the propagandists in the body. There may have been real manifestations

* This is curious. There is no such noise made by any church, as by the Church of Rome, at its musical masses and other ceremonies, with its viols and other instruments, as well as vocally.

† This is again curious. St. Peter's and the Vatican are not on the north of Rome, but in the side of the north.

at Lourdes as well as at Paray-le-Monial, for there are genuine Catholic as well as genuine Protestant mediums; and to these may and probably do appear spirits transfigured and arrayed as Saints and Madonnas, and even as Christs, for the audacity of popery is not readily daunted even by blasphemy.

We certainly would not put faith in the identity of many spirits who influence Protestant mediums, and we certainly would not give evidence to spirits, whatever shapes or names they might assume, who came to reverse the course of the ages; to hurl us back from free mind and enquiry into the frozen night of the middle ages. To put us under the feet of divine-right kings and priests who arrogate the authority to open or shut heaven at their own will, and *at a price*. To reduce us from independent minded beings into machines without a will and almost without a soul. In fact, to degrade us from men into beasts for monks and Jesuits to ride.

On the other hand, it would be a false and unsound rule to treat all spiritual manifestations as spurious and feigned because they are of Catholic growth. Spiritual developments are the exclusive right of no profession, of no religion, of no school, no church, they are the property of the race. We know that Catholic saints have been, in some cases, perhaps many, genuine saints, and have wrought what are called miracles, have done grand deeds of healing. The devotional mind in Catholicism has a free scope for *faith*, if it have no other free scope. It is in faith that Catholic devotees excel the professors of materialistic Protestantism. We don't forget the genuine piety, and the real mediumistic element of a St. Francis of Assisi, a St. Catherine of Sienna, a Madame Guion, or a Curé d'Ars. What we protest against, and ought zealously to guard against, is that these offsprings of real piety, and the real creative spirit of faith in Catholics shall not be seized on by Jesuit conspirators against mankind, and converted into weapons of social desolation. The grand and infallible criterion of the true in Spiritualism, Catholic or Protestant, is the rule of Christ—"By their fruits ye shall know them."

When we see manifestations, the character and essence of which are to free and ennoble human nature, to promote love, and light, and liberty, to make men and women better and truer in all their social and political relations, then we know, and everyone knows, that they are from the true source; but when we see that they tend only backwards on the highway of nations and of life, when they lead only to the cast-off rubbish and rags of the darkest times, when they lead to the childish inanities of pilgrimages and penances, and to the cultivation of filth and vermin, such as the recently made Saint Labrè was

canonized for: when they do this instead of awakening intelligence, inspiring duty, and refining and exalting the whole moral constitution, when they become the direct engines and artillery of the rampant Jesuitry of to-day, and are inclined to unsettle all nations, to uproot all progress, and to put the necks of mankind once more under the hoofs of cardinals and popes, we know too, equally, whence they come. They may be very *real* manifestations, but they are, at the same time, very false ones—real in fact, false in spirit and kind.

In fact the great battle of Armageddon seems to have commenced: the terrible shaking of the monster deception of the ages at Rome, appears to have startled from their comparative repose, not only the papal hordes and anarchs on earth, but in the invisible. There seems to be a gathering of the papal clans in the infinite regions. For one priest, one bigot, one inquisitor here, there are tens of thousands there. There are the gatherings of the ages: there all the mighty spiritual despots, who set their feet on the necks of the Barbarossas, who made the Emperor Henry wait shivering for four days in the Castle-court of Canossa, who, like Pope Adrian IV., made kings hold their bridles and walk bare-headed at their stirrups. All the Alvas, the Torquimadas, the Dominics, armed with scourges, daggers, and crosses of fire, are up and in arms, and are breathing the hot air of their infernoes into the breasts of the 9,112 Jesuits of the census of 1873, and the hosts of the Ultramontanes. The battle is not simply here, it is on both sides the veil, and on that side ten-thousand-fold more fierce and impetuous than on this.

No doubt, therefore, we shall have yet more plentifully, visions, holy apparitions, and miracles of spirit power. We need not deny their genuineness—we have only to apply to them the rule of the Saviour, “by their fruits shall ye know them.” If they produce only what they are producing now—they may be genuine—they are not divine. Whilst the popish manifestations only go to perpetuate ignorance, base submission to priestly authority, and rebellion against social order and progressive knowledge, the manifestations of Protestant Spiritualism, which the Catholic priests kindly say are all from the devil, will, I do hope and trust, shame the devil and their direct tendency to love, truth, and a more brave and ennobled humanity. Grapes do not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles; and bearing these clear facts in mind, we may accept Catholic miracles so-called, without accepting the base uses that the papal re-actionists of to-day would make of them. “But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance.”—Gal. v., 22.

We have only to apply these criteria of the true spirit to the same domineering and factious priests and Legitimists, who are trumpeting abroad the Alacoque visions and the Madonna of Lourdes, for the purposes of Church and State slavery, to know whence they come. They bear, in fact, all the marks of the Beast, not of the lowly Saviour. "Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of curses and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways; and the ways of peace have they not found. There is no fear of God before their eyes." (Romans, iii., 13—18.) It is useless to dispute whether the inspiration of such people be genuine; their acts stamp on them clearly as the sun the nature of the controlling spirits. To their own master, whoever he be, let them stand or fall.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

Rome, Feb. 5, 1874.

A LETTER WRITTEN AND POSTED BY A SPIRIT.

MRS. HOLLIS is an American medium now in London, and as we hear from several friends, giving good test *séances*. It was through her mediumship that many of those experiences were obtained, related by the Rev. Dr. Watson, of Tennessee, in *The Clock Struck One*, a book to which Judge Edmonds refers as having made a deep impression in favour of Spiritualism, and the chief means of its recent extensive diffusion in the Southern States of America. Dr. Wolfe, who is mentioned in Mr. Plimpton's letter, has also related his experiences with her. The following letter of Mrs. Jackson (widow of the late J. W. Jackson) appears in the *Medium* of February 6th:—

"3, Torrington Street.

"Sir,—An amusing incident in spiritual manifestations has occurred at Mrs. Hollis's rooms, that is too good to be lost to investigators.

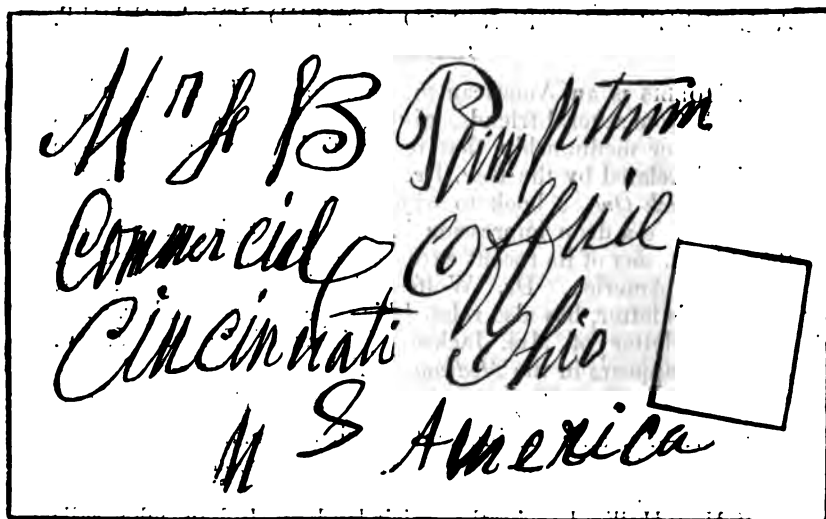
"Mrs. Hollis has in the spirit-land an Indian who calls himself Ski. He shows great fondness for his friends, which he manifests by making them presents or writing to them. About four weeks since he had his picture taken with his medium, at Mr. Hudson's studio. The proof picture was sent home for approval—a stereoscopic one. She placed it on her table, and in a short time a lady called to whom she wished to show it,

N.S.—IX.

She turned to the table for the picture, and could not find it. We made a most thorough search, but no picture could be found. At night, in the dark ~~stove~~, old Ski came and said he had taken his picture and sent it to Mr. Plimpton, of Cincinnati, America, who is one of the editors of the *Daily Commercial*, of that city. I asked, 'How could you get it in an envelope, as it was too long?' He replied in his broken English, that he had cut it in half, and had written a letter, directed his envelope and put a stamp on it, and mailed it in the iron box at the street corner. Although all his former statements had all along proved true, we paid but little attention to this most extraordinary one. This morning, however, the American mail brought a letter from Mr. Plimpton, saying he had received a letter and photograph from Ski, and enclosed the envelope directed by the old Indian, to show his penmanship, which I send to you as a curiosity. I am fully convinced that this occurred outside of any knowledge or action of the medium.

"E. B. JACKSON."

We have had the address on the envelope engraved, an exact representation of which we here give:—



The editor of the *Medium* adds:—

"After receiving Mrs. Jackson's letter we called upon Mrs. Hollis, who handed us Mr. Plimpton's letter. That gentleman is one of the editors of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and as a journalist and gentleman of honour is well known and highly respected throughout America. We make the following extract

from his letter, dated January 20th, 1874, the date on the envelope of Ski's letter being London, December 23rd, 1873. It may be here observed that as soon as the portrait was missed and Ski had reported what had become of it, Mrs. Hollis wrote to Mr. Plimpton, requesting him to let her know if any such letter reached him. He says:—

“It was my purpose to have written you immediately on the receipt of your letter inquiring about the stereoscopic picture. The same mail that brought your note also brought Ski's letter. I enclose you the envelope of it requesting its return, for it is, in its way, quite a curiosity, and goes to the completeness of the transaction. The letters arrived just as I was leaving for Columbus, where I was detained several days, and this is my first leisure opportunity to write.

“I was not able to make out all that the old chief wrote, but I have the sense of all that is important in the letter. He says the picture is “no good,” and that he will get a better one at the next sitting, and will send one to me and one to Dr. Wolfe, the receipt of whose book he acknowledges. He also says he has been to see me at my house, and could “no get 'em to go way” (alluding to some spirits). He also says you are having big manifestations. This is the substance of his communication, written in his large sprawling hand, and covering two sides of a sheet of news print. You will perceive when he took pen in hand to address the letter how cramped his handwriting became. I do not think it will be Ski's or my duty in the spirit-land to give lessons in penmanship, though we may be required to take a few.

“The stereoscopic picture has been cut in two, and I think trimmed at the edges, though of that I am not certain, since it was but a sample, and the artist may have pasted the views to a card just big enough to receive them. I adjusted them into a good instrument, which brought out Ski's features more distinctly than they show when looked at with the unassisted eye. Ski has held his head forward, showing the features very handsomely, and his prominent nose very decidedly, but the other features are not distinct, especially the eye. I notice that there does not seem to have been any materialisation of the legs below the hem of his frock. It is a very interesting picture, and one we all prize. Will you be good enough to give my personal thanks to Ski for his attentive kindness.

“As a proof that Ski did address the envelope we have facsimiled, it may be stated that this spirit writes in a similar hand on a slate when required. We visited Mrs. Hollis on Tuesday to have a specimen done before our eyes, but that lady was too ill to sit. She gets writing done by the spirits direct, at any

time in daylight, by holding a slate with a little bit of pencil on it under a table in the shade, caused by the cover hanging down the sides. In this way we have got messages signed in the exact handwriting of the person who thus purported to communicate from the spirit-world. The handwriting to which we allude is also very peculiar, so that the test was complete and satisfactory. Mrs. Hollis has done and is doing very much for the promotion of Spiritualism.

In the next number of the *Medium*, the editor gives a *fac-simile* of direct spirit-writing, professedly by this Indian spirit, obtained at a *séance* with Mrs. Hollis, in presence of himself and other witnesses. The chirography corresponds with that of the *fac-simile* above given.

SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

By THOMAS BREVIOR.

THE REV. SAMUEL NOBLE AND THE REV. JOHN CLOWES.

A SOMEWHAT bitter *animus* to Spiritualism has of late years been shown by the little sect which, making the revelations of Swedenborg—the great spiritual medium and seer—into a finality, has arrogated to itself the title of “The Lord’s New Church.” And this has led to the secession from the Swedenborgian camp of the nobler spirits who had been brought together by their common interest in the writings of the great Swedish philosopher and theologian. This narrow sectarianism and jealousy of new truths and fresh evidence of the future life transmitted through other and later mediæ, was not entertained either by Swedenborg himself or his earlier and truer disciples, who were guided by purer lights, and in some instances were also, like their master, spirit-mediums. The introductory essay to *Swedenborg’s Heaven and Hell*, by the Rev. Thomas Hartley, but for its length, might well be reprinted in this Magazine. Dr. Wilkinson, the translator of Swedenborg; and his most gifted disciple, was one of the first to hail the new light of Spiritualism, as was also William White, his most complete biographer and expositor. *The Intellectual Repository* (the organ of the Swedenborgians) at one time eagerly welcomed all new evidence of spiritual agency, as confirming Swedenborg’s disclosures. *Noble’s Appeal* (a work which, as Mr. White truly says,

occupies in Swedenborgian literature a similar place to that of *Barclay's Apology* among the Quakers) abounds with illustrations of Spiritualism. Dr. Wilkinson wrote *Improvisations from the Spirit*, a volume of poems avowedly given him by spiritual impression; and both the Rev. Samuel Noble and the Rev. John Clowes—another of the early pillars of the “New Church”—were spirit-mediums.

Mr. Noble, though discountenancing the manifestations, suspecting them to be of evil origin, was yet in the latter years of his life an unwilling evidence to their truth. One day a lady of his congregation calling upon him rapped at his room door for entrance. She received no reply. Then she rapped again, and still no reply; a third time she rapped, and then he called “Come in.” “Why, Mr. Noble,” she said, “did you not hear me knocking before?” “Oh, yes,” he answered, but I am so troubled with knockings in my room, that I did not pay any attention, never thinking it was you.”

From the following letter by Mr. Clowes, addressed to Mr. Hindmarsh in 1799, and published in the *Intellectual Repository and New Jerusalem Magazine*, for May, 1832, we learn that he enjoyed a close and sensible communion with spirits for a considerable period:—

“Dear Sir,—The report which you have heard concerning my answer to the Abbé Barruel is not true, according to the manner in which you relate it; for there was no *visible* appearance of any angel or spirit on the occasion. There *was*, however, *sensibly* experienced an invisible dictate from some spirit or other in the first place *suggesting to write the answer*, and this with such an over-ruling power, that though I had previously in my own mind discarded every thought of writing, pleading infirmity both of mind and body, I could now no longer withstand the influence, and every difficulty and excuse was removed. In the *next place*, there was observed, during almost the whole time of writing, a sensible dictate from spirits at my first waking in the morning, attended with inexpressible delight, and exciting by their presence such a holy awe, that I was frequently constrained to rise in bed, and acknowledge with humble gratitude their kind offices. On these occasions also many thoughts were suggested for the work of the following day; and in this sense I had little to do but to act as an *amanuensis*, being *sensibly convinced* that what I wrote was from others, and not from myself. This I have frequently experienced in the writing of sermons, many of which have been thus dictated throughout by spirits, when I have chanced to awake in the night.

"This you may depend upon as a true statement of the subject of your enquiries.

"I remain, with all respect, and best prayers for your welfare,

"Your ever affectionate,

"J. CLOWES."

MADAME GUION.

Some years ago we published in this Magazine (Vol. III., p. 529) an account of the remarkable experiences of Madame Guion, her supernatural dreams, presentiments, inward voices, internal respiration, interior illumination, and spiritual influx, and her silent converse by interior communication with those with whom she was in intimate sympathy. We also alluded to the method by which, as she herself explains, some of her compositions were written. Under the title of *The Mystical Sense of the Sacred Scriptures*, a translation into English, by Thomas Watson Duncan, has just appeared of her work on *The Books of the Old and New Testament, with Explanations and Reflections regarding the Interior Life*. This volume comprises Genesis—Deuteronomy. It is prefaced with the following "advertisement :"—

"The original French edition of this work was published in 20 small octavo volumes, at Cologne, in the years 1713-15. That it has not hitherto appeared in an English dress is a matter of no small astonishment when we consider the remarkably eventful life of its pious author, the great merits of the work itself, and the peculiar method of its production. In that wonderful book, her Autobiography, Madame Guion thus writes :—

"Thou wast not content to make me speak, my God! Thou didst move me moreover to write the Holy Scripture. It had been sometime since I had read at all, not finding in myself any void to be filled, but, on the contrary, rather too much fulness. When I began to read the Holy Scripture, it was given me to write the passage I read, and instantly thereon its explication. Whilst writing the passage I had not the least thought of the explication, but, immediately that it was written, I was impelled to explain it, writing with inconceivable swiftness. Before I wrote I knew not what I was going to write, and I saw that I was writing things that I had never known; I was illumined to see that I had in me treasures of wisdom and knowledge I had not even known of. Had I written? I remembered nothing whatever of what I had penned, and neither the ideas nor figures remained to me. I could not make use of any part of it for the help of souls; but

our Lord gave me at the time I spoke to them, without any study or reflection of mine, all that was needful for them.

“ Thus our Lord made me go on with the explication of the whole of the Sacred Scriptures. I had no other book but the Bible, and never made use of any but that, without even seeking for anything. When, in writing upon the Old Testament, I made use of passages of the New to support what I had said, it was without seeking for them, but they were given me along with the explication; and the same with the New Testament, I therein made use of passages of the Old, and they were given me in like manner, without my seeking for anything. I had no time to write except in the night, for I found it necessary to speak the whole day, without any reliance on myself (no more for speaking than for writing), and without being any more concerned about my health or life than of myself. I had only one or two hours’ sleep every night, and with that I had the fever almost every day, generally a fourth part. And yet I continued writing without inconvenience, without caring whether I lived or died. He, to whom I belonged without reserve, did with me all that He pleased, without my mixing myself with His work. Thou didst quicken me Thyself, O my God! and to me so entire a dependence and obedience to Thy will was necessary, that Thou wouldst not suffer the least movement of nature. Did the least thing enter therein, Thou didst punish it, and it fell immediately.

“ Thou didst make me write with so much purity, that I was obliged to leave off and begin again as Thou wast pleased. Thou didst try me in every way; all at once Thou didst make me write, then cease immediately, and then resume. When I wrote during the day, I was suddenly interrupted, and often left words half-finished, and Thou didst give me afterwards what Thou pleasedst. What I wrote was not in my head; that part was kept free. I was so disengaged from what I wrote that it was, as it were, strange to me. If I gave way to reflection I was punished for it, my writing was stopped immediately, and I stood still until I was enlightened from above. All the faults in my writings come from my not being accustomed to God’s operation, being often unfaithful therein, and believing I did well to continue writing when I had time, without feeling the immediate impulse of the Spirit, because I had been ordered to finish the work; so that it is easy to see some places clear and consistent, and others which have neither taste nor unction. I have left them such as they are, so that the difference may be seen between the Spirit of God, and the human and natural spirit. Yet I am ready, however, if ordered, to adjust them according to my present light. . . .

"I still continued writing with inconceivable rapidity, for the hand could scarce follow fast enough the Spirit which dictated; and through the whole progress of so long a work, I never changed my manner nor made use of any other book than the Bible itself. The transcriber, whatever diligence he used, could not copy in five days what I wrote in one night. Whatever is good in it comes from Thee alone, O my God! whatever is otherwise, from myself—I mean from my infidelity, and from the mixture that I have unwittingly made of my own impurity with Thy pure and chaste doctrine. At the beginning I committed many faults, not being yet trained to the working of the Spirit of God that made me write. For He made me cease writing when I had time, and could do so conveniently, and when I seemed to be greatly in want of sleep, it was then He made me write. When I wrote during the day, it was with continual interruptions, for I had not time to eat, on account of the great number of people that came to me; I was obliged to leave everything when it was required of me; and, to crown all, the girl that served me in the state I before spoke of, without any reason, came suddenly to interrupt me, just as it was her humour. I often left the sense half finished, without being concerned whether what I wrote was connected or not. The parts that may be defective, are so only because sometimes I wished to write when I had time; and it was not grace that was the source then. If these places were frequent it would be pitiable. At last I accustomed myself, by degrees, to follow God's manner, and not my own.

"I wrote the Canticles in a day and a half, and received visits besides. The rapidity with which I wrote was so great, that my arm swelled up and became quite rigid. During the night it caused me extreme pain, and I did not think I could write any longer. There appeared to me, as I slept, a soul in purgatory, who pressed me to ask her deliverance from my Divine Spouse. I did so, and she seemed to me to be immediately delivered. I said to her, If it is true that thou art delivered, heal my arm; and it was instantly healed, and in a fit state for writing.

"Here I may add to what I have said about my writings, that a considerable part of the book of Judges happened by some means to be lost. Being desired to render that book complete, I wrote over again the places lost. Afterwards, when the people were about leaving the house, they were found. My former and latter explications, on comparison, were found to be perfectly conformable to each other, which greatly surprised persons of knowledge and merit, who attested the truth of it.

"This work, then, born in the Augean stable of a great

apostacy, hated or neglected for nearly two centuries by the so-called Christian Churches, we recognise as of celestial origin, and seek to rescue from unmerited obscurity. The translator of the present volume has been led, from the exceptional nature of the work, and the peculiarities of the author's French, to aim at a literal, rather than a classical translation."

It would be foreign to our purpose to offer any critical notice of this work, but we may remark, that by the "mystical sense" of Scripture, our author only means what Swedenborg would call "the spiritual or internal sense of the Word;" and it may be interesting to the students of Swedenborg to compare with his exposition that of Madame Guion, written more than half a century before. The author's Preface is affixed to the work, as well as her subsequent addition to the Preface, and this additional Preface it may not be wholly out of place here to quote:—

The Holy Scriptures possess an infinite depth and many different senses. The great men of learning have clung to the *literal* and other senses; but no one has undertaken, that I know of, to explain the *mystical sense* or *interior*, at least entirely. It is this that our Lord has caused me to explain here for the use of souls who desire with all their hearts to enter not only into the exterior of Christianity, but to participate in the most profound grace of the Christian, which is the *interior*. I am obliged to declare that I have done nothing but lend my hand to Him who conducted me inwardly; so that whatever is good therein, must be entirely attributed to Him; if there is anything that cannot be considered such, I have unwittingly mixed my false lights with those of the Holy Spirit. I beg the reader, however, not to adhere scrupulously to the letter, and to be persuaded that there will be many things that he will not understand, since they will surpass his experience; let him not judge of them on that account; but, making use of the first means given him, let him labour with all his might to enter into perfect love, into a spirit of faith, and a total *abandon* to the conduct of Jesus Christ, and then he will soon experience the things he is ignorant of at present. The more he believes in the all power of God and his love for men, the more he lets himself be conducted to God by a blind *abandon*, the more he will love purely; the more also will he be enlightened as to the truths that are contained in the mystical sense of the Divine Scriptures. He will discover then with infinite joy that all these experiences are there described in a manner simple, yet clear; he will find himself happy in meeting a guide to pass over the Red Sea and the frightsome desert that follows; but he will not comprehend his perfect felicity until he be arrived at the promised land, where all his past labours will appear to him but dreams. Transported with so great a happiness, he will not believe it to have been too dearly bought by all the troubles he has borne, even though he should have suffered many far greater.

I pray the reader also to note, that of so great a people that came out of the land of Egypt, there arrived only two persons into the promised land. How comes this? from want of courage, regretting unceasingly that they had left. If they had been courageous and faithful, only a few months would have been necessary to arrive there; but murmuring and despondency made them remain on the road 40 years. It happens as much thus to persons whom God desires to conduct by the interior. They regret, not the onions of Egypt, but the sensible sweetnesses when they are desired to walk in a purer and barer road; they do not wish so delicate a food as manna, they desire something more sensible; they revolt against their Conductor, and, far from profiting by the goodness of God, they raise His anger and kindle His fury; so that they make for themselves an

extremely long road, and turn round about the mountain; if they advance one step, they fall back four, and the greater part do not arrive at the promised end by their own fault.

Let us take courage, my dear brethren, let us endeavour to reach the goal without ever being discouraged by the difficulties we find on our way. We have a sure Guide, who is this *cloud* during the day, which concealing from us the brightness of the sun, leads us the more surely; we have during the darkest night of faith the *pillar of fire*, which guides us also. What is this *pillar of fire*, if not sacred love, which becomes the more glowing as faith appears the more obscure and dark? Let us be content with this hidden *manna* of the interior, which will nourish us much better than the grosser meats that our senses so ardently desire. Let us choose the *mystic tomb* and not that of *concupiscence*.

Besides all these beautiful figures which the Old Testament proffers us to conduct us into the interior, Jesus Christ has come himself to show us a real and a sure road. It is no longer mysterious and admirable figures, it is a living model, it is the words of truth; Jesus Christ is the *way* by which we must walk, He is the *truth* that instructs us, the *life* that animates us; He has given us in reality what our ancient fathers had but in figure. If, nevertheless, they followed the road of the interior, how much more ought Christians to walk therein who have so palpable an example in the whole life of Jesus Christ. He teaches us nothing else in the Gospel, as we shall see. It can be said that the interior is the spirit of the Gospel, as outward practices are its letter. The apostles continued to teach it to us by their examples and writings. Let us walk then in this way, so pure, so simple, so sure, though we may not feel the assurance, and we shall walk according to the will of God.

MARGARET FULLER.

In Memoirs of Margaret Fuller (Countess Ossoli), by R. W. Emerson, W. H. Channing, and others, under the head "Arcana," are related the following curious particulars concerning her:—

"It was soon evident that there was somewhat a little pagan about her, and that she had some faith, more or less distinct in a fate, and in a guardian genius; that her fancy or her pride had played with her religion. She had a taste for gems, ciphers, talismans, omens, coincidences, and birthdays. She had a special love for the planet Jupiter, and a belief that the month of September was inauspicious to her. She never forgot that her name, Margarita, signified a pearl. "When I first met with the name Lelia," she said, "I knew from the very look and sound it was mine; I knew that it meant night—night, which brings out stars as sorrow brings out truths." *Sortilege* she valued. She tried *sortes biblicæ*, and her hits were memorable. I think each new book which interested her, she was disposed to put to this test, and know if it had somewhat personal to say to her. As happens to such persons, these guesses were justified by the event. She chose carbuncle for her own stone, and when a dear friend was to give her a gem, this was the one selected. She valued what she had somewhere read, that carbuncles are male and female. The female casts

out light, the male has his within himself. 'Mine,' she said, 'is the male;' and she was wont to put on her carbuncle, a bracelet, or some selected gem to write letters to certain friends. One of her friends she coupled with the onyx, another in a decided way with the amethyst. She learned that the ancients esteemed this gem a talisman to dispel intoxication—to give good thoughts and understanding. (The Greek meaning is *antidote against intoxication*.) She characterized her friends by these stones. Coincidences, good and bad, *contretemps*, seals, ciphers, mottoes, omens, anniversaries, names, dreams, are all of a certain importance to her. Her letters are often dated on some marked anniversary of her own, or of her correspondent's character. She signalized saints' days, 'All Souls' and 'All Saints,' by poems, which had for her a mystical value. She remarked a pre-established harmony in the names of her personal friends, as well as of her historical favourites: that of Emanuel for Swedenborg, and Rosencranz for the head of the Rosicrucians.

"If Christian Rosencranz,' she said, 'is not a made name, the genius of the age interfered in the baptismal rite, as in the cases of the archangels of art, Michael and Raphael, and in giving the name of Emanuel to the Captain of the New Jerusalem. *Sub rosa cruz*, I think, is the true derivation, and not the chemical one, generation, corruption, etc.' In this spirit she soon surrounded herself with a little mythology of her own. She had a series of anniversaries, which she kept. Her seal-ring of the flying Mercury had its legend. She chose the *Listrum* for her emblem, and had it carefully drawn with a view to its being engraved on a gem. And I know not how many verses and legends came recommended to her by this symbolism. Her dreams, of course, partook of this symmetry. The same dream returns to her periodically, annually, and punctual to its night. One dream she marks in her journal as repeated for the fourth time:—

"In C, I at last distinctly recognized the figure of the early vision, whom I found after I left A., who led me on the bridge, towards the city, glittering in sunset; but, midway, the bridge went under water. I have often seen in her face that it was she, but refused to believe it."

The writer, after stating his belief that there "was something abnormal in those obscure habits and necessities which we denote by the word temperament," and adding other particulars concerning her, continues:—

"It were long to tell her peculiarities. Her childhood was full of presentiments. She was then a somnambulist. She was subject to attacks of delirium, and, later, perceived that she had

spectral illusions. When she was twelve, she had a determination of blood to the head. 'My parents,' she said, 'were much mortified to see the fineness of my complexion destroyed. My own vanity was for a time severely wounded; but I recovered, and made up my mind to be bright and ugly.'

"She was all her lifetime the victim of disease and pain. She read and wrote in bed, and believed that she could understand anything better when she was ill. Pain acted like a girdle, to give tension to her powers. A lady who was with her one day during a terrible attack of nervous headache, which made Margaret totally helpless, assured me that Margaret was yet in the finest vein of humour, and kept those who were assisting her in a strange, painful excitement, between laughing and crying, by perpetual brilliant sallies. There were other peculiarities of habit and power. When she turned her head on one side, she alleged she had second-sight, like St. Francis. These traits or predispositions made her a willing listener to all the uncertain science of mesmerism and its goblin brood, which have been rife in recent years.

"She had seen many persons, and had entire confidence in her own discrimination of characters. She saw and foresaw all in her first interview. She had certainly made her own selections with great precision, and had not been disappointed. When pressed for a reason, she replied in one instance, 'I have no good reason to give for what I think of —.'"

With these peculiarities of temperament and character she felt strongly interested in Kerner's *Seeress of Prevorst*, of which in her *Summer on the Lakes* she gives an extended abstract, interspersed with her own reflections. Here is an extract from it:—

The most interesting of these facts, to me, are her impressions from minerals and plants. Her impressions coincide with many ancient superstitions.

The hazel woke her immediately and gave her more power, therefore the witch with her hazel wand probably found herself superior to those around her. We may also mention, in reference to witchcraft, that Dr. K. asserts that, in certain moods of mind, she had no weight, but was upborne upon water, like cork, thus confirming the propriety and justice of our forefather's ordeal for witchcraft!

The laurel produced on her the highest magnetic effect, therefore the Sybils had good reason for wearing it on their brows.

"The laurel had on her, as on most sleep-wakers, a distinguishing magnetic effect. We thus see why the priestess at Delphi, previous to uttering her oracles, shook a laurel tree, and then seated herself on a tripod covered with laurel boughs. In the temple of Æsculapius, and others, the laurel was used to excite sleep and dreams."

From grapes she declared she received impressions which corresponded with those caused by the wines made from them. Many kinds were given her, one after the other, by the person who raised them, and who gives a certificate as to the accuracy of her impressions, and his belief that she could not have derived them from any cause but that of the touch.

She prescribed vegetable substances to be used in her machine (as a kind of vapour bath), and with good results to herself.

She enjoyed contact with minerals, deriving from those she liked a sense of concentrated life. Her impressions of the precious stones corresponded with many superstitions of the ancients, which led to the preference of certain gems for amulets, on which they had engraved talismanic figures.

Many of her untaught notions remind us of other seers of a larger scope. She, too, receives this life as one link in a long chain; and thinks that immediately after death, the meaning of the past life will appear to us as one word.

Certainly, I think he would be dull, who could see no meaning or beauty in the history of the forester's daughter of Prevorst. She lived but nine-and-twenty years, yet in that time had traversed a larger portion of the field of thought than all her race before, in their many and long lives.

Do not blame me that I have written so much about Germany and Hades, while you were looking for news of the West.

Concerning spirit intercourse, she writes:—

As to the power of holding intercourse with spirits emancipated from our present sphere, we see no reason why it should not exist; and do some reason why it should rarely be developed, but none why it should not sometimes. These spirits are, we all believe, existent somehow; and there seems to be no good reason why a person in spiritual nearness to them, whom such intercourse cannot agitate or engross so that he cannot walk steadily in his present path, should not enjoy it when of use to him.

I do not cite these passages as of evidential value in regard to Spiritualism, but as curious psychological experiences of a woman of singular force and character and originality of thought. However strange and fantastic some of her ideas may seem, they at least illustrate the deep sympathy of the human spirit with, and its earnest reachings toward, that invisible world with which our life is so intimately blended.

SPIRITS, SPIRITUALISTS, AND THE GOVERNMENTS OF FRANCE.

PART II.

THOMAS MARTIN OF GALLARDON.

IN the beginning of the year 1816, in the midst of Voltarian scepticism, and during the reign of a thoroughly sceptical king, Louis XVIII., a rumour became rife that a peasant at Beance had received mysterious revelations by means of a supernatural voice, that he had endeavoured to communicate them to the king, according to the orders he had received, and had succeeded. That the king, in spite of his disbelief in apparitions, and everything supernatural, had been much moved by Martin's revelations, and had desired that he should be well cared for. No one knew the nature of the information given, as the interview had been strictly private.

Consequently all kinds of reports became current, and a pamphlet was even published on the subject—entitled *An Account of the Events which occurred to Thomas Martin, a labourer, at Gallardon, in the early part of 1816, by Louis Silvy, Magistrate*. The object of this little work was evidently not to explain to the public Martin's secret confidences, but to satisfy, as far as possible, the universal curiosity. The author had taken every pains to make himself acquainted with the life of the young man, had visited amongst other places a mad asylum where he had been for a time confined, and closely questioned the doctors as to his state of mind. The following are the facts given in the pamphlet, in Michaud's biography, and later information collected on the subject:

On the 15th January, 1816, as Martin was manuring his field, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, a man suddenly appeared to him, of medium height, and slight figure, with a thin pale face, wearing a light coat reaching almost to his heels, a tall hat, and shoes tied with strings. He said to him in a sweet voice—

“You must go and find the king, and tell him that he and the princes are in imminent personal danger; that some ill-disposed persons are endeavouring to overturn the government, and that several letters have already circulated in certain provinces on this subject; that he must be very cautious and particularly watchful of his police in all towns, but especially in the capital. Tell him, also, to keep the Lord's Day holy. It is at present almost unknown to many of his subjects. All public works should cease on that day; that solemn prayers may be offered up for the conversion of the people, and that they may repent; and that he should abolish those revels so prevalent before Lent. If he neglects all these things, France will see great misfortunes. The king should act towards his people as a father towards his children, and when punishment is needed, he should punish a few as an example to all. If he does not do as he is desired, it will cause his ruin.”

Such were, according to the pamphlet, the words of the stranger to Thomas Martin; but if they are strictly correct, and if the mysterious visitor intended more than to act on the workman's religious feelings, does not appear. Possibly he wished to induce Martin to go to Paris, determining to tell him more before his interview with the king. Martin, with truly rustic simplicity, answered the stranger thus—

“Why do you not seek some one else to execute such a commission, or you who seem to know so much about it, why do you not go the king yourself? Why apply to a poor man like me?”

"No," answered the stranger, "you must go. Pay attention to all I say to you; and you will do what I command you."

After these words, spoken with authority, it seemed as though his feet raised themselves up in the air; his head bent, and his body collapsed, vanishing suddenly into thin air. Martin seriously alarmed, tried to escape, and return home, but he could not. Against his will he seemed forced to remain in the field, and his work, which in a usual way would have taken about two hours to accomplish, was finished in half that time, which added not a little to his wonder. On his return home he confided to his mother what had occurred, and the two sought the parish priest to ask him what these strange facts could mean. The priest reassured them, advising Martin to eat, drink, and sleep well, to work as usual, and not to give way to his imagination. Martin persisted that he had not done so, and three similar apparitions in the same week proved to him that he had not been dreaming. The last of these took place in church. As he entered and was taking the holy water, he saw the stranger, who stationed himself outside his seat during the service, to which he listened with a devout air. He had no hat either on his head or in his hands, but when he left the church with Martin he perceived he wore what as before. The stranger followed him to his house, and then suddenly facing him said—"Execute your commission; do what I bid you, for you will have no peace until you have accomplished it."

And he disappeared, but Martin never saw him vanish again as he had done on the first occasion. The members of his family who had accompanied him to church, were asked if they had seen nothing of what had occurred, to which they replied, that they had neither seen nor heard anything; but by those who are initiated in these phenomena, and the spiritual laws which govern them, this will be very easily understood, for spirits never manifest themselves more fully than their missions require, and all organizations are not fitted to perceive or to hear them. Their presence might involve danger to some excitable natures, and others are not gifted with those moral qualities necessary for the fulfilment of such missions. Perhaps Martin was one of those men with a singular mediumistic organization especially suited to the accomplishment of the wonderful deeds which he was the means of executing, and no doubt for that reason the spirit chose him out of all the inhabitants of France. On the 24th of January a mass was celebrated at Gallardon at Martin's request. In his simple Catholic faith he implored the help of Divine grace to enlighten him as to the truth of the apparition, for he considered himself victim of some witchcraft. He was present at it with all his family, and on his return home, as he

was going up to the loft to get some corn, he met the stranger, who said to him in a determined voice, and addressing him in the second person for the only time—"Do what I command thee, it is quite time."

The priest, at last convinced of his parishioner's good faith, and not daring to make himself judge in so important an affair, sent him with a letter to the Bishop of Versailles, in whose diocese he was. The Bishop, having seen and questioned Martin, and observed his perfect simplicity and honesty, charged him to ask the stranger, in his name, who he was, and who sent him. In the meantime he thought it advisable to inform the head of the police of the circumstances.

Three days after this interview the stranger again appeared to Martin, who was somewhat relieved at having confided in the bishop, and said to him—"Your commission is well begun, but those in whose hands you have placed it are not busying themselves about it. I was present, though invisible, when you made your declaration. He told you to ask me my name and from whom I come. He who employs me is above me." And he pointed upwards.

Martin answered, "But why address yourself to me to execute such a commission, who am but a poor peasant, when there are so many clever people in the world?"

"It is," answered the stranger, "to confound pride. Take care that you do not become proud of what you have heard and seen. Be honest. Be present at the services of the church on Sundays and holidays. Avoid drinking houses, where all kinds of iniquities are perpetrated, and wicked converse held."

Martin's conduct was in accordance with all this, for as he himself said, his piety consisted in carrying out God's and the church's commandments. During the month of February the spirit appeared several times. Martin was told that he would be conducted to the king, and that secret things would be made known to him just before he was admitted to the royal presence. On one occasion the stranger said to him—"Hasten your commission. Those who have it now in hand are puffed up with pride. France is in a state of frenzy. You will appear before scepticism and confound it!"

And the spirit added, as though with a view to excite his listener—"If what I ask is not done, the greater part of the nation will perish, and France will be a prey to all misfortunes, and a mark of horror and scorn to all nations."

All these apparitions were very annoying to the labourer, and like the prophet Jonah he thought for a time of flying from his country and home, deserting his wife and four children. He told no one of his intention, but one day as he was going up to

thresh corn, the stranger appeared, and reproached him for the thought, saying, "You could not have gone far, for you must accomplish your destiny."

Soon after, the *Prefêt* of the Department of Eure-et-Loire, the Comte de Breteuil, received an order to see and examine Martin, who was made acquainted with this fact the evening before it took place, by the spirit, who commanded him to make a full declaration. The *Prefêt* threatened to cast Martin in irons into prison for daring to make such revelations; but he answered—"I only tell the truth."

The Comte de Breteuil, astonished at so much assurance, mingled with simplicity, determined to hand him over to the head of the police in Paris. He was dispatched the next morning with a lieutenant of the *gendarmerie*, André by name, and arrived in Paris the same night. The next day, as he was being taken to the police office, the stranger appeared to him in the yard, and advised him to answer all questions without fear. He was then taken before the Duke de Decayes, who examined him very narrowly, and pretended at first, in order to disconcert him, that the person who had appeared to him had just been arrested. "And how did you manage to seize him?" asked Martin, "for he disappears like lightning."

The Duke then endeavoured to ascertain if Martin was using means to extort money from the king; but he answered, "Riches are compatible with pride, and do not agree with virtue. All that is necessary is to have enough to live upon. He who practises virtue is God's friend, and he that is proud is the friend of devils."

That evening on his return home, the stranger, said to have been arrested, appeared to him, telling him that the ministers could have no power over him, and that it was high time the king was made acquainted with the facts. The *gendarme* was absent at the time, but on his return Martin repeated to him what he had just heard, and André hurried off to inform the police of this latter fact, while the labourer calmly retired to rest and slept. On his awakening he had another vision, announcing to him that Dr. Pinel would come on that day to examine if his brain were not deranged; "but those who send him are far more mad than you."

At three o'clock the doctor came and conversed for some time with him. A second visit from the same doctor was subsequently announced to him, during which Martin told him everything connected with the apparition.

"If there is nothing more the matter with you than that," said the doctor, "we will soon cure you." "But I am not ill," answered Martin. "I sleep, eat, and drink well."

"That's true," said André, "he does sleep well, for I do not sleep at all by night, and I hear him snore."

Nevertheless the doctor departed, fully convinced that his brain was deranged. In these days our sceptics would declare that a morbid state of the nervous system accounted for everything. In all cases, purely material, science has fallen short of the grand phenomena of pneumatology.

Martin's constancy began to be shaken. Was he always to submit thus to the guidance of an unknown spirit, which, perchance, might cause him to risk the danger of imprisonment, or confinement in a lunatic asylum? He was thus reflecting, on the 10th of March, when the spirit appeared, determined to impress him even more vividly, and to use his religious faith for this purpose, to render him still more submissive, and heroically disposed to suffer. The spirit told him that he made use of him, an uneducated peasant, to humble the pride of the learned, and convince the incredulous. He then added, "I wished my name to remain unknown, but since unbelief is so strong, I must disclose it to you. I am the angel Raphael, and I have received the power to strike France with every kind of plague."

The good villager was seized with fear and trembling on hearing these words, and informed the gendarme, as before, of this new revelation; and he, much surprised by all these wonders, felt a strong wish to be present at the next celestial manifestation. The wished-for opportunity soon occurred. On the 12th of March, about seven o'clock in the evening, as Martin was dressing, the angel appeared near the window, and announced that if his instructions were not followed several French towns would be destroyed; that no stone should be left untouched, and that the kingdom should be convulsed by every kind of calamity and misery. Martin at once hastened to inform the officer that the angel was there, and had spoken to him. André leaped out of bed, and ran to the spot, extending his arms and feeling everywhere, without seeing or discovering anything. Martin remarked that during the search, the angel continually changed places, as if to avoid being touched. The gendarme, astonished at neither seeing nor hearing what the peasant saw or heard, exclaimed, "Even if I cannot see, I ought to hear."

If the officer had understood the laws governing the manifestations of spiritual phenomena, he would have known that most usually spirits can be perceived and heard alone by those who are gifted with the susceptible nature which we are accustomed to term "mediumistic," or through participation with them in their magnetic condition.

The same day, at ten o'clock, Martin had another apparition,

and the angel told him inquiries were about to be made concerning him. He at once informed his brother by a letter, which reached Gallardon on the 14th. A ministerial despatch was addressed to the Prefet on the 15th, who instantly wrote to the Curé, at Gallardon, who received the letter on the 16th, thus confirming all particulars of the angel's prediction. The ministerial despatch and Martin's letter were sent later to Dr. Pinel and Dr. Bayor Collard, intact, to confirm the truth of the statement, and were placed by them among the documents at the Royal Hospital, at Charenton.

On the 13th Martin was warned that his companion was about to quit him, and return to his department, while he would be conducted to a house, and detained there. He was taken to the asylum at Charenton and confined there, in consequence of the statement made by Dr. Pinel, and had to submit to a fresh interrogation the same day. This was a severe trial for a poor man, who was but the submissive and devoted instrument of another will. Without the assurance received by him that the controlling power was that of an Archangel, his courage would have failed; and Raphael did not abandon him, but whispered words of comfort and support during his trial. On the morning of the 15th, the angel again appeared, and as the medical men continued to regard Martin as a visionary, the angel told him, "It is only doctors of theology, initiated in the history of all the phenomena of apparitions and the communications of spirits, who can understand the seriousness of the revelations made through you; let them be consulted, and they will recognise the stamp of truth; but if they will not believe that which is predicted, place your confidence in God, and be assured no harm shall befall you. Peace be upon you, be not troubled."

The medical report mentions that although Martin had always enjoyed perfect mental tranquillity after this last apparition, he appeared to be filled with even a greater degree of internal peace and tranquillity; also, that the simple man, not knowing the meaning of doctor of theology mentioned by the angel, inquired an explanation of the word from the superintendent of the house.

During the three weeks of his detention at Charenton, Martin had several other visions that proved to him that the future, and even the thoughts of men, were known to the angel. This strengthened him, even more, in the conviction that these extraordinary revelations emanated from a Divine source.

The spirit told him that if he were detained in that house, it was to examine into his state of health and mind, but that no doctor could discover any disease. In fact they could not find any complaint in body or mind, and all was set down to hallu-

cination. The report, at last, reached the Court, of the extraordinary manifestations constantly occurring, and the Archbishop of Rheims, Grand Almoner of France, made known the medical reports, and M. de Montmorency and M. La Rochefoucauld, visited Martin, and declared him to be a man of sense and probity.

The report also of the *Prefêt d'Eure-et-Loire*, of Martin and his family being excellent, the king, curious to see him, determined to send for Martin.

On the 2nd of April he was taken from the Royal Asylum, and conducted to the Tuileries, dressed in his brown gaiters and every-day clothes. Raphael appeared to him in the minister's cabinet. It was the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth appearance and the last. He said, "You are about to be presented to the king, and you will be alone with him. Have no care or fear for what you have too say. The words shall be put into your mouth."

Effectively Martin declared that before he entered the presence of the king, he knew not what he had to say to him, yet he had no hesitation or difficulty in speaking from first to last in the long interview that took place between them.

When introduced into the royal presence, the king desired all to leave the room. The subsequent confidences of the king and the peasant relate, that having saluted his majesty, and inquired for his health, Martin briefly related the apparitions he had seen, and the mission he had received from an unknown in the name of the Most High, as a proof of the truth of the facts. Martin recalled to the king peculiar circumstances that had occurred during his youth and his exile. The words came to him, even as the angel had promised, without effort or thought, and it appeared as though some one were speaking through his mouth. The king was much surprised, and exclaimed, "Oh, my God, it is indeed true!" and he added, "Those facts were only known to God, myself, and now to you. Promise me inviolable secrecy."

The relation of these circumstances was printed the same year, consequently under the king's sanction, testifying that Martin was neither silly nor mad, and that he had communicated things unknown to any save God, the king, and himself; also, that the facility of speaking had ceased as soon as he had fulfilled his mission.

In 1839, in republishing this narrative, the author adds—"That the king replied to the *Duchesse de Berri*, during breakfast, before several witnesses, on her questioning about Martin," "That he was a very honest man, and had given good advice, by which he hoped to profit."

The only account of this interview, then allowed to be published, says that—"Martin, after alluding to the vicissitudes of the king's life, predicted new misfortunes if the king did not commit acts of great intolerance, and force the incredulous to return to the bosom of the Church, to observe the Sabbath day; and to suppress the excesses of the fête days; that if this were not done France would once more be smitten with new calamities, and cities destroyed. 'Sire, you are too kind (Martin is supposed to have said), your excessive leniency will conduct you to disastrous results, if you do not apply a remedy. In order to succeed, you must have a strict police, and make some example which will awe the people who betray you.'"

Such is the substance of the revelations made by the peasant, according to the only publication permitted at that time. The interview took place without any witness being present, however; the king placed Martin under an obligation, by settling an annuity upon him from his privy purse, and having thus secured his silence, merely stated, "That revelations had been made to him of things unknown to any save God and himself, and that good advice had also been tendered, of which he hoped to profit."

How, then, could the author give a correct statement of that which occurred in a private interview between the peasant and the king? This report is therefore most dubious.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

DR. SEXTON AMONG THE SECULARISTS.

On Sunday evening, February 22nd, Dr. Sexton gave a lecture at the head-quarters of the Secularists, the Hall of Science, Old Street, City Road, on "The Theories invented by Non-Spiritualists to account for Spiritualism Unscientific and Unsatisfactory." The large Hall was densely crowded by Dr. Sexton's former associates and admirers, who had so often heard him from that platform as the champion of Secularism, about 1,500 persons being present. He now appeared there for the first time as an advocate of Spiritualism, and (with the exception of two or three noisy interruptions) was listened to with respectful attention by the large audience he addressed. At the close of the lecture, Mr. G. W. Foote (a Secularist champion), had a slight skirmish with the lecturer, and challenged him to a formal debate on the question; and upon the Secularists present

unanimously accepting him by show of hands as their representation, Dr. Sexton promptly accepted the challenge. It was arranged that the discussion should be held in the same place on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, March 24th and 26th, at 8:30 p.m.

A CHAIR OF SPIRITUALISM.

A proposition has been presented to the Assembly of the Spanish Republic, to establish a "Chair of Spiritualism" in the Spanish Universities, and the idea is sustained by learned and influential men, such as the eloquent Navarette, the Deputies Lopez and Corchado, and B. de Lugo, Marquis de la Floride.

THE "TIMES'" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ON SPIRITUALISM IN SAVAGE TRIBES.

The *Times* of February 23rd has a letter from its Special Correspondent at Ashantee, from which we quote the following:—

"Like people who frequent *séances*, the natives of Africa are in constant intercourse with, as they suppose, the beings of another world. Both classes of thinkers interpret phenomena which they do not understand as being caused by invisible powers. In both cases the same familiarity exists between the believer and the phantom of his brain. Your London Spiritualist is equalled by the Fantee, who, when he takes up his gourd of palm wine, throws a little on the ground and tells his tutelary god to take a drink. Scepticism is unknown in savage life; a man may neglect the gods, refuse to give them sacrifices, or even defy their power, but he never ceases to believe in their existence; and if he has a sickness or misfortune he at once imputes it to the offended deities, makes them presents, and prays them to forgive him. The African has a theology, but no religion. He believes in certain gods who have power over him; he attributes to them a human disposition; he regards them precisely as tyrannical chieftains or kings. He will tell you that some of them are good, but not all good, for they can be offended; and some of them are bad, but not all bad, for their malignant temper can be propitiated. Pure devil-worship exists only in the plains of Babylon; but the Africans so far worship the principle of evil that they offer up more prayers and sacrifices to the bad gods than to the good ones, just as they would pay more tribute to a tyrant than to a benevolent King. As a subject, the African savage has no loyalty; he pays taxes simply from fear; and so

it is with his religion. But, as with a higher race, the holy and virtuous sentiment of loyalty is exalted to the religious sentiment, so the cardinal virtue of the savage—domestic affection—extends beyond the limits of life and the visible world. Among civilized nations we find examples of maternal and filial love which cannot be surpassed, but it would be incorrect to say that with us relations always love one another. In savage life it is very different; the members of the same family, or even of the same clan, are united by a strange fidelity. To others they may be treacherous, dishonest, barbarous, but to one another they are affectionate and true. The African loves those who belong to his family, and this affection does not perish with the life of those on whom it is bestowed. When a man dies he is often buried in the house where he was accustomed to dwell. His relatives do not think of him as a worm-eaten body, but as an ærial soul that flits around them and keeps them company. Often they set aside something for him to eat, or a bowl of palm wine; for they believe that the food has a soul or essence of which the spirit partakes while the body of the food decays, just as the body of the man decays. If you tell an African—in an attempt to disturb so simple and pleasing a faith—that the souls of the dead are far away, he will shake his head and smile with superior wisdom; and tell you of visions he has seen in the night, and of sounds that have fallen on his ears. Besides, does he not know that the loved ones are around him? Does he not *feel* that they are there? He suffers not any solitude, for when he has no human companion the spirits of the dead are by his side, and he sings to them of his sorrows and his joys. Such is the religion of the savage—not the mercenary worship of the gods, but the love of his kinsmen that are dead, his faith in their presence, and his constant communion with their shades, and his tender offerings.”

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY IN PARIS.

M. Leymarie, editor of the *Revue Spirite*, gives some interesting particulars concerning the recent development of spirit photography in Paris. He says:—

“For the last seven months M. Buguet, 5, Boulevard Montmartre, Paris, has been obtaining spirit-photographs. About ten out of twenty have been recognised as likenesses of relations or friends who have disappeared from earth, while the appearance of their beloved features shows they still exist as the same individuals. I have taken many people who did not believe in the existence of spirits to M. Buguet, yet who have been able to carry away with them a proof of the existence of

those looked upon as dead for ever, thus acquiring the consolation of knowing that all is not over after this life of trial. I have also taken men of science who, having taken their own plates, have been present at the entire operation of development, and yet spirit-portraits have been obtained. M. Buguet became a spirit-photographer in 1866. Every night he had extraordinary visions; he, however, paid no attention to them, till one day he was greatly surprised to find an unaccountable appearance on the plate while photographing a person. A friend to whom he showed it saw immediately what it was, and explained to M. Buguet that it was evident that he was a medium, and that he had only to continue taking portraits when he would become a good spirit-photographer, and such has proved to be the case."

Some of these photographs brought over from Paris by Mr. Gledstanes, seem equal to any that have been taken either in this country or in America.

SPIRITUALISM AGAIN AMONG THE ANTHROPOLOGISTS.

The Anthropologists' Society of London have during the past month again had Spiritualism under discussion. Mr. George Harris, F.S.A., read a Paper on "Certain Tests adopted to determine the Truth of Supernatural Phenomena." The two chief points clearly brought out in this discussion were, first, that Spiritualism as a branch of anthropological education has been sadly neglected by Anthropologists; and secondly, that some few of the more intelligent among them are beginning to have a dim perception of this fact; and that after all it is possible that man may have a spiritual nature, which does not die with the physical body, and that if this can be experimentally proved, as some few millions of people assert, the matter may be worth the investigation even of so august a body as the London Society of Anthropologists, the authority of which is deemed so great that its decision, whatever it may be, will once for all settle the matter. Perhaps Anthropology has no better living representative than the learned gentleman who is thus reported:—

Dr. C. Carter Blake said that he was thankful for the Paper, because it fulfilled the pledge made in the President's opening Address, of giving a fair hearing to all scientific questions; and, indeed, the Society was giving gentlemen who believed in Spiritualism a fair method by which they could bring forth their arguments—that Paper, he was told, being but the first of a series. He could not agree with his friend Professor Leitner. They ought to enable witnesses to bring forth their evidence, and if Spiritualists chose to bring forward their bill of indictment, and to bring forth their witnesses, the Society would be glad to cross-examine them, and Mr. Harris had pointed out certain rules by which their statements might be tested. If some of those gentlemen who have the power of presenting some of the spiritualistic phenomena would only

bring them before the Society, or before certain members of the Society, and would submit to a series of tests, he thought that good results would arise, and he hoped that no Spiritualist would feel offended at the nature of some of the tests which might be proposed, for there had been a tendency to avoid some of the severer tests which it might be desirable to apply. These things ought to be worked out by a psychological committee, and then the matter might once for all be settled. He did not think that such a term as "spirit" should be used, while they were unable to give any precise definition; at the same time he did not think that the idea of the existence of man apart from the visible body should be regarded as an absurdity; such philosophy would set aside the researches of Dr. W. B. Richardson, and men like him. He was glad that the subject of Spiritualism had come up for discussion, and he hoped that Spiritualists would come before them to have the matter investigated; they would have a fair field, and no favour. He wished that Professor Leitner had told them that evening something about the curious psychological phenomena which had been witnessed in Thibet. He thought that the subject was a great one, and might occupy the attention of the Society for three or four years, if it were dealt with in a business-like and scientific manner; the tests should be carried on with the same fairness as in the experiments of Dr. Bastian and Dr. Terrier, and if the witnesses of spiritual phenomena differed no more than the witnesses of the experiments of the two doctors just named, he did not wonder that there were many contradictions in Spiritualism.

"LONDON SOCIETY" ON MODERN MYSTERIES.

It is rare to find a popular magazine telling the honest truth about Spiritualism, and making its readers acquainted with what is taking place around them in regard to its "Modern Mysteries." In our last number we had the great pleasure of quoting "Notes of an Investigation into the Phenomena called Spiritual," by William Crookes, F.R.S., in which all the phenomena with which, for fifteen years, we have been presenting our readers are attested by him, after years of careful observation and record, with all the authority due to his high position and eminent services to the cause of science. We have now the satisfaction of directing attention to an article in the last number of *London Society*, on "Modern Mysteries," by Henry Dumphrey, Barrister, of the Temple, in which he records his experiences in Spiritualism; and, as a consequence of his investigations, avows his full conviction of the truth and spirit origin of these "Modern Mysteries." The character of the article may be inferred from the following passage:—

"It was difficult for me to give in to the idea that solid objects could be conveyed, invisibly, through closed doors, or that heavy furniture could be moved without the interposition of hands. Philosophers will say these things are absolutely impossible; nevertheless, it is absolutely certain that they do occur. Thousands of persons can attest the fact. I have met in the houses of private friends, as witnesses of these phenomena, persons whose testimony would go for a good deal in a court of justice. They have included peers, Members of Parliament,

diplomats of the highest rank, judges, barristers, physicians, clergymen, members of learned societies, chemists, engineers, journalists, and thinkers of all sorts of degrees. They have suggested, and carried into effect, tests of the most rigid and satisfactory character. The media (all non-professional) have been searched before and after *séances*. The precaution has even been taken of providing them, unexpectedly, with other apparel. They have been tied; they have been sealed; they have been secured in every cunning and dexterous manner that ingenuity could devise, but no deception has been discovered and no imposture brought to light. Neither was there any motive for imposture. No fee or reward of any kind depended upon the success or non-success of the manifestations.

"It would seem, then, that the time has come for directing public opinion to these extraordinary occurrences. There may be, after all, nothing novel in them. They may be as old as the Witch of Endor; but, whether new or antiquated, it is desirable that their existence should be admitted, and that the delusion should be dispelled that the limits of scientific knowledge have been reached."

MR. SERJEANT COX ON GHOST-SEEKING.

In his work on psychic force, Mr. Cox states that "the depositions of 1,000 persons, that each had separately seen a ghost, would be no proof of the existence of ghosts, because it is not only possible; but probable that what each believed he beheld was merely a mental impression. But if two persons of credit declare that they saw the same ghost at the same moment, the argument assumes another complexion, because of the improbability that a similar image should be self-formed in two minds at the same moment." In the case of Lady D. Townshend, mentioned in the *Spiritual Magazine* for 1860, the figure was seen, at least, upon one occasion, by two persons at the same time—so as to enable them to identify it with its portrait in the house. In the case of the figure seen in the kitchen by Mr. Grantley Berkeley and his brother, at Cranford, the vision was seen by two persons at the same time. Other instances of such corroborative evidence might be cited. In the case of the figure seen by Captain Marryatt and a Mr. Lascelles—when the former fired a pistol, the ball of which passed through the figure—(see *Owen's Footfalls*) this double vision occurred. As to Lady D. T. it was stated, in the *Times*, recently, that there is a full-length portrait of her, at Strawberry Hill, where Mr. Horace Walpole, her nephew,

resided. In an octavo anonymous *History of Norfolk* (A.D. 1829) reference is made to two other portraits of her—one at Rainham and another at Houghton. Mr. Spicer alleges that two persons heard distinctly, at the same time, the rustling of a dress and tapping of footsteps, in the case of the Corridor Ghost, at a house in Somersetshire, after their seeing the door at the end of the passage open without human aid. In this case, also, it merits notice, that a deaf and dumb child was perturbed visibly, while passing along the passage with its nurse, when the latter heard the well-known rustle and light, tapping foot-step of this invisible being. It is possible that the child may have been a medium, and thus affected; but the fact is remarkable, if it was so or not.

ARTICLES BROUGHT BY SPIRITS UNDER TEST CONDITIONS.

Mr. H. Billing writes:—

“On Saturday, the 31st January, I attended a *séance* at Mr. Williams’s, 61, Lamb’s Conduit Street, and during the first part of the sitting (before the materialisation) Mr. Williams asked John King if he would try and bring him the article that Mr. S. Guppy (of No. 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park) had put in his pocket before he (Mr. Williams) had left him that evening. John said he would try, and presently returned and said he had sent Peter for it. In about three minutes Peter returned, and called to me telling me to hold out my hand. I did so, and I had put into it a small Chinese teapot, and then a small shell, the article that Mr. Guppy had put in his inside pocket, in a garment worn under an overcoat, from whence the shell was taken by the spirit. Peter told me to take them to Mr. Guppy on Sunday evening. I did so, and both Mr. and Mrs. Guppy distinctly say that the shell was in Mr. Guppy’s possession after Mr. Williams had left them, and they were more surprised to find that the spirits had taken the teapot out of the drawing-room. Now, during the whole of the sitting: Mr. Williams’s hands and the others at the table and the outside circle were all joined, so it was an impossibility for Mr. Williams, or anyone present, to put them in my hand.

SPIRITUALISM IN SUSSEX.

A keen interest in Spiritualism has recently been awakened in Sussex. Lectures in its favour have been given in Eastbourne, Brighton, and adjoining places by Dr. Sexton, Dr. Monck, and still more recently by Mrs. Tappan; while the Rev. J. Martin

has delivered two discourses in Brighton, relegating the modern mystery to that personage who is the universal clerical solvent of all mysteries, and with whose character and doings they appear to be always on such intimate terms. A circle of Spiritualists has been formed in Brighton, and columns of correspondence has appeared in the leading county journals. The following tract, by "T. S.," which first appeared in the *Sussex Daily News*, has been widely circulated:—

Is Spiritualism Diabolical or Divine?

In the book of Samuel we read—"He that is now called a prophet, was beforetime called a seer," that is, one who had the gift of spiritual vision. Moses exclaimed—"Would God all the Lord's people were prophets!" and in the prophet Joel we read—"And it shall come to pass that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams and your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and upon the handmaidens in those days will I pour out my Spirit." Jesus promised his disciples—"The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these." And he added—"Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!" St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Corinthians writes—"Now concerning spiritual gifts I would not have you ignorant;" and among these spiritual gifts he enumerates—"The gift of healing," "the speaking in divers tongues," "the interpretation of tongues," and "the discerning of spirits;" and he exhorts his readers—"Add to your faith, knowledge." The Spiritualists are a class of people who obey this Apostolic injunction. They add to their faith, knowledge. They know that all the spiritual gifts spoken of in Scripture are exercised to-day in our midst by persons who formerly would have been called prophets or seers, but who are now called spiritual mediums. We regret to find that some of the clergy and teachers of religion, who should have been the first to welcome this divine truth, have preached sermons and written tracts misrepresenting it, and denouncing it as diabolical, just as the Jews of old said of Christ—"He hath a devil!" Is Spiritualism diabolical or divine? We appeal to the test of the Master—Jesus. He hath told—us "Every tree is known by its fruits. A good tree cannot bear evil fruit; neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit; wherefore by their fruit ye shall know them." Spiritualism has convinced many of the truth of the Scriptures, and of the reality of the Future Life. It has converted many an infidel. Many a sceptic, secularist, and atheist, has through its means become an avowed Christian. Many a mourner suffering under bereavement has derived from it strength and consolation. Judge, then, the tree by its fruits. Are these fruits good or evil? We speak as unto wise men; judge ye. Do you ask, "Is there any warrant or authority in Scripture for communion with departed spirits?" We unhesitatingly answer, yes! It is sanctioned by the example of prophets, apostles, and of Christ Himself. Thus the prophet Daniel held communion with the angel Gabriel, who is also spoken of by him as "the man Gabriel," thereby showing him to have been a departed human spirit. The Apostle John received visions and revelations from an angel, who declared to him, "I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets;" and Jesus held converse with two departed human spirits, "which were Moses and Elias;" and this in presence of His disciples, whom he had taken with Him to be witnesses to all time of the high example thus presented. What higher sanction can we require? What higher sanction is possible? It is only the abuse, the corruption, the perversion to evil ends of this great privilege of spiritual communion which the Scriptures condemn, and all true Spiritualists join in that condemnation. Do not suffer yourselves to be misled. Be not the victims of prejudice and priestcraft, but exercise the reason and common sense God has given you, and search the Scriptures for yourselves to see whether these things are so.

WINDOW-PANE PICTURES.

Mr. Hudson Tuttle writes in the *Banner of Light* of January 3rd:—

“Recently I heard that one of these pictures had appeared on the window in the residence of Mr. Milton Laughlin, of Berlin, Ohio, and it was represented as being so vivid and unmistakable that my curiosity was aroused, and the more with the legend connected therewith, which will presently be narrated. This legend seemed to connect the picture with design, and gave an interest to it which it would not otherwise possess. We were received by Mr. L. in a cordial manner, and found several others present, examining the picture, among whom was Mr. H. Hoak, the well-known agriculturist, enthusiastic, as usual, and unabashed by ghostly paintings or ghosts themselves. There it was on the lower right-hand corner pane of the lower window. Mr. Laughlin adjusted the lamp, and when we gained the right angle all exclaimed, “It is Mr. Tucker!” There were the exceedingly characteristic features, the sharp nose, the small and contracted mouth, the thick white beard, the short and snowy hair. Not on the glass as a picture, but as an intangible shadow behind the glass, looking in upon us! That glass, in the day-time, is the clearest in the window, for it is washed and scrubbed and rinsed, to wash away, if possible, the picture; but, when night throws a black back-ground against it, the light shines on the before invisible face. It is not drawn with sharp lines, and light and shade well defined, and they who expect to find these will be disappointed. It resembles a dim daguerreotype. The bright surface of the glass reflects the light, and only in one position can the picture be seen. Then it is a shadow defined and undefined, yet, as a whole, unmistakable and impressive.

“On repairing to the sitting-room, Mrs. Laughlin narrated the circumstances connected with the appearance, which I have spoken of as the legend. Mr. Hardin A. Tucker was well and favourably known in this vicinity as one of the pioneer inhabitants, and an upright, honest, intelligent man. He accepted the doctrines of Spiritualism, and was, as usual with him when he had come to a conclusion, fixed and unswerving in his belief. Shortly previous to his death, in conversation with Mrs. L., who is opposed to what she honestly considers a delusion into which many good people are misled, he said that it was useless for them to argue longer, but he should soon discover the truthfulness of his belief, and if he found it possible he would return and compel her to believe.

“Said Mrs. Laughlin, ‘As I was sitting in the kitchen one

evening, in last April, alone, a sudden impulse made me look up at the window. There I saw the face of Mr. Tucker looking at me. I was terribly frightened, and yet I continued to look. I should think I steadily looked at him for half-an-hour. When I moved it grew indistinct, and I gained courage to take the lamp and leave the room.'"

Faint iridescent pictures, also, have appeared on the window-panes of Mrs. Andrews' house, Moravia, U.S., and have been examined by Mr. Robert Dale Owen.

Correspondence.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I shall feel much obliged if you can find room for the enclosed letter in the forthcoming number of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

E. ACWORTH.

To the Honorary Secretary of the Provisional Committee of the British National Association of Spiritualists.

DEAR SIR,—I am kindly invited to take a seat upon your Council. This honour I respectfully decline. I endorse every word Mr. Howitt wrote, when foregoing a like invitation. But, had he never written a word, I should have my own sufficient reasons for refusing to be a member of your Association. I hold that truth establishes itself. But, when it is established, forsooth, then establishments are formed to take it up, which do it, alas, far greater harm than good. And the grander the truth, the more harm. Thus we have religion as established by law, instead of law as established by religion. And, instead of "the Christ that is to be," we get Christianity—commonly so called—making frantic appeal to the law of the land—of which it is part and parcel, we are told—as to whether the upholstery of certain Church-upholders and the kinds of priestly posture (I had almost said imposture), so strictly practised by our posture-making clergy—be largely, or not, part and parcel of itself. This is what the Established Religion of England has come to in the 19th century of what we term the *Christian Era*! And are we now to have Spiritualism, as established by your Association, giving rise to what should be as alien from it as Mantua and Mischief-making are from Christianity? Divisions among Spiritualists, I fear there are already; and your organization, if history be true, will only serve to increase them.

In short, every great truth has its Calvary. That of Spiritualism some of us have shared; but we have not found that corporate bodies have dealt with Spiritualism in any other way than to crucify and bury it. Yours, of course, only means it well. Still I cannot but doubt of your Association having anything to do with its Easter Day. And so, thanking your Committee for the honour it would do me, but which I dare not venture to accept,

I am, yours faithfully,

E. ACWORTH.

Elfinward, Hayward's Heath,
Feb. 18th, 1874.

JUDAS THE BETRAYER.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—At the present time, when so great a repugnance is felt to the idea of punishment being inflicted in the next life for the deeds done during the present, and so much controversy respecting the true nature of our Lord Jesus Christ, I have thought that the following experience which has occurred to myself might be interesting to some of your readers and might perhaps induce some among them to throw light on a subject which cannot fail to possess a deep interest for all Christian Spiritualists. I was sitting alone in my room one morning last summer, about 10 o'clock a.m.,—I was musing with closed eyes, which is rather a habit of mine, when suddenly a shadowy figure floated up to me, remaining stationary when at a short distance. The head and face were alone distinct and solid-looking, the rest of the form being like a cloud. The extraordinary appearance of this Being—whom I felt to be a man—amazed me. There was not the least particle of hair on either his face or head, the shape of which (the head) was very remarkable. This was sufficiently strange, and gave him an unusual aspect. But there was another peculiarity about him which riveted my gaze:—from under his nostrils to his chin, I saw a thin black line, it did not touch his skin, but seemed fixed at the distance of half an inch from it; it was round and something thicker than a pencil, and apparently formed of black vapour, it had a pulsating, flickering motion—never remaining still, and formed with the horizontal line of the lips a perfect similitude of a cross. His countenance was manly, the features good; his forehead was broad, his nose aquiline, his lips full, but not thick, his eyes were large and of a bright dark brown, but their expression I shall never forget. He fixed them upon mine with a wild, pleading, agonized expression that thrilled through me; they were like the eyes of some hunted wretch, who driven to the last extremity, after a long flight from his pursuers sees one last chance for life, and feels, if it fails, all is lost. I could not withdraw my eyes from his gaze. I could not imagine the meaning of the strange mark on his face, when suddenly I heard a voice say to my inner perception, "Ever since the Crucifixion I have ceaselessly wandered."—"In the name of God," I replied, "whose crucifixion do you mean; is it your own, or that of some other person?"—Immediately I beheld written on the air over his head, "Jesus of Nazareth." The wretched spirit then gave me another wild, pleading, agonized look, and slowly vanished.

This extraordinary apparition made a deep impression on my mind, and I watched anxiously for his return. Surely, thought I, it can't be possible that, after all, there is truth in the old legend of the Wandering Jew. However, a few weeks passed, and as I saw nothing further of the spirit, I gave up thinking of him. At the end of this time, I attended a *séance* in Dublin. Every one of the company, including the medium, were perfect strangers to me, except the host. The medium is a trance-speaker, and sometimes sees the spirits that are present; him I had never seen before. Shortly after the *séance* had begun, the medium became entranced, and under the control of the spirit of a dignitary of the Protestant Church, who during his life was eminent for his scientific and literary attainments, as also for his estimable and Christian qualities, and whose identity has been satisfactorily established, as I understand. The medium stretched out his arm, and exclaimed in much surprise and pity: "Who is this; who is this wretched, degraded spirit? He comes along dragging a heavy cross. He is sinking under the weight of it! How can he drag it along? it is bearing him down to the ground. And yet, heavy as it is, he has dragged it along for nearly two thousand years. How can he endure the weight of it? Ever since the day of his atrocious, his fearful crime, he has been obliged to drag it with him everywhere. Look on him—look on that mark on his face—the fearful symbol of his crime! all spirits seeing it fly from him, and thus he is condemned to solitude. He wanders from place to place. He frequents circles, and tries to speak, but cannot. That is part of his punishment. He has followed someone to the circle to-night; it is Mrs. P.," the medium then pointed to me. "He has spoken to her before."

I sat listening in the greatest astonishment, as I have said. Every one in the

room were entire strangers to me, the host excepted, and the circumstance I have mentioned I had not related to any person, one of my daughters excepted, and it was quite impossible for her to have repeated it, as she was unknown to all there. I sat still, and, as the medium went on, a gentleman next me asked me if there was any truth in what he was saying. I answered in a whisper just in a few words telling of the strange appearance of the spirit, but saying I forgot when it occurred. At once the medium wrote on a piece of paper stating the day of the week and the date of the month when I had seen the spirit. Even then I did not remember, but on my return home I found both correct, as I had entered them in a note-book at the time. The medium then went on to state that the spirit was "Judas the Betrayer," and such he called himself throughout. I fear making this too long, so shall only state that the spirit continued to come, and many things were related of interest as to the nature of the man called "Judas the Betrayer," which I shall be happy to relate, with your permission, if this letter creates an interest in the minds of any of your readers.

Since that time I was one day partially entranced when Judas addressed me, and told me many things respecting his life and the time of his death. These things, I regret to say, I forgot when aroused, except one, of which I maintain a confused remembrance. I think he said that he had one son whom he confided to the care of a priest previous to his death. Now, is there any tradition of his having had a child and so disposing of it? Among other things communicated by the spirit of Judas, I was told that Christ was about to make his second advent, at which time he (Judas) expects his pardon and deliverance.

May I further ask you to insert these words, which came to me with some curious accompaniments. I have reason to think they are ancient Irish. Perhaps some person may be able and willing to translate them. They are as follows:—*Gairus, gracht* or *grach*, an or na, *cruachan*, *Donocht* or *Donoch*, *gra*, *na*, *cruacha*.

EMILY PALMER.

The Grange, Lucan Co., Dublin, Ireland.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

S P R I N G.

The seasons as they circle round,
 Alternate blessings bring;
 For Winter pale, with homely joys,
 Now comes the blue-eyed Spring;
 With fresh green grass, the tender flower,
 The budding hawthorn tree,
 The blooming hedges white with May,
 The cowslip on the lea.
 A burning bush on every hand—
 Yet unconsumed—we see;
 God's glory stands revealéd now,
 An open mystery!
 Oh, fair are all the works of God!
 As we their beauties scan,
 Let songs of grateful praise ascend
 From every soul of man.

T. S.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

APRIL, 1874.

TESTIMONIAL TO JUDGE EDMONDS.

WE have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following correspondence, with the accompanying Address to the venerable Judge Edmonds, whose name is a household word among the Spiritualists of England no less than of his own country. The Testimonial, handsomely framed and illuminated, is a very beautiful specimen of penmanship, and the 18 volumes which accompanied it were bound in calf, and each bears the following inscription printed on a dark ground in gold letters:—

PRESENTED TO THE
HON. JOHN WORTH EDMONDS,
OF NEW YORK,
BY THE
SPIRITUALISTS OF ENGLAND,
1873.

“ 1, Bernard Villas,
“ Central Hill, Upper Norwood,
“ 15 Dec., 1873.

“ Dear Judge Edmonds,—For some time past I had set my heart on accomplishing two objects—to obtain the assent of the Spiritualists of England to mark their appreciation of the distinguished services which Mr. William Howitt in Europe, and yourself in America, have rendered to the cause of Spiritualism by the influence you have each exercised over the thoughtful minds of both countries.

“ The first object I have recently accomplished, and I have now the pleasure of completing my task, by presenting to you an Address, signed by a committee who were among the first
N.S.—IX.

converts on this side of the Atlantic, on behalf of the body at large, expressive of our respect and admiration for your character, and of your fearless advocacy of a great though unpopular truth.

"The Address is accompanied by a number of Books written on Spiritualism by English men and women, and by two Albums, one of which contains the portraits of 100 Spiritualists, the other contains an equal number of spirit-photographs. . . . Full particulars of which I will give you in another letter.

"As I feel that I can add nothing of value to the terms of the Address in which Mr. Thomas Shorter has so eloquently expressed our sense of the signal services you have rendered to the cause for more than 20 years past, I content myself by requesting you to be good enough to receive from my hands that Address, with the accompanying Testimonials, which English Spiritualists have authorised me to present in their name to

Judge Edmonds, of New York.

With pleasant recollections of our meeting, and of the readiness with which you facilitated my enquiries at that time, and with the assurance now that my part in this matter has been 'a labour of love,'

"I am, my dear Judge,

"Very sincerely yours,

"BENJAMIN COLEMAN."

"Upper Norwood, near London,

"Dec. 17th, 1873.

"Dear Judge Edmonds,—The works alluded to in my letter of the 15th inst. consist of 18 vols. written by 15 different authors. . . . The album, No. 1, contains the portraits of many of the best known English and Scotch Spiritualists, whose names will be found in the index which accompanies the album.

"An index also you will find of No. 2 Album, containing spirit-photographs with their accompanying sitters. . . .

"Those which have been sent me from Bristol are part of a series which have a distinct character, and being conducted under the eye of my friend Mr. J. Beattie, of Clifton, are entirely reliable. They are described in the Index book, and Mr. Beattie says they have come providentially to support the reality of the spiritual hypothesis, as if a thousand men had tried to make shams not one would ever have thought of such forms as these present. I do not know if these shadows are

expected to come out in perfect forms, but as the Bristol party are continuing their experiments, we shall see by and bye.

"Those spirit-drawings—done in darkness—either direct or through the hand of David Duguid, of Glasgow, will no doubt interest you, and they, too, may be thoroughly relied upon as genuine spirit productions. A full explanation of them will be found in the Index book.

"The last remaining photograph to which I desire to draw your attention is the one on the first page, or frontispiece, of the album. . . . It is of Dr. Gully, holding the hand of the spirit Katie; taken in full view of the assembled party, by the magnesium light.

"I have written in the current number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, to which I refer you, an account of a *séance* I have recently had with Miss Cook, the medium who obtains these materialized forms, which will perhaps give you an idea of the way in which the figure is presented—nothing of a shadowy nature, but to all appearance and in substance too, as real as any human being. I don't know if you have ever seen anything of this nature which you have not ventured to make public, and I shall be glad to know your views of my hypothesis which however is denied by the spirit who insists that she is a separate individuality, and I am not disposed to dogmatize on such a subject.

"The case containing the address, books and albums, was sent yesterday to Liverpool, and I hope will be forwarded to you by first steamer. You will be good enough to apprise me of its safe arrival. Trusting the Testimonial will be as acceptable to you as it is pleasing to me to have had the honour of presenting it,

"I am, my dear Judge Edmonds,

"Very truly yours,

"B. COLEMAN."

"To JUDGE EDMONDS.

"We, on behalf of your many admirers in England, desire to testify to you our high appreciation of the distinguished services you have rendered to the cause of Spiritualism.

"At a time when that cause was far less popular than now; when ignorance and misrepresentation concerning it were all but universal; when the prejudices not only of the multitude, but of the schools of science and philosophy were arrayed against it; when it was assailed from the pulpit and by the press; when sectarian animosity was most bitter, and popular clamour at its loudest; and when its advocates were loaded with vituperation and ridicule; you gave to the claims of Spiritualism a searching, protracted, and most thorough investigation; and, having at length satisfied yourself of its truth, you at once courageously and unhesitatingly proclaimed it, and gave to its advocacy the weight of your well-known name and high social position; and from that time

to this you have, in books and tracts, in lectures, public journals, and in a most extensive private correspondence, upheld with all the powers of mind with which God has so eminently blessed you, the banner of 'Truth against the World.'

"Many of us are indebted to your writings for our first introduction to a knowledge of Spiritualism, and all have perused them with interest and instruction. The cause you have served so well knows no limits of party, country, or creed: it is wide as the universe, as universal as humanity. It teaches that there is no death, and that the future life is one with boundless possibilities of progress for all God's children. You have interpreted it in no narrow or sectarian spirit, and we feel that the eminent services you have so generously rendered to our common cause should not pass without some public recognition on this side of the Atlantic.

"The literature of Spiritualism in England is far less voluminous than that of your own country, and it probably contains little, if anything, of value which has not there found expression, and which your own penetration has not anticipated; but it may interest you to compare the way in which the same great truths present themselves to the thoughtful mind of both countries. We, therefore, and as a mark of our high regard, request your acceptance of those works on Spiritualism, by English authors, which are most esteemed among us. We further request your acceptance of two albums, one containing the portraits of some who have been among the most active in promoting Spiritualism in England, and the other some of the spirit-photographs obtained in England during the past two years.

"Hoping that your life on earth may be spared many years for the continuance of your most useful labours; and with profound respect, we the Committee subscribe our names on behalf of the general body of the Spiritualists of the United Kingdom.

"THOMAS J. ALLMAN
HENRY BIELFELD
CHARLES BLACKBURN
SAMUEL CHINNERY
BENJAMIN COLEMAN
ROBERT COOPER
JACOB DIXON, M.D.
THOMAS EVERITT
HENRY A. FAWCETT, R.N.
J. H. GLEDSTANES
THOMAS GRANT
JAMES M. GULLY, M.D.
SAMUEL CARTER HALL, F.S.A.

"WILLIAM HOWITT
JOHN ENMORE JONES
ANDREW LEIGHTON
BENJAMIN MORRELL
THOMAS SHORTER
THOMAS SLATER
WILLIAM TEEB
CROMWELL F. VARLEY, F.R.S.
WILLIAM WALLACE
JAMES WASON
WILLIAM WHITE
WILLIAM M. WILKINSON.

"London, November, 1873."

"New York, February 8th, 1874.

"Gentlemen,—Your address to me of last November, with its accompanying books and albums, has just been received, and for them I beg to offer to you my sincere thanks.

"To find my efforts in the cause of truth so appreciated by an intelligent but far-distant people, is a source of unfeigned gratification to me, but it is a cause of far greater joy to receive such evidence of the wide spread of that truth.

"Most fully do I accord with you in the expression that "cause knows no limit of party, country, or creed," and is "as universal as humanity." It has made its appearance in all

parts of the earth, and among all peoples, wearing everywhere the same grand features, however much it may vary in details. The rapidity of its spread is unparalleled in history. Its grand principle—love to God and man—commends it to every heart; and that principle is enforced by a revelation easily comprehended by every mind—a revelation of what is the future life, made so certainly and so distinctly that everyone may know for himself how to use the present life as a due preparation for the next.

“Much as we may recognise the wisdom with which the Unseen Intelligences have guided this movement from the beginning, still we must be aware that there is much for us to do, to remove obstacles that stand in the way of its progress.

“Chief among those obstacles is the unusual character of the instrumentalities employed. The world at large testing those means by their preconceived opinions have been prone to regard them as miraculous and thus either to receive them with blind faith, to regard them as diabolical, or to reject them as impracticable. We who have investigated the matter know that in all this, there is no suspension of universal law, but that on the other hand all is in conformity with such law, and that, that law can be investigated and comprehended by us. The duty to the cause growing out of this knowledge has been best performed in your country.

“Fifteen or twenty years ago these things were publicly proclaimed in this country and the men of science were urged to make the investigation. But in vain. With few exceptions the educated scientists of America turned a deaf ear to our entreaties. It has been otherwise with you. Your men of science have had the good sense to investigate, and the manliness to proclaim the result, and believers in our sublime philosophy throughout the earth must be full of gratitude for the act. I, for one, say God bless you for it. For you have made solid the foundation of that which we have attempted to establish, namely, that this whole thing of spirit-communion and its consequences, is addressed to the reason as well as to the heart, and ought not to be received unless the judgment and the conscience alike welcome it.

“We may, therefore, now look forward with confidence for an increasing rapidity in the spread of the doctrines of our Divine Faith. To your country shall we be mainly indebted for that result; and you and we, on both sides of the great ocean, can unite in a common prayer of thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift that He has sent into our midst that which is equal to the emergency in which the progress of the race has found us.

"Congratulating you alike on the fact of the past and the prosperity of the future.

"I remain, yours,

"In the bonds of brotherly love,

"To Messrs.

"J. W. EDMONDS.

(Here follow the names of the Committee)

The following paragraphs are taken from Judge Edmonds' private letter to Mr. Coleman:—

"The Address is now hanging conspicuously in my library facing the portrait of my wife. . . .

"The articles are beautiful specimens of work and are very much admired. I never saw a finer specimen of illumination.

"The spirit-photographs are decidedly superior to anything we have ever produced in this country, and the whole thing is most valuable as specimens of art, aside from the personal gratification to myself.

"The books are very valuable, some of them I have never seen till now, but have wished for them not a little.

"The account of your visit to this country is new to me, and on reading it I was attracted by what you say of 'Mr. L.' (Mr. Livermore). At that time he was unwilling to have his name given to the public. He was then as now moving in fashionable society, and feared the obloquy that seemed inevitably to follow every open avowal of belief in spirit-communion.* He continued so until the trial of Mumler, the photographer, on the accusation of fraud in his spirit-pictures. He then came forward of his own accord and gave testimony which was of great value. . . . I send you herewith one of the best of the spirit-pictures obtained by him of his wife 'Estelle,' as she was named in your account.

"I also send you a likeness, as you request, of myself. It has a sombre melancholy look, which I would fain hope is not common with me. . . . I am desirous of making to your committee something more than the formal acknowledgment which accompanies this; and I intend, therefore, to send to each one a bound volume of my *Tracts*, with a new likeness in each. I am going to send them to your address, and will advise you in due time.

"I want also to send to you a pamphlet, of some 90 pages, which I published shortly after the close of our Civil War.

"It is not so much on account of its subject—*viz.*, 'Reconstruction of the Union'—as on account of the manner in which

* Mr. Coleman in his narrative of these extraordinary facts said Mr. L. was also restrained by his commercial position as one of the Bankers to the Government engaged in negotiating their loans.

it was written ; and this is the way it came about—I was in the act of having a communication through a medium, when our late President Lincoln came and said he wanted to address the people of the United States upon the subject of Reconstruction, and that he desired my aid. I replied that I was at his service, and proposed to arrange at once with the medium for our *séances*. He said, however, that would not be necessary.

"A short time after—as I was sitting alone one afternoon in my library—his spirit came to me and told me what he wanted to say. He occupied me about two hours then, some three or four hours later in the evening, and an hour or two next morning.

"I took notes as he went on—as I used to do of law arguments when I was holding court—and covered some 12 or 14 pages of foolscap paper ; and then he said he would come again, and we would write it out. This took place in the month of November, and the notes lay by me until February, when Lincoln came again, and said Congress would soon adjourn, and he wanted the matter written out and published before that happened ; so I sat down at once to the work.

"We occupied three or four hours each evening for ten successive days and the intermediate Sunday, and finished the work, but I declined to publish, because a good many things were said and places and names mentioned, of which I was entirely ignorant, and which I had never heard of before, and I must first find out how far truthful all that was. I accordingly searched the matter out—in my own library, in the Astor Library in this city, and the State Library at Albany—and thus I found that *many* of the matters (previously, as I have said, unknown to me) were true, and I then sent to Washington and obtained some Congressional documents which showed me the truth of *the rest*, and then I published the pamphlet. But I did not deem it advisable to publish the statement of how the pamphlet originated in the pamphlet itself, though I did not hesitate to publish it in one of our Spiritual papers. It will show you to what extent the spirit-communication has been carried with us, in its mental as distinguished from its physical form.

"This is showing itself in various phases among us—in the Churches, in our social relations, and in our Government. Its ultimate effect can readily be divined, though I can hardly expect to live to witness it.

"But, be assured, *it will come*—thanks be to God—and we may be thankful that it has fallen to our lot to aid its advent and its certain progress.

"As ever, truly yours,

"J. W. EDMONDS."

SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS.—MATERIALISATION OF SPIRIT FORMS.—THE DOUBLE.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

IN an article in the *Spiritual Magazine* for December last, Mr. Coleman, in describing a *séance*, drew attention to, and invited discussion on, the question of what is called "The Double," in connection with the materialisation of spirit forms. The subject is as interesting as it is difficult, owing to the delicate and complex nature of the problem; and in the present state of our knowledge, any theories on the subject should be held in the spirit in which we understand Mr. Coleman to put forth his representations, namely,—as enquiring and tentative, rather than dogmatic and final.

No doubt the two subjects named at the head of this article are in some ways connected, and each may throw some light on the other; but they are so far distinct, that they may be considered independently; and in the first instance it may be best that separate attention be given to each.

Assuming that the form seen at the *séance* referred to was not that of the medium in *propria persona*, either in a conscious or unconscious state, either appearing of her own volition or by spirit agency, but, as alleged, a materialised spirit, there is on the threshold of our enquiry what seems an insuperable difficulty to our acceptance of it as "The medium's own double," namely, that the figure distinctly affirms, and in writing, that it is "properly Annie Morgan,"—a spirit who walked our earth as a creature of flesh and blood some three hundred years ago. Now it may fairly be presumed that the spirit must be better informed as to its own identity than any one can be who is merely speculating and theorising about it. And not only in this instance, but I believe in every instance, the materialised spirit will, in like manner, tell you that it is John, or Peter, some relative, or friend, or former inhabitant of earth, now passed to spirit-life,—an individual spirit, and not in any sense the spirit of the medium, or any duplication of it.

And this uniform testimony is not altogether dependent on the veracity of the communicating spirit. Whether the name and character assumed are truly that of the spirit or not, there is often the strongest evidence of the spirit, communicating at different times, and it may be through different mediums being the same spirit. The first time I heard the voice of the spirit who professes to be Sir John Morgan, formerly Governor of Jamaica, but who prefers to be known as "John King" (so well known

to those who frequent London *séances*), it was in company with an American gentleman, who had known the Davenport boys, and who at once recognised the voice as the same which had frequently conversed with him then as John King; and on this occasion the spirit reminded him of facts connected with those *séances* known to no one else present. The next time I heard the voice of this spirit was some four or five years afterwards, at the house of Mrs. Berry, through the mediumship of Miss Price (now Mrs. Perim). Some years elapsed before I again heard this spirit-voice, and then through the mediumship of Mr. Williams; when the materialised spirit-form from which the voice proceeded was distinctly visible to all present. Now, though my sight is defective, my hearing is particularly acute and discriminating; and I am as certain that it was the same spirit which addressed me on each of those occasions, as I am when I hear my friend Mr. Coleman, or any other person who is well known to me. Not only was there the same powerful, manly voice, the same tones and inflections, but the mental characteristics were the same. And when the materialised form of this spirit has been seen, it has been as distinct from and as unlike that of the medium, as were the voice and character. This is not a matter of opinion. John King has sat for his portrait to an artist, and this portrait has been engraved and printed in *Human Nature*, and in the *Medium*, and its fidelity to the original is admitted by those who have seen both; and it bears not the slightest resemblance to the medium in whose presence it was taken. I have had no opportunity of comparing the materialised form or face of the spirit with that of the medium referred to by Mr. Coleman; but in all the instances I have known the difference in voice and character has been quite as marked as in the instances alluded to; and those blessed with better natural sight than myself have always affirmed that there were corresponding differences in form and features. It also has been affirmed in print that the materialised spirit and the medium have been known to converse together; and though I have not witnessed this, I have had the evidence of sight, hearing, and touch to the presence of the materialised spirit, while the entranced medium has been securely bound in his chair, and held by the person on each side of him.

If we ask of those who should be most competent to determine the question—the spirits themselves—they tell us that these forms are built up of elements drawn from the sitters, and chiefly from the medium; and that, with these refined material elements, they either clothe, as it were, their spiritual bodies, or such members as they seek to present in a visible and pal-

pable form; or they mould these plastic elements into temporary forms, which they for the time animate.

This statement is confirmed by the fact, so often observed at the spirit-circle, that only some member, or part of the spirit-form—the hand, the face, or the bust—is thus materialised; and also by the fact, that this building up of the form has been actually witnessed in process of construction, and while still imperfect, as in the instance quoted by Mr. Owen, in *The Debateable Land*, from the diary of Mr. Livermore, with whom Mr. Coleman is so well acquainted.

I apprehend, then, that the materialised spirit-form seen at *séances* and the “double” are distinct, independent phenomena, which should not be confounded; and I think it will be seen that the *modus operandi* of their formation is also different.

I had intended to present a collection of examples of the “double,” drawn from many different sources, but I find them so numerous, that their full citation here would seem superfluous, and would, perhaps, prove more tiresome than instructive. The fact that a distinctive name is given to this class of apparition in different countries, is sufficient evidence of its universality. “Apparitions of the Living” is the subject of an essay by Judge Edmonds, and is treated by him with his usual perspicuity. Our readers who attended the Conferences on Spiritualism, at Lawson’s Rooms, a few years since, may remember that Mrs. Hardinge related several instances of the kind personally known to her. Her own “double” has been seen on several occasions, and sometimes when she was many miles distant, and minutely described by those who had not seen her. The Society of Spiritualists, at Huddersfield, gave much attention to this phenomenon, and the experience of many of its members fully assured them of its reality. The “double” of the writer of this article has more than once been seen, and its movements heard—on one occasion by two persons at the same time. The same thing has occurred with my sister. On one occasion she was seen going down stairs by the housekeeper, and so immediately in front of her that the latter exclaimed, “Take care, Miss, or I shall tread upon your dress.” The figure went on before her to the basement of the house, and then disappeared. My sister not having that morning left her room. At another time, Mrs. Howitt affirmed that she distinctly saw her at a place where she certainly was not personally present.

It will generally be found, on careful inquiry, that the person whose image is thus seen is, at the time, either in sleep, trance, reverie, or mental abstraction, or with the mind intently concentrated on the person by or in connection with whom the figure is seen; or on the place; or some circumstance connected

with the place where it appears. It is a curious circumstance that a person sometimes sees his or her "double;" an instance of this is given in the experience of Madame Hauffe—the Seeress of Prevorst—as related by Dr. Kerner. By many the "double" is regarded as a sign or warning of impending danger, calamity, or death; and it is doubtless to its supposed connection with the death of the person seen that it has sometimes been called "the Fetch." Those who possess the faculty of what is called "second-sight," however, only infer death when the apparition is accompanied with certain other attendant circumstances.

But now comes the perplexing question raised by Mr. Coleman—"What is the double?" With our imperfect knowledge the question may not admit of an answer altogether conclusive or satisfactory; but at all events some hints may be attempted towards the solution of this difficult problem. Let us hear what Swedenborg has to say upon it. In the excellent biography of him by Dr. Wilkinson is the following passage, quoted from a letter written March 5th, 1770, by David Paulus Ab Indagine, "a respectable and learned individual:"—

"I cannot forbear," says he, "to tell you something new about Swedenborg. Last Thursday I paid him a visit, and found him, as usual, writing. He told me, 'that he had been in conversation that same morning, for three hours, with the deceased King of Sweden. He had seen him already on the Wednesday; but, as he observed that he was deeply engaged in conversation with the Queen, who is still living, he would not disturb him.' I allowed him to continue, but at length asked him, how it was possible for a person, who is still in the land of the living, to be met with in the world of spirits? He replied, 'that it was not the Queen herself, but her *spiritus familiaris*, or her familiar spirit.' I asked him what that might be? for I had neither heard from him anything respecting appearances of that kind, nor had I read anything about them. He then informed me, 'that every man has either his good or bad spirit, who is not constantly with him, but sometimes a little removed from him, and appears in the world of spirits. But of this the man still living knows nothing; the spirit, however, knows everything. This *familiar spirit* has everything in accordance with his companion upon earth; he has, in the world of spirits, the same figure, the same countenance, and the same tone of voice, and wears also similar garments; in a word, this *familiar spirit* of the Queen,' says Swedenborg, 'appeared exactly as he had so often seen the Queen herself at Stockholm, and had heard her speak.' In order to allay my astonishment, he added, 'that Dr. Ernesti, of Leipsic, had appeared to him in a similar manner in the world of spirits, and that he had held a long disputation with him.'"

Those conversant with visions in mirrors and crystals will, in many instances, have had experiences which confirm the general truth of this relation. The apparition of this counterpart of the living person in the mirror, crystal, or vessel of water, is called by them the "atmospheric spirit." It is not necessary that its prototype be present; and although it exactly corresponds thereto in form, feature, and even in dress, yet this resemblance may be external only; it does not necessarily

correspond in character and behaviour; it may in these respects be the very opposite. The double of a friend of mine thus appeared for months together in the mirror of a mutual friend, and refused to go away, behaving as unlike him as possible, and very much to his annoyance. This occasional contrariety of character in connection with similarity of form should be carefully borne in mind; it may be of considerable help to us in the solution of our problem.

That the vision of the double is not merely subjective is evident from the circumstance that it is sometimes seen by more than one person at the same time, though its appearance may be but for a moment only. Unlike the materialised spirit-form it is not a phenomenon of *séances* and circles. It comes spontaneously, unevoked, unexpectedly; and the vision is often not only unsought, but unwelcome.

I think we shall see on a little careful reflection that however complex man's spiritual nature may be, it is still a unity. Consciousness, thought, affection, volition, the sense of identity, are one and indivisible; they are inherent in us as individuals. So, too, the spiritual body is a unit: we can no more conceive of its being multiplied or duplicated, in any proper sense of the term, than we can conceive of the multiplication or duplication of the physical body.

If, then, we speak of the double in any intelligible sense, or with any definite conception of it in our own minds, I think we mean by it either that it is the actual spirit of the person seen; or some reflection, image, effigy, or representation of him, as the physical form may be reflected in a mirror, or represented by art; or again, that it is another spirit appearing in his likeness, intentionally or otherwise, by the operation of some law not yet determined. These hypotheses do not conflict with each other. May there not be truth in each of them? May not the same phenomena, or phenomena so nearly the same that we cannot distinguish them, be produced by different methods which we are unable to severally determine? I think it highly probable. Our theories are often faulty only by defect; we strain them beyond their natural capacity, and their true value is depreciated or denied only because too much has been claimed for them. There may be instances—especially in certain states of sleep and trance—in which the spirit temporarily leaves the body without being wholly severed from it; there may be, again, instances in which, as Mr. Crossland contends, spirit artists project upon our atmosphere, and make visible to the natural eye, or to clairvoyant vision, the counterfeit presentment of those who have passed into the spirit-world, or who are still living in the flesh. Some spirit-photographs seem to be of this class

of representative objects. But the true explanation of the double lies chiefly, I think, in the direction indicated by Swedenborg—though his theory may require both modification and development.

Not only is the world of humanity on earth closely associated with the world of spirits, but it seems highly probable that, in accordance with an ancient and very general belief, every man has some one spirit in more immediate and constant association with him, called by Swedenborg *spiritus familiaris*—the “familiar spirit” of the ancient Hebrews and of mediæval times, the “genius” of the Romans, the “*daemon*” of the Greeks, the “guardian angel” of the churches, when they recognise its divinely-appointed mission—

“We cannot pass our guardian angel’s bound,
Resigned or sullen he will hear our sigh.”

Swedenborg and other seers and mediums affirm that there is an intimate blending of this attendant spirit and the man; he may take possession of the man’s memory, and even almost merge for the time his own identity. The original affinity and correspondence of character which formed the basis of this relation, or the link which bound them, grows closer by this constant association, and it is not difficult to apprehend how the spirit may appear even in external form the exact counterpart of the man with whom this close magnetic and spiritual *rapproch* has been established.

We know that matter is fluent to spirit; that the most solid material objects are no obstacle to its passage. It can pass through the human body, especially when mediumistic, and not actively controlled by the will—as in the unconscious state of sleep and trance—as freely as we can dive into the water; and, as the diver comes up covered with the aqueous element into which he has plunged, so the spirit carries with it for the time the elements of the human organism through which it has passed; and thus, clothed in its periphery, bears its exact resemblance in form, feature, and apparel, even to the minutest article; just as electricity, when it strikes the human body, sometimes imprints on it the form of some object in immediate proximity. The student of Spiritualism will have light thrown on many difficulties by collecting and comparing its various phenomena; they mutually help to the understanding of each other. The point under immediate consideration receives illustration from the action which takes place in connection with the production of spirit-photographs. Some mediums for this phase of spirit manifestations affirm that when the photograph is being taken they feel the passage of the spirit through their organization, causing a sensation like a galvanic shock; and they know, before the

plate is developed, whether a spirit-form may be expected on it or not, by the presence or absence of this sensation; and hence the occasional resemblance which the spirit in the photograph bears to the medium.

This actual passage through the human organism or even direct personal contact, does not seem absolutely requisite to the phenomenon of the "double." The researches of Reichenbach, the experiences of the spirit-circle, and the facts of clairvoyance and psychometry, show that every person and object has its odyllic or magnetic sphere—that it leaves behind an impress of itself. It is chiefly by these emanations that spirits make their manifestations. The attendant spirit, by enveloping itself in this magnetic sphere, may produce the same effect—though perhaps in less powerful degree—as by passing through the human organism.

And here, I think, we may begin to see how (as I stated at the beginning) the allied, though distinct phenomena under consideration throw light upon each other. The mesmeric patient, who passes readily under the mesmeric control of the operator, can be influenced by him at a considerable distance; and the susceptible trance medium may, in like manner, be entranced by the attendant spirit, almost irrespective of distance; but to the materialisation of the spirit-form local proximity to the medium would seem indispensable; and transitively so to the phenomenon of the "double." The relation of spirit and medium is that of positive and negative; and, for perfect manifestation of the spirit, this relation must be strictly maintained. If from ill-regulated emotion, undue excitement, or inharmonious condition of mind or body, or if the control of the spirit be imperfect, through insufficient development of mediumship or other cause, the manifestation is to that degree impaired. If the medium be in an entirely passive and harmonious condition, and the spirit is able to exercise full control, then the materialised form and features will be those proper to the spirit, and bear no perceptible resemblance to the medium; but if these conditions are not preserved, then there will be no manifestation, or it will be feeble, and the resemblance of the spirit to the medium will correspond to the degree of inversion that has taken place in their mutual relation—that is, to the extent to which the medium has become positive in relation to the spirit, and the spirit loses or is unable to exercise full control. This accounts for the startling resemblance of the spirit to the medium sometimes witnessed, especially in the early stages of the medium's development; as well as for the variation of form and feature in this respect of the same spirit at different *séances*, even when manifesting through the same medium.

I do not propose to enter here into the question of personating spirits, either by deceivers in the spirit or in the flesh ; it is neither to my taste, nor is it necessary for the purpose of this argument ; as no one well informed on the subject will deny that there are genuine phenomena on which these observations are based. I offer them not as proofs, but only as hints ; and shall be glad if these crude suggestions help in any degree towards a satisfactory solution of one of the most perplexing problems in connection with the mysteries of nature and of spirit.

Since the foregoing was written, my attention has been drawn to some observations of Mrs. Tappan, as reported in the *Medium and Daybreak*, of December 5th, 1873, and which I quote as confirmatory of the general view above presented :—

“On Wednesday, the 3rd inst., the subject of the weekly lecture by Mrs. Tappan, at the Gower Street Rooms, was the ‘Double,’ and ‘Materialised Spirit-Forms.’ The lecturer, while in the trance state, said, that under certain conditions the spirit could manifest itself apart from the body in which it was incarcerated during earth-life, and become visible to persons at a distance, generally with those in sympathy with it. This well-known phenomenon of the ‘double,’ however, was wholly distinct from what was known as the materialisation of spirit-forms, a manifestation which was now obtained at certain circles, and which was well known and somewhat controlled by the ancient Persians, who also understood how to bring about the inverse phenomenon of rendering the human body invisible by means of the agency of departed spirits. As modern science in due time would turn to the investigation of Spiritualism, although now somewhat contemptuously opposed to it, the mode in which spirits materialised themselves, by gathering the atomic emanations from the medium and the sitters, and building them up into a semblance of the human form, animated by the controlling spirit itself, would be clearly understood and be more generally practised. It was objected that the materialised forms resembled the mediums more or less in most cases, and this gave rise to suspicions of deception. Such resemblance was inevitable, especially under adverse conditions. The likeness might exist for the first two or three, or for many more *séances*, but if care were taken in the selection of the circle, and the same sitters only were present each time, the likeness to the medium would gradually disappear, and the spirit, by experience, would be so enabled to mould the various atomic emanations, as to produce a fair resemblance of what it was in earth-life.

When the spirits of children and others were materialised at *séances*, as was sometimes the case, the children spirits did not themselves build the forms, but were assisted in doing so by elder and more intelligent spirits."

DISCUSSION IN ROME BETWIXT THE SPIRITISTS AND EVANGELICAL PROTESTANTS.

IN the *Eco della Verità*, of the 7th of February, there appeared an account of a discussion, which was to be continued every Friday till finished; I have therefore waited for the continuance, but not having seen anything more of it, I send the account as far as I know of it:—

"*Rome.—Dispute with the Spiritists.*—We announced in our last number, after the dispute with the Materialists, there commenced another dispute with the Spiritists, in the Evangelical Pavilion, Via Laurina, No. 6. They who do not know what Spiritism is, can have no idea of the eccentricity of the famous works of Allan Kardech, the renowned infallible Pope of the Spiritists. They have now descended into a public dispute with the Evangelicals. The champions of Spiritism were Professors Scifoni, Taufani, Ubaldini, Barone, D'Aviso, and others. The defenders of the Christian thesis were Messrs. James Wall, Ciro Duni, and Professor Teleforo Valentini. Signore Viglione, Doctor of Literature and Philosophy, presided.

"The dispute commenced on Friday, January 2nd, and will go on, from Friday to Friday, till the question is entirely exhausted. It began with the existence of Satan. The Spiritist denied his existence. Two Fridays were employed in deciding this point; and we must say, in honour of the truth, that the Evangelicals luminously proved their thesis; so much so, that their adversaries, not being able to maintain the non-existence of Satan, gave way, admitted that he existed, but asserted that he would not always continue in evil, but that he will repent, be restored, and established once more in good. They denied the eternity of punishment, or that of evil. On this argument the discussion of next Friday will turn. We congratulate, from our hearts, our friends. Such discussions are the triumphs of truth. We await the end; but, in the meantime, we know truth will triumph over every attack, throwing out ever fresh light against its enemies, A brave heart to Messrs. Wall, Duni, and Valentini, and we wish them strength

and courage to combat all the errors that oppose the Gospel of Christ."

According to this account the Kardechians have caught it. It may be all correct, or it may not, I have only heard this side of the question; but certainly, as to their re-incarnation dogma, I don't mind how much they get pounded. As to the existence of Satan, I dare say the "Anarch old" will continue to give proof enough of his vitality.

I was not before aware of so many Kardechians in Rome, but I dare say the valourous Wall, Duni and Co. class all Spiritualists under the same head, as enemies of the Gospel. There is a certain very Evangelical Admiral Fishbourne, who goes about Rome saying that I am no Christian, for I am a Spiritualist. I have desired a friend, to whom he said this, to ask him if he be a Christian who "judges the brethren," and does not allow them to stand or fall to their own Master.

If I see more of the Evangelico-Kardechian skirmish I will send it.

W. H.

ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS WITH MISS COOK WHEN ENTRANCED.

(From the "*Spiritualist*" of March 20th.)

THE experiments in question were made at the house of Mr. J. C. Luxmoore, J.P., 16, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, W. The back drawing room was separated from the front by a thick curtain, to exclude the light of the front room from the back room, which was used as a dark cabinet. The doors of the dark room were locked, and the room searched before the *séance* began. The front room was illuminated by a shaded paraffin lamp, turned low. The Galvanometer used in the experiment was placed on the mantel piece, 10 or 11 feet from the curtains. The following observers were present:—Mr. Luxmoore, Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., Mrs. Crookes, Mrs. Cook, Mr. G. R. Tapp, Mr. Harrison, and myself. Mr. Crookes sat close to the curtain on one side, and Mr. Luxmoore on the other.

Miss Cook was placed in an arm chair in the room which was subsequently to serve as a darkened cabinet. Two sovereigns, to which platinum wires had been soldered, were attached one to each of her arms, a little above her wrists, by means of elastic rings. Between the sovereigns and the skin three layers

N.S.—IX.

of thick white blotting paper, moistened with solution of nitrate of ammonia, were placed. The platinum wires were attached to her arms, and led up to her shoulders, so as to allow of the free movement of her limbs. To each platinum wire was attached a thin cotton-covered copper wire, which led into the light room where the sitters were to be located. Thick curtains separated the two rooms, so as to leave Miss Cook in the dark when the curtains were down.

The conducting wires were connected with the two cells of a "Daniell's" battery, and a regular cable-testing apparatus. When all was ready, the back room was darkened, the current passing through the body of the medium the whole evening.

The batteries had been newly charged, and by tests made before and after the *séance*, they were found not to have varied more than one per cent. The current through the medium diminished gradually, excepting at certain times stated further on, in consequence of the drying of the blotting paper, which increased the resistance between the sovereigns and the skin.

Mr. W. H. Harrison, who was present, recorded the readings and my remarks, and timed them with a chronometer, as I, from time to time, dictated. The current from the two cells flowed through the Galvanometer, the resistance cells, and Miss Cook, then back to the battery. The electrical resistance of the body of the medium produced 220 divisions on the scale of the reflecting galvanometer at seven o'clock, and when the two sovereigns were united, it gave a deflection of 300 divisions. The blotting paper dried gradually, and at 7.17 p.m. the deflection had fallen to 197 divisions.

Prior to the medium being entranced, she was requested to move her hands about; which, by varying the amount of metallic surface in actual contact with the paper and skin, produced deflections of from 15 to 30 divisions, and sometimes more; consequently, if, during the *séance*, she moved her hands at all, the fact was instantly rendered visible by the Galvanometer. In fact, Miss Cook took the place of a telegraph cable, under electrical test.

In the course of the evening, the following readings were obtained and remarks recorded. The current was not interrupted an instant during the whole *séance*. Had the circuit been broken for only one-tenth of a second, the Galvanometer would have moved over 200 divisions.

I was placed at the end of the table, 10 or 11 feet from the curtain, and only once was I allowed to go nearer, *viz.*, a minute or two before the *séance* was over.

Our room being dimly illuminated, my eyes were rendered less sensitive than those of the other observers, because I was for the greater part of the time closely watching the bright reflected image from the Galvanometer; but when I looked at Katie the lamp was for a few seconds turned up to let me have a better view. Katie was much like the medium, Miss Cook, and I said to her, "You look exactly like our medium." She said, "Yeth! yeth!" I was therefore very anxious to see if, when she moved her hands and arms, any variation took place in the strength of the electric current; sometimes there was a variation; at others, *viz.*, when she opened and closed her fist; and also when she was writing there was no variation.

Towards the close of the *séance* the room was darkened, and Katie allowed me to approach her. She then let me grasp her hand; it was a long one, very cold and clammy. A minute or two afterwards, Katie told me to go into the dark chamber to detrance Miss Cook. I found her in a deep trance, huddled together in her easy chair, her head lying upon her left shoulder, her right hand hanging down. Her hand was small, warm, and dry; and not long, cold, and clammy, like Katie's.

In the course of two or three minutes she came out of the trance, when Messrs. Luxmoore and Crookes came in with a light.

The sovereigns, blotting paper, and wires were exactly as I had left them, *viz.*, attached to her arms by pieces of elastic.

I was so much exhausted after this *séance* that I was obliged to discontinue the experiments.

[I have lent my apparatus to Mr. Crookes, and have been to his house and tested the apparatus before Mr. Crookes, using his son (who is not a medium) in place of Miss Cook, who was not present.]

Mr. Crookes is unaffected by physical *séances*, but I always am very much exhausted by them. Notwithstanding so much vital power is taken from me, my presence very often weakens or altogether stops the production of the phenomena.

The following table gives the readings and the phenomena as they were noted down:—

Battery power two cells Daniells; resistance about four Ohms per cell.				
Resistance of Galvanometer	...	...	...	85,000 Ohms.
" Coils	...	...	...	10,000 "
Total resistance before the medium was put in circuit	...	...	...	49,000

[TABLE.

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TABLE.

Battery through 49,000 Ohms produced on the Galvanometer 300 divisions on the scale; when Miss Cook in circuit also, 220.

Time.	Deflection.	REMARKS.
p.m.		
7.10	220	{ Miss Cook in circuit, 23,000 Ohms when wrists and fists moved.
	200 to 250	
7.12	220	— Séances beginning.
7.13	220	
7.14	210	— The medium has shifted her position.
7.15	220	
7.16	200	— Ditto ditto
	197	
	197	
	195	
	196	
	195	
7.18	194	
	195	
	194	
	195	
7.19	193	
	196	
	195	
	193	
7.20	191	
	190	
	189	
7.21	191	
	191	
7.22	192	{ Katie whispered, her voice being recognized by Mr. and Mrs. Crookes, Mr. Luxmoore, Mrs. Cook, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Tap.
	192	
	193	
7.23	191 to 195	{ Fluctuating. Medium apparently uneasy, and moving about.
	193	
	192	
7.24	193	
	189	
7.25	191	
	186	{ A fall of 36 divisions in one minute. Miss Cook has evidently shifted her position and has probably moved the sovereigns a little in so doing. No break of circuit however. See note A.
	176	
	174	
	171	
7.26	155	
	155	
	151	
7.27	148	
	153	{ Katie looked out from under the curtain on the side next to Mr. Luxmoore, who was on her left; this movement on her part required a motion of her hands. Galvanometer moved five divisions.

Time.	Deflection.	REMARKS.
p.m.		
7.28	151 154 157	
7.29	155	{ Katie showed herself again as before for a few seconds, lifting curtain as before. Galvanometer did not move more than three divisions.
	154 156	
7.29½	154 153	— Ditto ditto — Ditto ditto
7.30	157	
	154	{ Katie showed her hands, I did not see them, all the others did; I was too far away and watching Galvanometer.
7.31	155	— Showed herself again for a moment.
7.32	152	
7.33	152	
7.34	151	
7.35	152	
7.36	135	{ Katie showed her hand and arm, Galvanometer fell seventeen divisions! <i>Note B.</i>
7.36½	150	{ Katie showed both arms which she freely moved about. Galvanometer rose 15, then 6, in all 21 divisions.
7.37	156 156 155 157	
7.38	155 to 157	{ Katie appeared on the other side of the curtain close to Mr. Crookes. Showed both of her arms. I saw this.
	157	
7.39	155	Katie put her hand on Mr. Crookes's head, who said it felt cold. I saw this. No movement of Galvanometer. <i>Excellent test. Note C.</i>
7.40	156	
7.41	156 155	
7.42	157	{ Katie put her arm out full length, and asked for pencil and paper. Katie now began writing in sight of observers. I watched Galvanometer closely the whole time she was writing, and it did not vary one division. <i>EXCELLENT TEST.</i> After the manifestation, Katie threw the paper at Mrs. Cook (the medium's mother). Katie then at my request moved her wrists, opened and closed her fingers, but the Galvanometer was steady the whole time. I was watching the Galvanometer while asking the questions, and Crookes and Harrison, and others, told me that she moved her hands again and again in the manner requested by me. While Katie was moving her wrists about and opening and closing her fingers, we all distinctly heard Miss Cook moaning like a person in a troubled dream. The opening and closing of her fingers did not cause any variation exceeding one division on the scale; had it been Miss Cook's hand, the Galvanometer would have varied at least 10 divisions.

Time.	Deflection.	REMARKS.
p.m.		
7.43	156	
7.44	158	
7.45	146	
7.46	149	
	150	
7.47	147	
	150	
7.48	146	{ I here tested the sensitiveness of Galvanometer and found that with 49,000 Ohms resistance, the deflection was 297½ as against 300 degrees at the commencement of the experiment.

At 7.48 Katie let me grasp her hand, and asked me to wake up the medium.

Note A. (7.25 to 7.26 p.m.)—Galvanometer rapidly fell from 191 to 155; in another minute Katie appeared; the Galvanometer never rose higher than 157 or 158 after this sudden drop. (This is worthy of careful note.)

Note B. (7.35 to 7.36½ p.m.)—Galvanometer fell from 152 to 135, and rose again to 150; and at 7.37 to 156. The medium seems to have moved much. Here Katie showed both her arms, and moved them freely about. This looked very suspicious; but—

Note C.—At 7.39 p.m. Katie moved her arms about freely, and touched Mr. Crookes on the head, the Galvanometer being quite steady; it did not vary more than one division; this neutralises the doubt just expressed.

At 7.42 she was actively writing, but the Galvanometer did not vary one division. This, I maintain, clearly proves that Miss Cook was not only in the dark chamber while Katie was in sight, but also perfectly quiescent.

At 7.45 p.m. she repeated this experiment with the same result; and while Katie was moving her fingers and wrists I watched her, Mr. Harrison watching the Galvanometer. Mr. Crookes drew our attention to the fact that Miss Cook was moaning like a person suffering from an uneasy dream, and Katie was at the same time standing before us, and moving her hands as desired.

C. F. VARLEY.

[The materialisation of spirit-forms and faces has created considerable interest and controversy among Spiritualists. This controversy has chiefly arisen from the close and acknowledged resemblance which these forms and faces, in some instances, bear to certain alleged mediums in whose presence these mani-

festations occur, and which have led even some of their warmest friends to express doubts as to their true nature. Some contend that the spirit-form is but the "double" of the medium; others averring that it is the medium entranced and unconscious in *propria persona*, under spirit control. Under these circumstances, it should not excite angry feeling, or even much surprise, that others, including many Spiritualists, take even a less favourable view of the situation. The foregoing letter, by a Fellow of the Royal Society, will go far to set these doubts at rest; and we presume a statement may shortly be expected from another Fellow of the Royal Society, who, it is well known, has been for some time past closely investigating the matter, giving his experiments and their results. But tests of this delicate nature, however satisfactory, can only be employed by men of science, with scientific appliances; and it would be still more satisfactory if simpler and equally effective tests could be devised which could be more generally applied; and for the majority of investigators no tests are so satisfactory as the ordinary ones of sight and touch; and it is unfortunate that it is just where the resemblance of the materialised form or face to that of the medium is most striking—that is, where they are most needed—that they are interdicted; it may be for sufficient reasons, but so long as this continues doubt will never be wholly dispelled by any knotting and sealing, while the more effective tests devised by Messrs. Varley and Crookes are rarely at command.

On another page we give an instance in which the medium (Dr. Monck) and the spirit-form were both visible together; and many similar examples, some more perfect, are recorded in our pages. Mr. Williams, the medium, has repeatedly, and at various places, been seen at the very moment the spirit-form was visible, and while firmly bound in his chair has been held by the person next him on either side. We have been present when, under these conditions, several spirit-forms have been seen, and have held conversation with their friends *simultaneously*, at different parts of the room. In the case of a cabinet *séance*, if a spirit-form is seen, there is no occasion to grasp the spirit (though where this has been done no particular harm has happened to the medium), it would be quite sufficient to hold the hand of the apparition while any sceptical person in the company satisfied himself by actual inspection, and by touch, that the medium was really in the cabinet. When only a spirit-face is seen at the aperture of the cabinet, why should there not be two or more such apertures, so that the face of the medium might be kept at one aperture while the spirit-face appeared at another? If a second face were seen,

it would then be certain that it was not the medium's; and, possibly, even more than one spirit-face might so be seen, while the medium's was also visible. We can take no credit for this suggestion, for when the spirit-faces were first seen in London, through the mediumship of Mrs. Guppy, this means was successfully adopted, and we are surprised that a means so simple and effective for determining the point of another face appearing than the medium's has not been generally adopted.

We make these observations not to disparage the valuable experiments above quoted, but as practical suggestions to those who have the management of *séances*, and which, where these scientific tests are not practicable, may serve to supplement them; or be substituted for them. So far from wishing to encourage suspicion (of which an abundant supply is always on hand), we desire that proper means be taken to remove or prevent all ground of reasonable suspicion. If tests are adopted, let them be as perfect as possible. If there is entire confidence, no tests are necessary.—Ed. *S. M.*]

EXPERIENCES OF A LADY.

[MRS. ANDREWS has favoured us with the following continuation of her manifesting experiences.]

I had, in December last, a series of very interesting *séances* with Dr. Henry Slade, of which I will not give all the details, since many of the phenomena were such as I and others have described before, and with which most readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* are familiar; but will only make such extracts, from notes taken at the time, as are descriptive of manifestations of a more or less peculiar character.

In most of my former sittings with this medium, I was the only person present beside himself, which I somewhat regret, as the testimony of two or three is always more satisfactory than that of a single witness. However, my experience is no more wonderful or incredible than that of many others, and I offer it for what it is worth.

December 2nd, 1873.—Had a short introductory sitting. The gas partially turned down. There was a handkerchief pinned over the aperture of the little yard-square curtain, hung across the side of the table opposite me. This handkerchief was pulled, shaken, lifted, and crumpled up, as by a hand hidden behind it. The dark hand of Owassoo, the Indian Control, grasped my arm above the elbow, several times, sometimes so

hard as to be almost painful. I saw this hand, which also came up several times between my waist and the table.

The gas was not turned very low and the fire gave a good deal of light. Three or four times there was a brilliant flash, across the room, about six feet from where we sat, followed by a report as loud as that from the explosion of a cap in a pistol.

December 3rd.—Had a morning sitting. Room entirely light. Got a letter from my dear boy, Harold, written inside a hinged slate, placed on the top of the table. Among other things, he said, "I cannot stay with Brother much, on account of a smell that comes from his experiments." (This brother is a student in the Yale scientific school and spends most of his time in the laboratory.) Owassoo influenced the medium, and after giving directions relative to the next *séance*, he turned aside, as if seeing, or listening to some one, and then said—"There's a squaw here, she laughs and says, 'Ask her if she goes to pay calls on washing-day now.'"

This most unexpected question startled and puzzled me exceedingly. Many years ago, when I was first married, and went from the South to Boston to live, I had an intimate friend, from Baltimore, visiting me. New England ways were new to us, and we found some of them very odd and amusing. Among other things, which struck us as ridiculous, we were warned not to return calls on Monday, because it was washing-day. Never having heard before of ladies having any peculiar duties to perform on washing-day, we made ourselves very merry over this peculiarity of "the Yankees," as distinguished from Southerners, and even, long afterwards, used to laugh about "paying calls on washing-day." Where this allusion to an old joke came from, I cannot imagine. I do not know whether my Baltimore friend has passed to the spirit-world or not, and although her sister, with whom I also was very intimate, has been gone some years, and knew of this old-time jest, it seems very strange that it should have been brought back to my memory now in such an unlooked-for way. I mention it as a singular evidence of spirit-presence, since no thought of mine could have created it and the medium of course knew nothing about it.

December 3rd (Evening). What Owassoo calls his "pistolin," was fired off again. It is like a flash and explosion from a powerful electric discharge.

As I sat with my hands holding those of the medium upon the table, I felt, first a cold breeze, and then something like down or cobwebs drawn backwards and forwards over them. My head, back, and arms, were patted with gentlest, softest touches. Something feeling like drapery, only wonderfully fine and

delicate, was drawn, back and forth, across my head and forehead. I asked dear H. to kiss me, and felt at once a soft pressure upon my brow. Once, I saw something flash by me, very near my face, like a dark wing or shadow.

After this, we saw, at the aperture of the curtain a spirit-face. The shape of the head and forehead was like my dear boy, but the face gave out a white light, which prevented my seeing the features distinctly. It grew gradually less ethereal, smiled brightly, and nodded in reply to a question, but was not sufficiently material to be perfectly distinct.

I had been wishing, during the day, that some mark might be left upon my flesh which might remain until I returned home, but had said nothing to any one about it. After pulling my dress so as to shake me, the hand came up and pinched the under side of my arm, three times, so hard that I cried out with the pain, and the blue black bruise remained, and was seen by my friends, after my return from New York.

December 4th.—After getting a communication upon the inside of the hinged slate, I asked my dear boy if he could sit upon my knee. I saw nothing, but felt him get up, and his weight was as real to me as if he had been there in the earthly form. He got off and came back again, and his movements and pressure were as actual as the sense of touch could make them. The medium said he saw him distinctly as he came and went. I asked him to touch my foot, and he lifted my skirt slightly and clasped his hand round my boot.

In the evening we sat again, and after feeling the drapery drawn across our hands, something like an illuminated mist came floating over the table, bringing a cold wind, and as this whitish vapour drew itself together, in front of us, blows of fearful violence were struck upon the table, and every time the blow fell I saw flashes of light, like lightning, follow it.

December 5th.—After some other manifestations had taken place, I asked the spirit to write something upon the slate, and rub it out again, as I felt sure I had seen a word erased, as by a finger, and another written in its place, in a letter which I got at a *séance* two years ago. The medium held the slate a considerable distance from the under side of the table, where I could see his hand grasping it. The words "Look at this," were written, and partially rubbed out. We could distinctly hear the hand rubbing the slate.

Two or three words were again written, and again erased, leaving wet streaks, as from damp fingers. I said to the medium, "I did not particularly notice last time, as I should have done, that the slate was made perfectly clean and dry before the experiment was tried—I should like to try it again." We

did so—the words, “Be sure,” were written, and the slate tapped upon, to indicate that we were to read them; then, on holding the slate as before, we again heard the rubbing hand, and, on lifting it, saw wet smears where the writing had been. Afterwards, as I sat with one hand on my lap, the other being with those of the medium, on the table, I felt fingers pushing something into it, feeling very cold, as if just brought from out of doors; it fell upon the floor, but was picked up by the spirit-hand and given me again, and I found it to be a copper cent, of the year 1820, looking clean, and but little worn, as if it had lain away somewhere unused. My handkerchief was taken from my lap and knotted upon the frame of my chair behind me. It was also carried about for some time near the ceiling and then fell, having a shell tied up in it, which shell had never been seen in the house before. Various articles of furniture, at a distance from us, were moved, and a table cover carried through the air. It was broad daylight. We also heard the spirit-hand rubbing over the slate which lay upon the top of the table, and this was repeated at my request.

December 6th.—Sat in the evening for materialisation. Before the medium seated himself, I having taken my chair by the table while he was hanging the little curtain, said to him, “I feel as if one ought to be, somehow, lifted out of ordinary, common-place states of mind, and brought into a more elevated condition of thought and feeling before sitting for these things;” then, thinking what would most tend to this result, music suggested itself, and, as he took his seat beside me, I asked, “Would you not like to have a good musical box?” He replied in the affirmative, and the words were hardly uttered, when the clear, distinct notes of what seemed a large musical box, playing close to us, were heard. The medium never having had anything like this before, was greatly startled, and springing up from his seat, exclaimed, “Good heavens, what is that?” I persuaded him to be quiet and sit down again, when the air was played through to the end. The music lasted for some minutes, and although I knew there was no musical instrument, except an accordion, in the room, I could hardly believe that the box we heard so plainly was not actually close to us, upon the table, *the wood of which vibrated under our hands*, not with any vague thrill, but exactly as it would had a large music box been placed upon it while playing. The medium afterwards declared to a friend that had I been a stranger to him he should have believed that I had the instrument secreted about me. But, if it had been a material reality, it would have had to be upon the table, and very near our hands, for the vibrations to be so distinctly marked, and so strong, as they were. When

the strange sweet music had ceased, a form rose above the top of the curtain. It was snowy white, and almost transparent. The face was indistinct, and as white as the raiment. There seemed to be drapery, like folds of thinnish lawn, over the top of the head, and brought down under the chin. After rising several times above the curtain, it appeared at the side of it, farthest from the medium, and leaned forward over the table, showing the white garments below the waist. As this spirit re-appeared several times, it grew gradually less misty; there was more colour in the face, and we could distinctly see dark curls at the side of the face, and the hair over the forehead. This spirit-face never became perfectly materialised, so as to appear like living flesh, as I have seen some; the features cast no shadow, but seemed to ray out light, which, more than the want of materiality, caused, as I thought, the difficulty in seeing it with absolute distinctness. Still, from the marked resemblance in general outline, from the name whispered by the lips, and by tests of identity afterwards given, I have no doubt of its having been a dear friend, and distant relative, who passed away last fall, in Brighton, England. This lady was very musical, and every time she came to us the magical music of the unseen box was heard. Twice, the moment before it became audible, the medium spake of seeing a spirit-form approach us, bearing a golden harp, which it placed upon the table. I received a communication; written inside a hinged slate, placed on the top of the table, from this friend of whom I have spoken, in which she alluded to an evening passed with me 16 years ago, "at Mrs. L——'s house, in London, Canada," where we were present at a private *séance* given by the Davenport Brothers, and where John King spake, and manifested himself in other ways. In this letter, messages were sent to a dear friend in Brighton, the name of her friend being given, and also some allusions made, in messages to her, which I did not understand; but this friend to whom they were sent, who is not a Spiritualist, was convinced of the genuineness of the communication by its internal evidences of the writer's identity. The letter was signed, both names being written, and correctly spelled, although the family name is frequently spelled differently. These names, as well as others given, were unknown to the medium.

During this *séance* of December 6th, I asked the medium if he could tell why Owassoo's so-called "pistol" was always fired off in about the same spot? He replied that he could not tell, as he had no idea how the flash and report were produced. A few minutes afterwards he rose to regulate the gas, and, as he had his arm raised for the purpose, the invisible pistol was fired close to us, between my head and his side. He leaped as if he

had been shot, being far too nervous to relish Owassoo's practical jokes. In the course of this sitting many various forms of manifestation were given. While the room was light, a little silver bell was brought from a mantel-piece at the far end of the room. It came slowly through the air, falling several times, and being picked up again by the spirit. While the invisible musical box was playing, this bell was brought quite near us, and rung by an unseen hand, in time to the music, being afterwards thrown upon the table directly in front of me. I say "by an unseen hand," because we afterwards saw it, when thus brought within the materialising power of the medium, held by a snow-white hand, which rung it violently, and struck it hard upon the top of the table. Being desirous to experience the sensation of levitation (so-called), I asked Owassoo if he could lift me as I sat. In an instant my chair was dragged backward a little way, and lifted forward. Thinking it might increase the power, I asked the medium, who was sitting at a right angle from me, to stretch out his arm and rest his hand lightly on the back of my chair. He did so, desiring me to lean my head back, so that I might feel that there was no contraction of the muscles of the fingers, as in lifting. I did so, although I knew that no man living could sit in that position and lift my weight. Gradually and steadily the chair rose, until the seat of it was rather above the level of the table, and my feet hanging nearly a foot from the floor, for I seated myself as far back as possible, there seeming a tendency at first to tip forwards. After remaining supported in this way an appreciable time, I was let gently down again, without any jar. I would say here, that although this lifting by spirit-power is called "venitation," it is surely no more a violation of the law of gravitation, than the lifting of any object by a hand of flesh is so. It seems to me that it is merely overcoming one force by another, and all the mystery lies in our inability to comprehend the nature of that subtle substance, animated by intelligence, which we call "spirit," and its mode of action upon grosser forms of matter. To those who refuse to accept the spirit theory, these manifestations may well seem to be the most astounding violations of natural law. Even to those whose way is somewhat cleared by their admission of the fact of spirit presence and power, that most marvellous act, the passing of solid matter through solid matter, although we know that it, too, must take place naturally, not miraculously, by the action of laws which, as yet, we do not in the least understand, seems more like magic than does any other equally well attested fact. This marvellous phenomenon had not been witnessed, through Dr Slade's mediumship, until these last *séances* of mine with him.

On the evening of December 6th, while we were seated in a partially light room, a heavy black cloak, which I had left upon a piano in the parlour, the doors being closed between, fell, as if from the ceiling, upon our hands. On the next evening, after shutting the doors, I had them hooked upon the inside, and on this occasion a flannel sacque was brought from a box in the parlour and thrown upon the table in front of us, being afterwards drawn away again, lifted into the air, and flung upon the floor.

Owassoo, influencing the medium, said that he had brought the things, and that Mr. S. and Colonel Tappan (the husband of Mrs. Tappan now lecturing in England), who were seated in the parlour, talking together, had not seen what he was about. They had not been aware of any sound or motion, or of any presence but their own, while the garment was being removed from the box, the lid of which was open, a napkin being spread over its contents. The sacque must have been pulled from beneath other articles, as it was not lying loosely on the top, but packed down in one corner. Owassoo assured me that he had been careful not to pull other things out.

Before my last sitting, on Sunday evening, December 7th, I had been told, by a spirit calling himself "Dr. Davis," (who frequently speaks through the medium and always with a very dignified manner, and much intelligence); that I was to be shown a manifestation like that spoken of in Genesis as "the Burning Bush," which "burned with fire, yet was not consumed." The curtain had been hung for materialization, and some manifestations had taken place, when, suddenly, there streamed up from beneath the edge of the table, and at one side of the curtain, what seemed flames of actual fire, sending up a smoky vapour, and accompanied by a very faint crackling sound. The side of the room and ceiling were illuminated by this blaze which left behind it no mark nor token whatever, but passed wholly away, after a few moments, into the region of the invisible from whence it had come. A few minutes afterwards, flaming hands, that of Owassoo, and one smaller and very white, came up close to me, touched my face with cool fingers, and poured up, with the brilliant flames, such streams of vapour, smelling like that from burning phosphorus, that the thick fumes nearly hid my arm, as the hand was held between it and my waist, making it necessary for me to turn my face away from the choking odour, which was very unpleasant. Owassoo declared that these flaming hands and the burning bush were of the same character, and produced by phosphorus, and other substances, drawn from the medium, the sitter, and the atmosphere.

LOUISA ANDREWS.

Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., Feb. 17th, 1874.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

TESTIMONY OF MR. JAMES THORNTON HOSKINS AND
MR. HERBERT NOYES.

THE following letter appears in the *Examiner* of January 31, 1874 :—

“ Sir,—Having lately devoted some portion of my time to the theoretic and practical study of spiritual phenomena, and thereby qualified myself, in some measure, to form an opinion upon the subject, I trust you will, in the interests of science, allow me to place briefly before your readers one of my most remarkable experiences.

“ On Saturday, March 29th, 1873, I went to the house of Mr. Frederick Hudson, of Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road, for the purpose of testing the truth or falsity of Spirit-Photography. It being a branch of the question with which I was quite unfamiliar, I took with me a friend, Mr. Noyes, of the United University Club, a gentleman who has photographed extensively in Egypt and Syria, and who has therefore sufficient experience of the art to be confident of being able to detect any attempt at fraud, if admitted to the photographer's sanctum. Mr. Noyes, I should premise, is a gentleman of good social *status*, whose honesty is above suspicion. On our arrival at Mr. Hudson's, we met, by appointment, Mrs. Olive (her present address is 49, Belmont Street, Chalkfarm Road, N.W.), a trustworthy medium or person gifted with a sensitive negative-magnetic temperament, and thereby enabled to facilitate communications with psychic agents, whose corporeal forms, being more or less fluidic and etherealised, are invisible to the sense of sight in its rude elementary physical condition.

“ After some preliminary conversation, we all passed through the garden into the glass-house, at the extreme end of which, and entirely partitioned off from it by a canvas screen immediately behind the sitter, is a closet, intended to accommodate the medium. When the plates were prepared, and all was ready, Mrs. Olive left the glass-house and entered this closet, so that it would have been physically impossible for her to come within the range of the instrument. I was taken five times. On the first occasion, I persisted in the wish that I had mentally expressed on the preceding day, *i.e.*, for the presence of two departed relatives, the result being that two very indistinct shrouded forms appeared on the negative, one on either side of me. Not being particularly satisfied, as the features of one were entirely concealed, and those of the other but dimly visible,

I sat or rather stood again. The next three attempts were complete failures. But on the fifth and last sitting, I silently wished for a manifestation by one spirit only. There then came out, in accordance with my desire, a good, though not very strongly-marked likeness of my mother, who quitted this sphere in the winter of the year 1862. I was not in the slightest degree excited either before or after the appearance, for it is well known amongst investigators that any ill-regulated emotion, whether springing from a religious source or having its root in a cynical, grating hostility to the movement, is wont to disturb the free action of the ubiquitous cosmic forces—magnetism, electricity, &c.,—through whose instrumentality inert atoms are grouped into form under the direction of spirit. Perhaps, if I had been even less anxious for success, the invisible operator could have produced a clearer likeness.

“Doubtless many who have read thus far will straightway suspect imposture on the part of Mr. Hudson. They will not unnaturally recall to mind instances of “double exposure” and other trickeries. But the fact of this manifestation having taken place under strict test conditions is of itself, setting apart various other important considerations, a sufficient answer to that objection. *Mr. Noyes was admitted to the dark room.* He examined the plates used in the process sufficiently closely to be able to recognise them, saw them cleaned, inspected the camera and slides; placed the sitter, focussed the instrument, and superintended the processes of collodionising and sensitising the plates; remained in the operating room during the whole process, saw the plates taken out of the slide, watched with me the process of developing the pictures, and saw the portraits emerge simultaneously with the portrait of the visible sitter. Mr. Noyes, who is more competent to explain this evidence of spirit-action than the writer, wishes me to add, in his own words, the following:—

“Those who are new to the subject may be inclined to scoff at the idea of being able to photograph an object invisible to the human eye. Good spectroscopists, however, know by experience that the camera will register outer rays of the spectrum, which, though invisible to the physical eye, are chemically potential. Indeed, they are aware that if a room be illuminated by prisms so arranged as to cut off the violet rays, the resulting light, though almost undiminished in brilliancy, will hardly act on the chemicals, whereas by an arrangement which admitted the chemical rays and excluded the light rays, it would, in all probability, be feasible to produce photographs in a dark room. It would seem, therefore, by no means incredible that a more thorough acquaintance with the

laws of light than we at present possess should enable spirits, invisible to ordinary vision, to render themselves visible to the camera by some occult concentration of the chemical rays on the magnetic envelope or spiritual body—the *nephesh* of the Book of Genesis, or *perispirit*, as it has been called by French Spiritualists—and which can encrust itself by attracting quasi-material particles from the magnetic emanations of certain media suitable for the purpose, emanations which Reichenbach long since proved to be visible to sensitive organisations. Reichenbach's evidence has been disputed, but I have recently obtained unimpeachable independent testimony to support it; it not only helps one to understand the theory of Spirit-Photography, but helps to explain the occasional materialisation of spirit-forms to an extent which renders them visible to the physical eye. Ghosts will soon cease to be *supernatural*.'

"Such is the impartial testimony of my friend. I will only add in conclusion, that I have, from time to time, held what may be termed elementary *séances* at my own house, without paid mediums; and that on one other occasion, at the residence of Mr. Charles Williams, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, I myself inspected the cabinet and securely tied this gentleman—who is, by the way, as worthy of his hire as any other useful worker—previous to an excellent manifestation by the now celebrated John King. Far be it from me to deny that, partly with the view of satisfying an unreasonable and ignorant demand, an artificial supply has been occasionally created. On the contrary, I agree with the renowned lawyer, Judge Edmonds, of New York; M. Hermann Goldschmidt, the discoverer of fourteen planets, Mrs. Cora Tappan, Professors Wallace and Hare, and M. Camille Flammarion, that within the ranks of Spiritualism are to be found weak and credulous, no less than millions of clear-headed, sensible witnesses; likewise high-minded, honourable mediums in the same profession with impostors whose moral sense is so blunted by habits of fraud that they are hardly capable of realising the specially shameful iniquity of deceiving people in a matter so vital, so intimately associated with personal feeling, with moral behaviour, with social and political reform, and with the authenticity of an immense number of facts, upon the validity of which the Bible must stand or fall.

"In the name, then, of Christ and spirituality, in the name of religion and science, let us gather recruits from the ranks both of orthodoxy and scepticism, from advanced Liberalism and thoughtful Conservatism, to swell the army of that great Third Party, that Progressive or Pure Left, which is rapidly diffusing information respecting the now indisputable fact of immortality, which laughs to scorn the clamorous attacks both of parson on

the one hand, and materialist on the other, and which will never desist from its sacred labours until every man, woman, and child is led to believe in a religion based on facts, whatever may be their differences of theological opinion. Welcome an age of associated effort for the promotion of sound theological science, of common sense, enlarged views, and useful knowledge,—the more useful because the more true.

“I am, &c.,

“JAMES THORNTON HOSKINS.

“Reform Club, Pall Mall.”

MODERN PANTHEISM *VERSUS* SPIRITUALISM.*

THIS little essay of 41 pages is marked by the clearness and vivacity which characterise the writings of its author. It is a curious blending of idealism with materialism. Mr. Bray joins hands with Berkely on the one side, and Büchner on the other. The old materialistic philosophy is refurbished and put into its newest and smartest dress; but, notwithstanding the author's efforts to make it as attractive as possible, and notwithstanding that it contains some elements of a nobler faith, it is still, to our thinking, a very dreary and depressing one. It may be summed up in the single article, “I believe in nothing but my own sensations.” He tells us, “We know nothing of the real or essential nature of anything. . . . In no single instance is the world what it appears to be to the common sense or to the vulgar eye. . . . What we call matter is an illusion and delusion, what there may be in reality we do not know. . . . When, then, we speak of matter and spirit, of body, mind, and soul, as different in themselves, we speak of what we can and do know nothing about.”

This then is what Mr. Bray has to tell us of the universe. It is all a phantasmagoria—the play of phenomena. We have, indeed, pleasure, and pain;—we know of our own sensations. That is all. There are no measures of truth, but only the effect of something—we know not what—acting on a particular structure susceptible to these impressions. Each sentient creature thus creates his own world, which differs from every other

* *Illusion and Delusion; or, Modern Pantheism versus Spiritualism.* By CHARLES BRAY, Author of *The Philosophy of Necessity, &c.* London: THOMAS SCOTT, Upper Norwood.

world, and in the exact degree in which his brain and nervous structure differs from that of every other creature.

What does our author tell us of man? This:—That the freedom of his will, his sense of a spiritual nature distinct from his material body, all which he has hitherto conceived of as relating him to a higher world, are, like the appearances of the material world, mere illusions. “Faith, hope, resignation, and all the soul’s highest aspirations, exist only from their connection—like colour and music—with organization; they are feelings specialised by the peculiar structure of certain nervous centres; and, if that organization is not there, like colour, they do not and cannot exist.

Mr. Bray’s favourite comparison of man is to the steam-engine. He says:—“We have seen what a perfect piece of mechanism the body is—‘fearfully and wonderfully made’—the question is, what is the power that works it? It is precisely the same as works the steam-engine, and it requires stoking very much in the same way; and if it is not stoked or fed regularly it will not go. Now what happens in the creation of what we call mind? The force we take in with the food, after undergoing various transformations in the body, is worked up into sensibility or consciousness, by inducing a peculiar motion in the brain, which we call its molecular action; so that, as Dr. Huxley tells us, our consciousness and molecular action are capable of being expressed by one another, just as heat and mechanical action are capable of being expressed in terms of one another.”

In his previous work *On Force and its Mental Correlates*, which we reviewed, this parallel between man and the steam-engine is very elaborately and ingeniously drawn out. Worked out to some of their ultimate issues, the results would, perhaps, be a little startling—to those, at least, who do not share the peculiar illusions and delusions of our author.

Food is only latent force, and thought, affection, will, are simply its “mental correlates.” Your beefsteak is only a sonnet in disguise. Mendelssohn’s “Elijah” is only metamorphosed mutton. You admire Mr. Gladstone’s magnificent oration at the Mansion House. Be instructed by philosophy—your admiration is misplaced; it is due not to the minister, but to the cook: it is only the mental correlate of a plate of turtle, green and glutinous.

We have seen that according to our author, consciousness has its mechanical equivalents. Imagination and thought are but mental correlates of force drawn from food; and again, “the source of this power as at present traced by us is the sun.” Poetry and philosophy, the oratorio and the drama; aye, and

the men and women the drama represents, existed potentially in the fires of the sun; like coal, they are only bottled sunshine. This is the latest chapter of his gospel of evolution, or "illusion and delusion." We hope Mr. Bray's readers may find comfort in it, as he tells them it is more important to know where we come from, than where we are going to; which in his estimation is not worth the fuss made about it. Perhaps, when he reaches where he is going to, he may be disenchanted and think otherwise.

The points, too, of difference are at least quite as marked as those of agreement, and this our author seems to have overlooked. You may put the same kind and quantity of fuel into one human engine as another, but what a difference will there be in the quality of the steam. The poet Close and the poet Tennyson may be equally stoked with beef and claret, but how different the product! The force generated by food, we are told, may be converted into muscular activity or mental energy. But what a wonderful force must that be which can apply itself, indifferently, to constructing a labourer's pigsty or Newton's *Principia*! And, then, the human engine selects, prepares, and supplies its own fuel; is its own stoker and driver, as well as locomotive; the force is directed from within, and is governed by an intelligence not its own, and not evolved from the consumption of fuel. When the invisible engineer deserts the engine it will not move an inch, and quickly falls into irreparable ruin.

The true nature of the human body and its connection with man our author fails to apprehend. So far from the human spirit being "sublimated or etherealised matter;" a product of the body or the expression of its functions; it is exactly the reverse. As Swedenborg taught long ago, the spirit is the true man; the body only its temporary investiture; its instrument and means of communication with the material world. Instead of it being the body which makes the spirit, it is the spirit which makes the body. As Spenser, with deep insight, sang—

Of the soul the body form doth take—
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

How then can it be true—as our author rashly affirms—that the Spiritualists disregard all this close and necessary connection between mind and body? The first principles of the spiritual philosophy imply this intimate connection, so long as man is in the material world. The material exists only from the spiritual as its root and ground. Had our author proper hold of this truth he would not have written, "There is not the slightest evidence to show that mind, as known to us—that is, as specialised for special purposes here—can act separately or inde-

pendently from the body. Body and the succession of thought and feeling, which we call mind, are one and indivisible."

If, then, matter is all illusion and delusion, and the existence of a spiritual nature in man separate from matter is a fiction, what remains? It is but fair that the answer should be given in the author's own words, and the more so as it is the best passage in the book:—

Thus Matter, Mind, the World, the Will, in the common conception, are illusions, and to many delusions. What is the reality underlying them? For myself, I believe in what natural philosophers call pre-existent and persistent force and its correlates, and which to me is the Supreme and Universal Spirit and its manifestations. All the phenomena in the universe consist but of changes of form or transformation of energy. Matter when closely examined resolves itself into centres of force, and mind is force or energy, representing a concentration of all the forces. All forces readily pass from one into the other, according to the structure through which they pass. We have a right, therefore, to infer that there is but one force. And what is this? As there cannot be motion without something moved, so force or power must be the force of something; and that something to me is the *Great Unknown*, its modes of action or manifestations alone are known to us. But as everything shows the unity of force, and as all force or power tends to a given purpose or design, that force must be intelligent, and if intelligent, conscious, and the conscious action of power is will. All power, therefore, is will power, and as W. R. Grove says, 'Causation is the will, creation the act of God.' The will which originally required a distinct *conscious* volition has passed, in the ages, into the *unconscious* or automatic, constituting the fixed laws and order of nature.

This "Great Unknown," then, this ultimate "force," is intelligence, consciousness, will. In the judgment of our author does it transcend the universe as its cause and stay—by which—or rather, by Whom all things were and are created? Has it a moral nature—justice, goodness, love? If so, he is not a Pantheist, but a Theist. If these attributes are not in the "Great Unknown," how is it that they are in us? How is it that the finite, temporary effect so greatly transcends its infinite, eternal cause? If they may be predicated of the Infinite Spirit, may we not reasonably infer that they exist in us, because "God created man in His image, after His likeness"—that is, a free, moral, spiritual being?

Our author's great quarrel is with the belief in separate spirits. On this point he has the hardihood to make the astounding assertion, "There is not a single fact on record from which we can infer that there is, or can be anywhere, such a thing as a disembodied spirit."

In face of the million facts of Modern Spiritualism—to say nothing of any other—we confess we are amazed at the ignorance or the audacity of this reckless statement; though, in reading this pamphlet, we have become accustomed to its author's bold assumptions. It would be hard on Mr. Bray, and not quite fair, to say that he sketched his own portrait, when, after speaking of colour-blindness, he writes:—"People are

equally blind in about the same proportion in other mental faculties. They may be fluent in speech, full of facts, well read in history, with a generally good memory—so as to be able to make a great display—and yet be blind in the reasoning powers; and people are seldom conscious of their own mental deficiencies.” Mr. Bray is not blind in the reasoning powers; he can reason vigorously; but, generally, his reasoning is from false or defective premises to wrong conclusions. His essay is a strange and melancholy example of “illusion and delusion.”

There is not only colour-blindness and blindness of the reasoning powers, but also blindness as to spiritual realities. Our author, apparently, is not sensible that he is afflicted with this latter blindness; but, then, people are seldom conscious of their own deficiencies.

T. S.

DEBATE ON SPIRITUALISM.

AN important debate on Spiritualism was held at the Hall of Science, Old Street, City Road, on the evenings of Tuesday and Thursday, March 24th and 26th, between Dr. Sexton, as the advocate of Spiritualism, and Mr. G. W. Foote, as representative of the Secularists. About a thousand persons were present on each evening. Mr. Charles Watts very efficiently, and with entire fairness, discharged the duties of chairman; and the discussion on both sides was conducted with good temper and great ability.

On the first evening of debate, Dr. Sexton maintained “That the Spiritualistic hypothesis is scientifically warranted by the phenomena for which it undertakes to account.” After quoting the testimony of Professor Hare, Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., and Mr. Serjeant Cox, to the nature and genuineness of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, he affirmed the following propositions:—

- 1.—The phenomena cannot result from the blind forces of nature, because they are unmistakably controlled by intelligence.
- 2.—The intelligence is not that of the medium, nor of any person in the circle, since it is frequently given through agencies which they have no means of controlling, and has, in thousands of cases, evinced a knowledge not possessed by any of them, often replying to questions directly in opposition to the current of all their thoughts.
- 3.—There can be no source of intelligence but that of conscious thinking beings.

4.—As the intelligence displayed in the spirit-circle springs from conscious beings, and these not forming a part of the sitters, they must either be outside the circle, or present at it in some other than the ordinary material form which distinguishes the sitters.

5.—They cannot be persons in the ordinary condition of material existence outside the circle, for they hold converse with and even read the thoughts of those who are present there, with no means of communication beyond the walls of the house in which they may be sitting.

6.—There must, then, be conscious, thinking, intelligent beings present in the circle, who do not belong to the number of the sitters.

7.—The sitters comprise all the persons present in the material condition in which human beings are met with here, therefore there must be other intelligent existences present in some other than the ordinary material form.

8.—There must then be spiritual existences of some kind or other.

9.—As they are conscious, intelligent thinking beings, capable of holding intercourse with us, and of communicating their ideas to us, they have the power of informing us who and what they are.

10.—They all declare, in unmistakable language, that they are the spirits of our deceased friends and fellow-creatures, who once lived here in the flesh as we do now.

11.—Not only do they state this unanimously, for there is no difference of opinion amongst them on that score, but they give irrefragable proofs that they are what they profess to be.

12.—These proofs are to be obtained by anyone who will take the trouble to seek for them.

These facts appear to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that Spiritualism is true, and that man is the heir of immortality. Thus is the great problem solved that has forced itself in all ages, and in every clime upon the attention of mankind.

One question—more than others all,
From thoughtful minds implores reply;
It is, as breathed from star and pall:
What fate awaits us when we die?

Mr. Foote pleaded that it could not fairly be expected of him to deal off-hand with twelve propositions not previously submitted to him; but he contended that the cause assigned for the phenomena asserted should be proved to exist by evidence independent of the phenomena for which it was to account. From the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism we should eliminate

those due to imposture; to the credulity of mankind; which contravened ascertained laws of Nature; which could be explained as the result of unconscious cerebration; or of clairvoyance and the odic force. He admitted there would still remain a residuum of phenomena he could not account for, but which he believed science would ultimately explain, without resorting to the absurd, lumbering, and unscientific hypothesis of spirits.

On the second evening Mr. Foote maintained "That the doctrine of a Future Life is unphilosophical and illusory." He urged the usual arguments and objections raised by materialists to the doctrine of the Future Life, but without controverting the twelve propositions advanced by Dr. Sexton in the previous night's debate; and he kept equally wide of the experimental evidences of human immortality which the facts of modern Spiritualism so amply supply. Dr. Sexton replied with his accustomed clearness and cogency. Thanks were voted to the chairman, who announced that he would take an early opportunity of delivering a lecture there, reviewing the twelve propositions of Dr. Sexton. It is a pity these propositions were not reviewed in the debate. They should have formed the basis of the second night's discussion, as they involved the whole question at issue; and should not, therefore, have been wholly left for subsequent consideration by another speaker, and possibly in Dr. Sexton's absence.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

TWO SEANCES WITH DR. MONCK.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON, of Melbourne, now residing in England, reports two *séances* he has had with Dr. Monck, which we give as a pendant to the article by Dr. Sexton in our last number. He says:—

"I had an opportunity of being present at two *séances* with the Rev. Dr. Monck, and a short notice of these may not be uninteresting. There was a strong sceptical element present, but in spite of this the epiphanies were excellent. There occurred the usual percussive sounds called raps, and table movements; large lights flitted about the room; an accordion was bound round with half a dozen turns of strong cord, and sealed; being placed upon a reporter's shoulder a loud chord was sounded. The medium was entranced, and was carried about the room, writing on the ceiling. Hammering on the cornice was heard 12 or 15 feet away from the medium. Con-

trol was taken by several spirits, who announced themselves and their mission, one of the most impressive being by the spirit of my late teacher, Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh. I distinctly recognised his voice, and his verbosity of diction; he sent a message by me to one alive. We had the direct spirit-voice from three different spirits. One was recognised as the voice of one who had been drowned, and who shouted 'Ship ahoy!' Another, as of an old master of one present. These were delivered in full tone, and one at least 14 feet from where the medium stood, with his hands on my shoulders, no tube or trumpet being in the room. The manifestation of the evening, however, is yet to be told. I pressed earnestly to see a spirit-form. We sat at Mr. Tommy's, at Bristol, and no displeasure was expressed at the room being searched before the *séance*. We extemporised a cabinet by hanging an oilcloth curtain, with a square hole in it, across one corner of the room. I and others distinctly saw, by candlelight, the bust of the spirit and the medium at the same time. I have seen other forms said to be materialised spirits, but none ever resembled this. I can best describe it as a shining white marble bust; no features were observable, but it glowed in the somewhat obscure recess by its own light. He, she, or it, came forward three times by request, complaining, however, through the medium, that the light caused pain. We searched the cabinet before and after the *séance*, and the medium was directed by his controlling guide to be searched also. During the entrancement of the medium, 'Samuel' stated that he was employed in demonstrating the phenomena by a circle of higher spirits, who again were directed by others above them. He was selected owing to his being a mediumistic spirit, as, he said, some spirits, like 'humans,' were mediums, and some not. He explained that he was attracted to the medium by his love for him, and by his desire to repay him for kindness received from him in earth-life. I had an opportunity to examine the state of the medium's eyes during the return to consciousness, and found them in the peculiar condition indicative of trance. I am persuaded that the mediumship of this gentleman is of the very highest order."

A WRITING MEDIUM AGED FIVE MONTHS FIFTEEN DAYS.—A
LITTLE DIFFICULTY FOR CARPENTERIAN PSYCHOLOGY.

"Those who think that the phenomenon of writing mediumship may be explained by the 'unconscious cerebration' theory, will have a difficult point to explain away, when babies too young to talk begin to write intelligible messages under the influence of an invisible power.

"Last Sunday evening we were at a *séance* at the private residence of Mr. H. D. Jencken, Barrister-at-Law, of Goldsmith Buildings, Temple, E.C.; and Mr. James Wason, solicitor, of Wason's Buildings, Liverpool, who was also present, favoured us with the following narrative:—

"On the 5th of this month (March) I was in Mr. Jencken's apartments, at 3, Lansdowne Terrace East, Western Road, Brighton, while Mrs. Jencken's baby was in the lap of the wet nurse, near the fire. It was about 1.30 p.m., in a well lighted room facing the south. Mrs. Jencken was also present.

"Suddenly the nurse exclaimed, 'Baby has got a pencil in his hand,' but as she did not then add that the pencil had been placed in the child's hand by invisible agency, I paid little attention to the remark. The nurse next exclaimed, 'Baby is writing!' Upon this Mrs. Jencken rushed forwards, and called me to come and see. I then looked over Mrs. Jencken's shoulder, and saw the pencil in the hand of the child. It had just finished writing, and Mrs. Jencken, remembering what her medical man had told her about the manifestations injuring the baby's health, snatched the pencil out of the child's hand in a very excited manner. The nurse, who was frightened, said that 'she must give up her situation.' Mrs. Jencken at first told her that 'she might go,' but afterwards reasoned her out of her resolve.

"The message written by the baby was:—

"'I love this little child. God bless him. Advise his father to go back to London on Monday by all means.—SUSAN.'

"Susan was the name of my departed wife.

"The age of the infant boy of Mr. and Mrs. Jencken on the day when the above was written was five months fifteen days. The message, as written, has since been photographed."

"Mr. H. D. Jencken made the following statement to us last Sunday evening:—

"The writing power of the infant medium appears to continue. On the 11th March I was seated at dinner with my wife; the nurse was in the room with the baby, and seated opposite to me. Whilst so seated a pencil was placed in the right hand of the baby; Mrs. Jencken then placed a piece of paper on the knee of the nurse, under the hand of the baby. The child's hand then, with great rapidity, wrote the following sentence:—

"'I love this little boy, God bless his mama.

"'I am happy.

"'J. B. T.'

"I then expressed the hope that the little boy might write an

address to his grandmother, who is now more than 90 years of age. A few minutes afterwards a piece of paper was taken by invisible agency from a side table and placed on the knee of the nurse. At the same time a pencil was placed in the hand of my little boy, who wrote with great rapidity:—

“‘I love my grandmama.’

“The paper and pencil were then jerked away from the knee of the nurse, and loud raps told me that the spirits had complied with my request.

“Another instance of the unusual power of this medial child occurred some few weeks ago, when I entered the nursery to kindle a night-light. On approaching the bed I noticed a halo round the head of the little boy; it gradually enveloped the whole of his body, casting a luminosity over the under-side of the tent bed-curtains. Raps spelt out—‘Notice the halo.’ Mrs. Jencken was not in the room, nor even on the same landing at the time, so the manifestations were not produced through her medial power. The nurse was the only other person present.”—*The “Spiritualist,” March 20th.*

A POSER FOR MR. SERJEANT COX.

Baron Kirkup, Leghorn, in allusion to the “Psychic-force” theory, says:—“There is no proof of the existence of an invisible fluid emanating from the brain of Mr. Home, and performing music scientifically; nor from the brain of my little daughter, with force sufficient to carry my grand piano out of the room, and bring it back again in the presence of five witnesses, with light enough to distinguish everybody, and to count the books in the bookcase from the lamps opposite in Lungarno (a long line of them), and the fire in the stove. The spirits had blown out the candles, for I never willingly tried dark sittings.”

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER IN GLASGOW.

We have received copies of the *Glasgow News*, a “special commissioner” of which paper seems to have become quite an *attaché* of Miss Fowler’s mission. The issue of the 13th instant contains a long historical account of her mediumship, and, on the 14th, in the leading columns, appears another long article, “by our special commissioner,” detailing what transpired to a gentleman whom he accompanied to consult Miss Fowler privately. We extract one paragraph:—

“Beginning at the beginning, she announced authoritatively to him that he was not born in this country; that his parents

were both dead ; that his father was the first to die ; that he died with comparative suddenness ; that his mother died of a lingering illness ; that the spirit saw her lying with a peculiar band around her head ; that she saw him giving his mother a drink of water shortly before she died ; but that he was not present when she died. Once during this I caught my friend's eye, but could make nothing of it. Of every incident above related I—although his intimate friend—was totally ignorant ; in not a single point did he acknowledge to Miss Fowler that she was correct ; and yet he afterwards told me that every statement in itself was *perfectly true*. She then told him that the spirits of some of his relatives were present, and mentioned the manner of death of three, *viz.*, one by a disease of the throat, another by dropsy, and a third from a long-diseased limb. All this time no word of reply to Miss Fowler. Yet, on reaching the open air, I asked—What of the statements? and was informed that every one was true. Proceeding onwards, she told my friend that at one time he had a high ideal of the stage, and had himself gone upon the boards. This I thought the very perfection of fooling, and scornfully disposed of Miss Fowler's pretensions in my own mind. I knew not, nor did I dream, that my friend had ever strutted his hour upon the boards ; and, on leaving the hotel, I laughingly told him he must surely acknowledge that in that respect the prophetess was talking arrant nonsense. Again he informed me, to my profound amazement, that even in this Miss Fowler was also correct, for that in his youth he had written a play, and actually gone upon the stage to represent one of the leading characters !”

LORD LYTTON AND SPIRITUALISM.

“The man Foster himself, is the most unspiritual-looking personage imaginable—there is nothing at all ascetic or æsthetic about him. He is of the world, worldly, and is full-formed, full-faced, muscular, handsome ; a good-looking blonde-brunette of the order that takes life easily. He loves wine and tobacco, horses and social excitements, and vehemently insists that a man's spiritual gifts have nothing to do with a man's spiritual character, but are essentially fortuitous and accidental. Pope ‘lisped in numbers, for the numbers came ;’ and so Foster became a medium simply because, as he phrases it, ‘the spirits came to him’—he did not go out of his way or change his habits to seek them. He is a Yankee by birth, having seen the light first in Salem, Mass. He is about thirty-five years of age, and has been a clairvoyant and a medium since his tenth year. His

spiritual gifts attracted some attention in New England, and subsequently visiting London, he became quite a lion. During this portion of his career he became quite intimate with the great novelist and romancist, Bulwer, and this episode in his life is worthy of attention. He was introduced to Bulwer, then Sir Edward only, in London, by Mrs. Frederick Barnes, an intimate friend and warm admirer of the distinguished author. Bulwer at that time was undertaking a new novel, and was likewise investigating Spiritualism, and thus meeting Foster at such a period his mind was still more strongly directed to this subject. He invited Mr. Foster to call and see him at Knebworth, an invitation of which Mr. Foster availed himself on several occasions, and for several days at a time. His reminiscences of Bulwer at his ancestral home are decidedly interesting, and throw considerable light upon the character of that prince of letters.

"According to Foster, Bulwer was a man very haughty and self-assertive in the company of his equals or his rivals, in rank or literature. He was reserved with Palmerston, on his guard with Disraeli, and rather unfriendly with Earl Russell: but to those who did not come into competition with him in any sense, he was very courteous and affable. To Foster he was the pink of politeness, a perfect host; and he was beloved by all the servants of his elegant establishment. He was given to hospitality, and was in the habit of entertaining the best men in the kingdom. He was a great worker, also a great dandy, full of pet affectations—a mixture of Beau Brummel and N. P. Willis. He was not a man of sincere convictions, and devoutly believed in only one thing—himself. As for Spiritualism he studied its phenomena, and never suffered himself or others to rail at it. Yet he was not a convert to Spiritualism, as then (or now) understood. He had trained himself always to look at both sides of every question, so that when others attacked Spiritualism he would guardedly defend it; and when others enthusiastically supported it he would attack its abuses—so that neither side of the argument could fairly claim having his countenance.

"During Foster's visit to Bulwer the latter was engaged in constructing that wonderful novel called *A Strange Story*, in which certain spiritual phenomena are discussed and illustrated in a manner as yet unsurpassed for originality and interest. Certain points in the hero of this novel were taken from the *personnel* and history of Foster, and Bulwer often alluded to the fact that Foster was the model upon which he had based his Margrave. On several occasions Bulwer, who evidently regarded *A Strange Story* as his greatest book, would read passages from it to Foster. The two, author and medium, would sit in

the library at Knebworth, side by side, and there, after the reading, the author would become a disciple and Foster would hold a *séance*. On one occasion, Bulwer advised Foster confidentially not to call himself 'a Spiritualist,' so that the name should not excite popular prejudice against him, but to give his exhibitions merely as scientific phenomena; but this advice was unpalatable to Foster, and, Bulwer taking some offence that it was not adopted, a coolness arose between the two men.

"Remaining for some time in London and then travelling through Europe, Foster returned to this country, and has now temporarily located himself at No. 19, West Twenty-second Street, *en route* for Australia."—*New York Era*.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHILOSOPHY: A PARALLEL BETWEEN SPIRITUALISM IN THE FOURTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

The Rev. J. D. Aylward, in a recent essay *On the Mystical Element in Religion, and on Ancient and Modern Spiritualism*, draws a remarkable parallel between the records of ancient thaumaturgy and of recent Spiritualism. Father Aylward collects passages from the writings of Proclus, Porphyry, and Iamblichus, as well as from Psellus, "a Greek monk of the tenth century." The correspondence between the ritual of the Alexandrian mystics and the proceedings of our clairvoyants and spirit-mediums is most exact and notable. The sacred water drunk by the priest of Apollo, at Colophon, and by the Branchidian priestesses, suggests the magnetized water of modern experimentalists. The phenomena of the mesmeric trance, of the inward vision, or illumination, and of the power of the will over external objects without physical contact, are all mentioned by the Alexandrians. Like recent investigators, they were divided in opinion as to whether the origin of these phenomena was an occult natural cause or a supernatural influence. The more usual theory was that the soul and will were possessed by a specific god or demon. With this hypothesis Father Aylward compares the admission of Spiritualists that the necessary preparation for the expected manifestations is "the consent of the will—a perfect submission, at least implicit, of the patient to the operator." This is the express testimony of the French *savant*, M. Deleuze.

Obituary.

PROFESSOR NENNER.

THE newspapers record the death on the 27th of February, in the 59th year of his age, of the Rev. Maurice Nenner, Professor of the Hebrew Language and Literature at New College, St. John's Wood—one of the earliest of the English Spiritualists. "By this event" writes William Howitt:—

"One more of our genuine lights has changed its place. It has gone behind—or more properly speaking—before the great veil which shuts out the embodied from the infinite and perfect. The Rev. Maurice Nenner, who has so suddenly quitted us, was one of the most learned men within the pale of Spiritualism, and he was one of the most sterling; but he bore his fine faculties so meekly that few knew the greatness of the talent and the spiritual powers that were moving so silently among us. There are few men that I have more truly loved or valued than Mr. Nenner. Both his wife—who left this life ten years ago—and himself possessed great mediumistic powers; and these seem to have continued with him to the last, and brought him into so close and perfect a consciousness of the inner world, that he approached it in a divine peace, and confidence that only Spiritualism based on Christianity can confer. A similar close in others of our friends of late, has set more wide "the gates ajar," and shown the substantial glory within, as the great reality of the Universe.

DR. ACWORTH.

OUR last number contained a letter from Dr. Acworth. It must have been one of the latest letters, if not the last one penned by him. A correspondent writes to us:—

"We have just learned, with extreme regret, that our dear friend Dr. Acworth is gone to the spirit-world! We saw him only a fortnight ago here, seeming so well. He had been, however, seriously ill with typhus fever previously, having had also two relapses. This last illness was sudden; he departed this life Tuesday, March 17th. A braver man in the cause of truth never lived.

Correspondence.

A GERMAN GHOST.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—In one of the *Annals*, published some forty years since, Sir Walter Scott related the ghost story of the Tapestry Chamber, which he heard from Miss Anna Seward, of Lichfield. He related the story of the German Ghost, in the year 1828, in the presence of the poet Moore.

Mrs. Hooke, wife of the Roman historian, became acquainted with a foreign lady, and resided with her in London. Mrs. H. upon one occasion, having met a foreign officer on the stairs, observed to her lady companion that the latter had had a visitor. The reply was, no, she had seen no one. Subsequently, Mrs. H. saw the same figure lying on the sofa in the foreign lady's dressing-room! The latter positively denied that any male visitor had been there; but fainted when she heard how the figure was dressed. Mrs. H. then determined to give up the acquaintance. Subsequently Mrs. H. saw a miniature—being the portrait of the figure she had seen twice. It was the picture of the foreign lady's husband, who had died shortly before his wife had left Germany! In the course of a few weeks an order arrived in England for this foreign lady to be arrested on the charge of murdering her husband! The result of the affair is not stated; but the anecdote is curious and authentic.

London, 29th Oct., 1873.

CHR. COOKE.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

EASTER.

GETHSEMANE and Calvary

Precede the Resurrection-morn;
And through the travail-pains of death
The higher spirit-life is born.

In Christ—the Holy One—we see
The law divine of sacrifice
Through perfect love, which casts out fear;
The law by which alone we rise

Triumphant over Sin and Hell—
And human hate, and biting scorn;
Progress through suffering—so we read
The lesson of our Easter-morn.

The tempter first with bribes and lies;
The taunt, the sneer, the crown of thorn;
The rabble shout, the last dread hour,
And then—the Resurrection-morn.

Still must the cross precede the crown,
The dark still go before the dawn;
But through the shadows of the night
We hail the Resurrection-morn.

T. S.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

MAY, 1874.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

THIS Association was inaugurated by a *Soirée* and Public Meeting at the Cleveland Institute, April 16th. It was a good representative gathering. The chair was taken by Mr. S. C. Hall, F.S.A. Mr. Thomas Everitt, President of the Association, read an account of its formation and progress, and several able and eloquent addresses were delivered. The Association has issued a Prospectus, giving a list of its council and officers, and its Declaration of Principles and Purposes, with its Constitution and Rules. We subjoin its

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES AND PURPOSES.

“Spiritualism implies the recognition of an inner nature in man. It deals with facts concerning that inner nature, the existence of which has been the subject of speculation, dispute, and even of denial, amongst philosophers in all ages; and in particular, with certain manifestations of that inner nature which have been observed in persons of peculiar organisations, now called mediums or sensitives, and in ancient times, prophets, priests, and seers.

“Spiritualism claims to have established on a firm scientific basis the immortality of man, the permanence of his individuality, and the open communion, under suitable conditions, of the living with the so-called dead, and affords grounds for the belief in progressive spiritual states in new spheres of existence.

“Spiritualism furnishes the key to the better understanding of all religions, ancient and modern. It explains the philosophy of inspiration, and supersedes the popular notion of the miraculous by the revelation of hitherto unrecognised laws.

"Spiritualism tends to abrogate exaggerated class distinctions; to re-unite those who are now too often divided by seemingly conflicting material interests; to encourage the co-operation of men and women in many new spheres; and to uphold the freedom and rights of the individual, while maintaining as paramount the sanctity of family life.

"Finally, the general influence of Spiritualism on the individual is to inspire him with self-respect, with a love of justice and truth, with a reverence for Divine law, and with a sense of harmony between man, the universe, and God.

"The British National Association of Spiritualists is formed to unite Spiritualists of every variety of opinion, for their mutual aid and benefit; to promote the study of Pneumatology and Psychology; to aid students and inquirers in their researches, by placing at their disposal the means of systematic investigation into the now recognised facts and phenomena called Spiritual or Psychic; to make known the positive results arrived at by careful scientific research; and to direct attention to the beneficial influence which those results are calculated to exercise upon social relationships and individual conduct. It is intended to include Spiritualists of every class, whether members of local and provincial societies or not, and all inquirers into psychological and kindred phenomena.

"The Association, while cordially sympathizing with the teachings of Jesus Christ, will hold itself entirely aloof from all dogmatism or finalities, whether religious or philosophical, and will content itself with the establishment and elucidation of well-attested facts, as the only basis on which any true religion or philosophy can be built up,

"The Association proposes, when circumstances permit, to establish a Central Institution, comprising a Hall, Lecture and *Séance* Rooms, also a Library for the use of Members, and for the benefit of all students of psychical and spiritual phenomena; to keep a register of Mediums or Psychics, with the view of affording facilities for investigation; and to promote co-operation and intercommunion between Spiritualists in all parts of the world.

"The Association, while aiming to unite the advantages of vigorous centralization with the benefits of independent local effort and local self-government, emphatically disclaims any right or desire to interfere with the action of societies or institutions already established. It is hoped that local and provincial organizations will avail themselves of the powers afforded in Rules 2 and 4, by becoming affiliated with the 'British National Association,' and by appointing from their own body a member to represent them on the Council."

SKETCH OF THE LITERARY LABOURS OF THE LATE JAMES SMITH, M.A., ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

THE FIRST SERIES OF LEADING ARTICLES ON MODERN
SPIRITUALISM IN AN ENGLISH JOURNAL.

THE late James Smith, M.A., was not only a voluminous writer, but one of the most original thinkers of our time. A full biography of him, by his brother, Dr. Angus Smith, is, we understand, in preparation. The following brief sketch of his literary labours, and his relations to Spiritualism, compiled from various sources, may serve as a suitable introduction to the articles appended.

James Smith was born November 22nd, 1801, in Glasgow, and died in the same city, January 12th, 1857. He was a Licentiate of the Church of Scotland, but preferred the larger pulpit of the Press. On leaving the Church, a few years after his ordination, he joined for a while that branch of the Southcottians called Christian Israelites, who were under the leadership of John Wroe, of whom he gives some account in his *Divine Drama of History and Civilization*, and who is one of his *dramatis personæ* in *The Coming Man*. When these people had their New Jerusalem at Ashton-under-Lyne, he lived with them as their Hebrew schoolmaster; and many interesting particulars of the Christian-Israelite community, which are given in his posthumous novel, *The Coming Man*, and many discussions concerning the relations of Jews and Gentiles to be found in its pages, are mainly due to his experiences in connection with them. For Joanna Southcott and the "Church of the Woman" he ever professed respect and sympathy. He knew all their prophets and "visited women," and of one of them in particular, Mrs. Marshall, he especially entertained a high opinion, and in the novel referred to gives a graphic and amusing sketch of her, as Mrs. Pernier, when a prophetess of the "Woman's Church," long before she became so much more widely known as a spirit-medium. He was, however, no sectarian, but a most Catholic, many-sided man. He came into contact with Rationalists, like Carlile; with Mystics, like James Pierpoint Greaves; and with Socialists, like Robert Owen. He was specially indebted to the writings of St. Simon, and his successor Father Enfantin, who at one time exercised a great influence, not yet wholly spent, over the developments of the Socialistic philosophy of the Continent and our own country.

After leaving Ashton-under-Lyne he delivered a course of

lectures in London, published in 1833, under the title of *The Antichrist, or Christianity Reformed; in which is demonstrated from the Scriptures, in opposition to the prevailing opinion of the whole Religious World, that Evil and Good are from One Source; Devil and God One Spirit; and that the one is merely manifested to make perfect the other.* This was a very crude performance, but it contained the germs of many of the ideas he afterwards elaborated and matured. Not long after its publication it was suppressed by the author, and the remainder of the copies destroyed; and copies of it are now very scarce. The *Crisis*, of 1833, a weekly journal, edited by Robert Owen and Robert Dale Owen, contains reports of many lectures given at the Owenite Institution, in Charlotte Street, by Mr. Smith, on such subjects as "Faith," "Non-Responsibility," "Inspiration," "Prophecy," and kindred topics. But the work by which he, at this time, chiefly established his reputation was, *The Shepherd; a London weekly periodical, illustrating the principles of Universal Science.* It reached fifty-two numbers, and was published in 1834-5. Charles Lane, Oxford the dramatist, and Etienne Vieuzeaux, author of *The New Sanctuary of Thought and Science*, were among its contributors. This publication greatly increased its editor's reputation as a philosophical writer, and for many years after he was popularly known as "Shepherd Smith."

A translation of St. Simon's *New Christianity; Legends and Miracles, and other Curious and Marvellous Stories of Human Nature, collected from scarce Works and Ancient Records; The Little Book, or Momentous Crisis* of 1840; *The World Within*—setting forth the proposition that the interior of the globe is inhabited; *A Commentary on Pope's Essay on Man*; and *The Universal Chart, containing the Elements of Universal Faith, Universal Analogy, and Moral Government*, appeared in quick succession; and he also edited *The Penny Satirist*.

In 1842 he originated the *Family Herald*, which he edited till his death in 1857. In 1854 he published his chief work, *The Divine Drama of History and Civilization.* The leading idea of which is the development of human history in analogy with the five-fold aspect of the ordinary drama. Its theory of historical evolution is put forth with much power, and adorned with many passages of striking eloquence and beauty, and, as a whole, it is a work of great literary art, and of considerable value to the student of human history. His posthumous philosophical novel, *The Coming Man*, in two volumes, completes the catalogue of his published writings.

It would carry us beyond the limits of this sketch and the immediate objects of this Magazine, to attempt any criticism of

these multifarious writings. In reasoning out principles of universal analogy, he was perhaps without living equal; and though he sometimes ran his analogies into what seem extravagant conceits, and frequently indulged in paradox, he was always instructive, and never dull, even when dealing with questions the most abstruse. He read much, thought much, and was a close observer of men and manners, and showed great shrewdness, humour, and discrimination of character. This is particularly seen in *The Coming Man*, and in his weekly answers to correspondents in the *Family Herald*, so numerous, varied, and unique, that many found it difficult to believe that they could all be written by him, as was really the case. Like William Cobbett, he had a great antipathy to all narrowness and exclusiveness. His favourite saying was, "Charity believeth all things," and hence, as Emerson would say, he was "liberally hospitable to all manner of ideas," and especially to such as were commonly rejected and despised, accounting it much less discreditable to entertain error unawares than to treat any sort of truth with scorn and contumely. He would discuss questions generally tabooed by writers of conventional respectability, and had many a kindly word to say for new ideas and unfashionable heresies. He believed that every religion, race, sect, and party had its divine mission, and that there was some element of good and truth in all. Hence he could fraternize with all sorts and conditions of men,—Chartists, Socialists, Rationalists, Mystics, Illuminati, Spiritualists, Jews, Romanists, Southcottians, Evangelicals, Puseyites, Philosophers, Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, Bethnal Green, Belgravia, the New Cut, and Rotten Row. The "Coming Man" with him was purified, perfected humanity—the Universal Man.

When Mr. Smith visited Mrs. Marshall with the manuscript of the first number of the *Family Herald* in his pocket, "The Word" through her told him that his journal would be read in every household in the land. It certainly reached a sale unprecedented in journalism, amounting at one time it is said to about half a million copies. This was no doubt mainly due to its popular stories; but it included also a small educated thoughtful constituency who were attracted to it solely by its editorial articles; so fresh, thoughtful, suggestive and humorous, yet unpretending, that their readers were both pleased and profited by their perusal. They would even now be well worth republishing in separate form for permanent preservation. Among a multitude of topics the editor in these essays treats of Homœopathy and Mesmerism in an appreciative and philosophical spirit, and even of astrology he has a good word to say. We believe he was the first to introduce to public notice the occult properties

of certain shells, stones, and minerals, especially on certain sensitives as shown in the curious suggestive experiments then recently made by our friend Mr. John Jones (Peckham Jones as he was then generally called). It is however with his relation to Spiritualism that the readers of this Magazine will be chiefly interested.

Mr. Smith was a Spiritualist and had experiences of spirit-communion long before the advent of Modern Spiritualism. His *Legends and Miracles*, published 15 years before that date, was a penny weekly journal, with quaint woodcuts, and contains many stock stories of the supernatural, as the "Drummer of Tedworth," and the "Devil of Mascon;" with sketches of Greatrakes the healer, Jane Rider the somnambulist, and Rachel Baker the sleeping preacher. In short it was the *Spiritual Magazine* of its time, though only a dozen numbers of it were published, making a thin volume, now very scarce. He was one of the editors of the *Spiritual Herald*, published monthly from February to July, 1856, and to which Dr. J. Garth Wilkinson, Elihu Rich, John James Bird, and Colonel Fawcet were contributors—a Magazine that was the precursor of our own. In his *Divine Drama* the author discourses on Spiritualism as a "Gentile Dispensation;" and in the *Coming Man* he illustrates it by visions, revelations, and other spiritual experiences, as pointed out more particularly in the notice of the work in our last volume.

When the mysterious rappings began at Rochester, New York, in 1848, Mr. Smith kept his readers of the *Family Herald* acquainted from week to week with what was going on. The excitement they occasioned, the appointment of committees of investigation, and the utter failure of these several committees to detect imposture, or explain the phenomena. He watched the development of the new manifestations with interest, and in September, 1854, and January, 1855, there appeared three leading articles on the subject by him in that journal. There had been skirmishes on the question in newspapers and secular journals, and some heavy firing from a few literary guns of larger calibre; humourists and facetious writers had sought to make capital out of it; and churchmen, with keen olfactories, had scented the new heresy from afar, and sounded the alarm; but these papers in the *Family Herald* were, we believe, the first series of leading articles in an English journal, giving to the British public reliable information concerning the movement of Modern Spiritualism, which had already taken such deep root on the American continent. They excited considerable interest, and some who have long been active workers in our ranks owe to them their first introduction to the subject; but they raised

such a storm of remonstrance from Paterfamilias, Materfamilias, clergymen, and other enlightened persons, that the editor found it necessary in the interest of the journal to suspend these expositions, though he returned to the subject in some leading articles in the same journal in subsequent years.

We reproduce the first series of articles *in extenso*, not only for the remarkable phenomena they quote from the American press, and as illustrating to some extent the peculiar genius of their author, but as a link connecting the movement in America and in England. They take up a considerable portion of our space, but we have thought it advisable to publish them altogether, so as to present them in one view, and in connection with our sketch of the author in a single number.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST MOVEMENT AND LADY ORATORS.

(From the "*Family Herald*" of September 2, 1854.)

"This singular movement, which began about five years ago, is worthy of a little notice as we pass along the current of time. Whether it be folly, madness, or neither, it is carrying along with it great masses, and beginning to organize institutions of its own. At a late Spiritualist festival in Ohio, twelve hundred and eighty-four vehicles were counted on the field, besides those concealed in private or public establishments in the neighbourhood; and about ten thousand persons were present. At another, where Edmonds and Tallmadge were expected, but did not come, eight thousand persons attended. These festivals last for several days, and the meetings are addressed by both sexes. The most notable speakers, in fact, appear to be the women; at least, they gallantly receive more notice and more praise from the reporters. At the Ohio festival, a Miss Giles, and a Mrs. Warner, and a Mrs. Love, appear to have electrified the meeting—witness the following report in the *Boston New Era*, of Mrs. Warner's address:—

"On Sunday afternoon I listened to one of the most marked and powerful discourses I ever heard expressed from either the mundane or super-mundane world. It was given through Mrs. Warner of Chardon, Ohio, and was an hour and a half long. Its thoughts were very boldly conceived, and expressed with an almost inconceivable force. The control of the spirit seemed to be perfect, and the truth of heaven showered down on the heads and hearts of the vast multitude present—oft like the red-hot thunderbolt—shivering old errors and hoary-headed vices, as the quivering lightning shatters the giant oak, or rends in pieces the mighty granite of the myriad ages. Mrs. W. is small in stature, modest, and retiring by nature, and only appears before the public audiences when irresistibly moved to do so."

"Mrs. Love is thus described:—

"Early on Monday, July 3, the assembly came together again, and as I entered the grove I found Mrs. Love, late of Randolph, N. Y., giving an address; I regretted very much that I did not have the opportunity to hear all she said, but I heard enough to give me the deep and living conviction that she is a noble specimen of womanhood—that she deeply feels the wrongs of woman, and that she has consecrated her life, her all, for the redemption of her sex. She is of course an advocate for woman's rights—she is a bold and earnest one too. Her boldness, however, is not the result of egotism, or of any native aggressive tendency; it springs rather from the elevated instincts of a thoroughly disciplined and pure soul, whose deep yearnings throw out their sensitive and loving tendrils to clasp the myriad objects of the most deep and vital need—the careworn and sensually cursed daughters of humanity. Mrs. Love lays the axe too to the root of the tree; she does not stop with the mere political and civil rights of women, but she enters the very citadel of marriage itself, and with the most searching gaze she looks the monster sensuality full in the face. She does this calmly, and with such a full sense of the enormous debasement to which both man and woman have so long subjected themselves, that every one feels that she speaks with the authority of living truth.—Mrs. L. spoke several times in the vicinity, on the evenings of the several days of the jubilee. She is constantly in the field—spreading broadcast the leaves of that tree which is for the healing of the nations.'

"Of Miss Giles wonders are told; for, some time ago, being apparently on a deathbed, and without any hope of recovery from her medical attendant, she was spiritually *impressed* (that is the phrase, after Andrew Jackson Davis) to appoint a meeting at which she would address the people. Those who knew her helpless condition were astonished, and expected a failure. 'Such, however, was not the case; and although she was utterly unable, up to the time of the gathering, even to lift her hand to her head, yet precisely at the time appointed, she was made to rise from what was supposed to be her death-bed, and deliver one of the most thrilling and powerful discourses, of an hour and a half in length, to that astonished and deeply interested assembly. From that moment she was better.' The physicians are constantly expecting a relapse; but no relapse comes, and months have since passed. She also eloquently addressed the assembly at the festival.

"The excitement is so widely spread throughout the States, that a New York paper says of Partridge and Brittan's publishing establishment for Spiritualist books, that it bids fair to rival

ere long the monster establishments of the Harpers and the Appletons. From this Trojan horse issue all sorts of works, reviving many exploded notions of ancient times, respecting amulets, charms, enchantments, spells, fascination, incantation, magic, mesmerism, philters, talismans, relics, witchcraft, ecstasies, hallucinations, spectres, illusions, trances, apparitions, clairvoyance, somnambulism, miracles, and all similar things—all being explained and made clear, as starlight at least; and what is remarkable, these things are evidently believed in by thousands and tens of thousands of those who only five years ago laughed at them.

“One consequence of the excitement is an increase of wrath on both sides. A Washington paper, the *Star*, is so keen and so violent, that it boldly professes to give only one side of the question. It gives fight, and sternly cuts and hews, and sneers at all idea of compromise or cool argument. The *Intelligencer* admits of argument, and is a little cooler. The pulpits have all pronounced upon the subject, and many of them given series of lectures and discourses. On a late occasion one of the lady orators was spiritually impressed to go to a church where such a discourse was announced, but being known at the door, the warden objected to her entrance. She looked him steadfastly in the face, however, and he quailed, and she passed. She sat quietly, and heard the discourse against Spiritualism, and was not moved until service was over; then she rose, and from one of the pews she delivered such a burning torrent of eloquence in reply as enchained the whole audience, and spiritually bound them to listen to her words till she dismissed them. It is a curious fact that young ladies, otherwise modest and reserved, and even reluctant to tears to go upon such a mission, go weeping in obedience, and do as they are compelled. If men, it might be ascribed to trained oratory; but here is no training, no art, no philosophy, but pure soul and its fervid utterance. And what it amounts to no one can tell. The speakers themselves cannot tell. They differ like other people in opinion. It is just an excitement which takes a colour from their own personal feelings and experiences, and denounces the follies and vices of the times as they are perceived respectively by each; but no definite or unitary movement can be organised or even declared; for so soon as it is attempted—and it has been attempted—there is an opposition. Andrew Jackson Davis, one of the principal leaders, has given utterance to what he calls an harmonial philosophy, which he invites all men to accept; but though many Spiritualists regard him as the man, not coming, but come, he is by no means generally acknowledged as such, though respected by all. There is a singular person of

the name of John Spear, who is a healing medium, and by the mere touch of his hand, like the Apostles, is reported to cure numerous diseases of deadly virulence. Indeed, there are numerous healing mediums of whom wonders are recorded which need not be mentioned; but, with the exception of raising the dead, there are none of the old primitive miracles which have not been repeated, with many others not parallel in history.

"There is a feature about this healing mediumship, however, which does not belong to the primitive, and which does not commend itself to our esteem, although we cannot adduce any valid argument against its legitimacy. The gift is sold for money, and advertised for money. We quote one of the latest advertisements:—

"*Spirit-healing.*—"They shall lay their hands on the sick and they shall be healed."—*Bible.*—The subscriber having been developed as a Healing Medium, by spirit-agency, offers his services to the afflicted as a medium through whom highly advanced and progressed spirits will endeavour to restore harmony and health to the diseased and suffering of earth. As the present selfish organisation of society would not appreciate or be benefited by the free and unrewarded labour of any medium, I am directed to charge for my services in advance, to be graduated by the means of the patient and the nature of the disease.

ALONZO WILLMOT.'

"Then we have Mr. and Mrs. Mettler, psycho-magnetic physicians, and clairvoyance examiners, with syrups and other medicines advertised for sale. And Mrs. French, a medium, has nerve-soothing vital fluids, prepared entirely through spirit direction. After advertising the vital fluids, Mrs. French says, she 'continues to make clairvoyance examinations. Examination and prescription, when the parties are present, five dollars; when absent, ten dollars. No charge when parties have not the means to pay.' This latter peculiarity is a redeeming feature in these advertisements. How it is practically carried out, we have no means of knowing. Some advertise the name only, as W. T. Peterschen, healing medium (giving address).

"The ladies take a very prominent place in this movement, and have evidently something to do—that is appreciated. But many of the most notable healing mediums are men; and some of them go about the country healing and preaching like apostles, living on the hospitality of the friends whom they serve on the way. It is altogether a remarkable movement, and is a giant for its age. There is also a high moral tone about its periodicals, a rich poetry, and a full amount of scientific

and philosophical information, that make them highly reputable. The *Christian Spiritualist* is the organ of the newly formed society. But the *Spiritual Telegraph* has long taken the lead, and will probably keep it. The *New Era*, of Boston, follows next in rank; the *Spirit Circle*, the *Spiritual Era*, the *Spiritual Universe*, the *Spirit Advocate*, and the *Crisis*, are all exclusively devoted to this subject; and the very fact of their being supported is alone sufficient to show the progress which the movement is making.

"We have said that organisation is attempted but immediately opposed—an evidence of sectarianism, and want of unitary ideas, or definite plan, purpose, faith, or authority. Indeed, there is a bewildering variety of opinion; and the last attempt at organisation with its new paper, the *Christian Spiritualist*, seems intended to convey the idea that many of the party are somewhat anti-Christian in their tendency. A great many are decidedly anti-Biblical. But, as the first sentence of an address in the *Christian Spiritualist* expresses itself, 'The Spiritualists of to-day may be classed into almost as many schools as there are sects in the religious world,' hence the impossibility, and the ignorance or dishonesty of even attempting to define the party by any other criterion than that of believing in spirit agency; and even this is so indefinite in meaning, that perhaps by far the greatest number do not believe in the identity of the spirits professing to be the spirits of the departed, but only regard them as spirits of some sort, or a spirit. In this loose and undefined condition, organisation to any large extent is impossible. We are not surprised therefore to read in the last number of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, of New York, the following sentences from a correspondent in reference to the new Spiritual Society: 'We have presented for our consideration and acceptance an imposing array of distinguished names, judges, senators, lawyers, doctors, &c., under the significant appellation of a "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge;" but after a careful and considerate examination, we believe that this particular society does not represent the great mass of believers. How were the officers elected? Apparently in accordance with a time-honoured custom. A few individuals meet together in secret conclave, choose their officers, &c.' that is, choose themselves. The *New York Mirror* says, in reference to this society, 'In the association of Spiritualists just formed, with ex-Governor Tallmadge as president, we notice that governors, senators, lawyers, merchants, and manufacturers figure exclusively. *There is not one carpenter or fisherman among them all.*'

"The wonders still continue, and even seem to increase, and

the excitement must be great. For instance, in the *Spiritual Telegraph's* Digest of Correspondence for July 29th ultimo., we read, 'Mr. J. G. Attwood, of Lockport, N. Y., writes as concerning his practice and success as a healing medium. Throngs of persons afflicted with divers diseases apply to him daily, and many of them go away lavishing blessings on him, and the power that operates through him, for the relief they have experienced under his treatment. He uses no medicines, but only directs and applies to the diseased, by manipulations, the spiritual influence which flows through him. Mr. A. has been assured by the intelligence that guides him, that relief to a cholera patient could be effected in three minutes, and a cure in fifteen minutes (unless the case is too far gone), by simply placing one hand over the stomach and the other upon the chest of the patient.' The gift of tongues is communicated to many in the primitive style; for instance, Mr. P. M. Green, of Oasis, Wisconsin, writes that his brother, without previous instructions, and without a knowledge of the languages, in his normal state, has been made to speak several 'properly and fluently;' mention is made of Polish, French, German, and Norwegian. These are serious matters; but antics are not at all uncommon; and it is necessary to give an illustration of both the serious and the ludicrous, in order that the reader may be able to judge with candour; for a writer who exposes only one side of a subject is not an instructor, but a deceiver of the people. We quote the following paragraph from the *Spiritual Telegraph* :—

"*Curious Spiritual Antics.*—The *Spiritual Era*, of July 6th, contains an editorial article, detailing some curious manifestations which the editor has witnessed. For instance, a table is spread, in the usual manner for a meal, by a young girl, who is a highly developed medium. Soon, apparently, a living thing, about the size of a kitten, is seen to be moving about under the table-cloth, and after a while, as the spectators grow familiar with the phenomenon, a small delicate hand is observed to protrude suddenly from beneath the cloth, and is as suddenly withdrawn. After this operation has been repeated several times, the manifestation changes, and a good-sized foot, with perhaps a boot upon it, is suddenly thrust out from beneath the cloth, and is withdrawn under it again. At other times the family are in the habit of placing a Bible under the table, as they are seated around it, when the spirits will open it at the passage which they desire them to read."

"We need not be surprised to read, after this, in the *Christian Spiritualist*, the organ of the new society, large extracts from

Cahagnet's work on magic, continued weekly. What does it all mean? the most practical, industrious, dollar-loving, matter-of-fact people in the world, reviving exploded superstitions! We do not mean, as yet, to give any opinion on the subject, but watch the facts as they arise and pass before us. It is a singular revolution; and as revolutions in the mind are the most radical of all revolutions, the effects must be important. The clergy of America seem to regard it in this light, as it especially bears upon their own teaching, and holds affinity with the source of their own commission, either as a friend or a foe. As the latter they generally regard it, though many do not, but boldly preach it; and several have even abandoned their churches to do so. What especially distinguishes the movement is, that it makes no distinction of sex, and brings forward woman as equal and associate with man in the work it has undertaken.

"The latest reports speak of a new drama dictated by the spirit of Shakespeare, and superior to any of his former works. It has been read to the manager of the Broadway Theatre, and is now about to be brought out as one of the greatest curiosities. Indeed the editor of the *Spiritual Telegraph* has a leading article on the regeneration of the stage, which is chiefly to be effected by the ministration of spirits. The Spiritualists are very generally Teetotallers; having abandoned ardent spirits they have taken to others of milder sort, which they have divested of all the old terrors with which ancient superstition clothed them."

THE SPIRITS IN AMERICA.

(From the "*Family Herald*" of January 13, 1855.)

"The spirits are still at work in America, and even greater wonders than ever are done. The philosophers here think they have settled and laid them; but, as we shall presently see, it is chiefly by wrapping themselves up in learned and pretentious ignorance. Sir David Brewster is the alleged author of an elaborate article in the current number of the *North British Review*, on this and kindred subjects, in which he reasons in such a manner as to create a doubt of his authority as a reasoner on those physical questions whereon his reputation as a philosopher is reared. Jumping to conclusions too hastily, accounting for effects with the most inefficient causes, substituting a mere Sadducean phraseology for philosophical explanations, and employing, in respect to modern alleged miracles, only such arguments as infidels employ in reference to Scriptural miracles, the reviewer just comes to such a conclusion as a Sadducee or a learned Roman would have come to in the times of the Apostles,

and by the very same process; convincing, no doubt, those who pin their faith to his philosophical reputation, but leaving the question unsolved, and even untouched, in the estimation of the more candid and unbiassed investigators. Taking up the least and the most possible of the phenomena, he coolly attributes them all to imposture, or 'visual impression,' 'expectant attention,' 'illusions of the eye and the ear,' &c.; and though it is morally certain that all England and Scotland could not produce a single specimen of toe-rapping, even for ten minutes, he has the philosophical intrepidity to attribute what is called spirit-rapping to the toe-joints, and to regard it as a settled question—and that, too, not on the credit of actual observation or experiment, like a true philosopher, but on that of a petty paper read before the French Academy of Sciences, entirely unaccompanied with any experimental demonstration, or any public or private comparison between a toe-rapper and a *genuine rapping impostor*. How very easily a philosopher can believe what he wishes to be true! After this a man may not be accused of ignorance for seriously believing that Mrs. Harriet Beecher's toe wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

"We think it much more probable, though Sir David objects to this view of the subject, that a table is made on purpose, and that the medium by sleight of hand substitutes his table for yours so very quickly that you cannot see the doing of it—using, perhaps, a powder called glamour, which Dr. Jameson, the learned Scotch lexicographer, says, 'makes people see objects differently from what they really are;' or the table, perhaps, being covered with an invisible green table cloth, escapes the observation of the shrewdest observer. How it is done we know not. We can only say that the *North British* reviewer should make himself acquainted with a subject before he writes of it; and for the purpose of showing how much there is to explain which he and other critics have never touched upon, we select a few of the latest news from the American spirit-papers, which papers he does not appear to have either seen or heard of—or discreetly ignores. The first of these is denominated 'A Night with the Spirits,' from the pen of Mr. Charles Partridge, of the firm of Partridge and Brittan, booksellers and publishers, 300, Broadway, New York, proprietors and publishers of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, from which we extract it, dated 2nd December, 1854. Mr. Partridge, having heard of a very powerful circle in New York, said to be the most powerful spirit-circle in the world, wrote a letter to the owner of the house in which it meets, requesting permission to attend one of its sittings. It is not a money-taking concern. Permission was granted; and after some preliminary matter,

which our space compels us to omit, the narrative goes on as follows:—

“There were fifteen persons present, all seated round a table.

“Then one gentleman present was told to put his hand under the table and to hold it there for a little time. When he drew it back it contained a letter. Now, how this letter got into his hands is a perfect marvel, as the hands of all were resting on the table.

“The letter was written in a scratchy hand, upon a very smooth and curiously-coloured paper, and was furthermore dated from “London, Craven Street, Strand, to Mr. — and his select party of friends.” It was from an evil spirit, and its purport would be of no great moment to the reader were we to give it. It fully described the dress of a gentleman who was present (giving his name also), and who had not the slightest idea of being there until brought by his friend on the impulse of a moment. The letter was excessively prone to a sharp, bitter sarcasm, very disagreeable to those against whom it was levelled. The following are extracts:—“I tell you that I am an evil spirit. I wish to deal frankly with you, and I hereby caution you all that there is no species of mischief but it shall be practised by me. I will deceive you in spite of yourselves.” “I am half tempted to disturb this circle by splitting the table into a thousand atoms, without regard to age, sex, or party.”

“During this time the tables were agitated violently, and we and others were touched upon the knees, hands, and feet in the meanwhile.

“We were then requested to put our hand under the table; and having complied, another letter was placed in it, in the same mysterious manner, all hands being upon the table except the one engaged. The direction of this letter was written in hues of almost every possible degree, the words all being joined together by straggling picturesque lines, like the branches of a vine, and presenting a beautiful appearance to the view. To a mortal it must have been a work of immense and unprofitable labour. Strange to say, it was utterly impossible to tell where it began or where it ended. There were four different shades of blue, nine of scarlet, four of red, four of brown, &c, and all harmoniously and artistically blended. Its interior was no less wonderful than its exterior. It was written in myriad-coloured inks of every hue, shade, and degree, which were scattered over it in miraculous shades and gradations. One letter had as many as seven different hues in it.

“The letter commenced with “Creatures of y^e flesh,” and was signed Ben Jonson, the celebrated dramatist and contemporary

of Shakespeare. Its contents we omit—they were of a moral and expostulatory character, severely threatening against men of vicious habits.

“After having commented on this extraordinary letter, another gentleman was requested to place his hand under the table; and another letter was brought forth, but not before a violent struggle had taken place between the recipient and some unseen power that bestowed it. The hands were never stirred from the table during the whole time, and our legs had full play beneath. This letter was signed by the autograph names of nearly all present, ourself included; but none of us had any knowledge of ever having signed it. It was a short petition. It was very curiously sealed and folded. It was burned by order of the spirits. This I saw complied with myself. Another gentleman was then requested to put his hand under the table, as the others had done; he also received a letter, and it was the same, or a facsimile of the same letter which had been burned, with the exception of some additional lines, and a portrait, which the other had not. A small piece of paper was then torn, having nothing on it, and thrown under the table. We were presently desired to hold out our hand; and we received the same paper with a name written on it in pencil. These things were accomplished, with the greatest rapidity, in succession.

“A lady was then told to hold out her hand under the table, which she did, and a letter was delivered into it. She could not, however bring it forth until she had pulled violently at it, and torn the corner of the envelope in which it was enclosed. It was a letter upon scientific subjects, containing a new and wonderful theory upon the tendency of air and light objects to ascend. It was purported to be written by a gentleman present, who, however, denied all knowledge of it. It was, he owned, an exact facsimile of his style and writing, but he denied having penned it to his remembrance.

“After this a letter fell upon the table, apparently from the ceiling. It was written in French, and was also from an evil spirit. It was signed “Ralph.” It began as follows:—“*Mes chères amis—Je vous souhaite le bon soir,*” &c., &c. It was partly translated by a lady present; but in consequence of her not being able to read the cramped spiritual hand in which it was indited, the spirits completed its rendition.

“We then stated that we had never witnessed any manifestations as wonderful as these, and only one thing that at all approached them. We mentioned having seen a key taken from a door and deposited in a gentleman's pocket as the instance in question. We had scarcely ceased speaking when a gentleman was asked to place his hand under the table, and a

key was put immediately into it. Upon examination it proved to be the key of an adjoining room, at the other end of the apartment, which had been locked, but which was now found open and minus the key. The rapidity with which these things were accomplished was astounding. This fully convinced, as the mention of the key was entirely impulsive with us.

“We were then told to place our hand under the table again, and felt a cold hand plainly placed in it, while the hands of all present were on the table. The table-cloth was forcibly dragged off through the space between the tables, and afterwards deposited in our hands.

“We and another gentleman were requested to place our fingers between the crevices of the table, which we did, and we then both felt a cold and clammy hand clutch us, as likewise did the mediums and two others.

“Our son-in-law then felt a cold and damp hand seize his under the table. Pencils, pen-knives, and pens were at times placed in the hands of those assembled by invisible agencies. The manifestations now grew very violent. Tables were thrown about, and a pen-knife was thrown at and struck a gentleman upon the head with excessive violence, without doing him the least apparent injury. Our clothes were pulled at, and we distinctly saw—as did likewise several others—a ghastly-coloured hand arise slowly between the crevices of the table. A lady, who was evidently of a very timid disposition, had her silk dress roughly pulled in all directions, with such force as to almost pull her from her chair, at which she appeared greatly alarmed; but whenever she moved the same results followed. Three gentlemen saw a naked foot of a little girl about thirteen years of age, which they described as a perfect model of beauty and symmetry. There was no child whatever in the room. We received a pencil from the hand of a spirit under the table. Our son-in-law saw a large dark hand seize upon the aforesaid lady's dress and pull it downward—he says it was surrounded by a species of pale red light. We likewise saw a double-bladed pen-knife clutched in a naked hand beneath the table, and several persons felt sharp punctures in their flesh simultaneously, for they cried out with pain. The tables were then dragged violently across the room, carrying the mediums along with them. In fact, it would be tiresome to ourself and to the reader were we to give an account of all we beheld at this most extraordinary circle upon this memorable night. Suffice it to say that we never saw anything so wonderful and so entirely satisfactory. We were completely *hors de combat*. We have asked permission to attend the future meetings of this circle; and, should it be awarded us, we will, perhaps, be enabled to

lay before the public some more of the marvels there enacted. The circle, which is asserted to be the most powerful in the world, is entirely private; nor have its members any interest whatever in convincing the world at large of the truth of Spiritualism.'

"The *North British* reviewer explains table-moving philosophically—such table-moving as a servant-maid practises when she dusts a table; but beyond that—moving tables without touching them—his philosophy extends not; and therefore he settles that question thus:—'It is with difficulty we can bring ourselves to notice the extravagance of those who maintain that tables have moved at the will of an individual at a distance from them.' This is very easy; any man may be a philosopher thus. The reviewer says he witnessed the experiments of Mrs. Hayden, a professed table-mover. She was not a table-mover! She expressly disavowed it; but tried it occasionally, and often failed. Such table-moving as flourished in England a year or two ago was merely child's play, and an explanation of it would settle nothing. We quote the following from an American paper, not Spiritualist, and a paper that objects to Spiritual theories and doctrines—it is the *Lowell Vox Populi*, or voice of the people:—

"And what, asks the reader, do you know about Spiritualism! We answer nothing—absolutely nothing. We have heard much about it—thought much of it—and seen those manifestations which are called by that name, and of these we propose to write. Persons called mediums we have seen, who, when in an apparently unconscious state, would write and speak as if they were beings who once lived upon the earth, but were at the time spirits disembodied; persons whose word we would not hesitate to take as truth on matters of most vital importance—in whom we could confide if on their testimony depended our lives—such men have told us that they have seen writing which was produced by no visible agency, the pencil moving above and upon the paper with no hand guiding it—that they have seen tables lifted from the floor, and hung suspended to the very ceiling over head, with no hand or visible power touching them—that they have seen a man lifted up, and carried over the heads of an audience, the full length of a large hall, no visible power touching or supporting him—and, finally, that they have seen a violoncello played with all the power and accuracy of an accomplished master, the bow moving as if held in a skilful hand, yet no visible presence was within several feet of the instrument.

"These things we are told, and many more of like character, and we must form some opinion with regard to them. And

first, as we cannot presume that our informants intend to speak falsely, can we suppose that they are deceived in regard to the phenomena they believe they have witnessed!

“‘Let us be careful how we decide this question, *for infidelity stands in expectancy, and will seek to profit by the decision.*’

“The writer then goes on to say that if it is mere illusion, the same may be said of the miracles on which the Church is built. ‘Three, five, fifty, in some instances hundreds saw the miracles of which the New Testament furnishes a record; and therefore we are bound to believe on such a weight of testimony—yet these modern manifestations have been witnessed by numbers as great, and we are in every-day communion with the individuals who have seen them.’ Very Christian-like reasoning—so powerful, in fact, that the very arguments which Sir David Brewster and the *North British* (Presbyterian and Evangelical) *Review* employ against the Spiritualists are weapons deliberately forged for infidels to use against themselves. The cheap press has often been maliciously and falsely accused of circulating infidelity; but the dear press is really its most efficient supporter. St. Paul would not have written such an article; but he wrote these words, ‘Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy falsely so called.’

“We shall conclude the subject in our next, with a few more curious details which are indispensable to the formation of a full idea of it.”

THE SPIRITS IN AMERICA.

(From the “*Family Herald*” of January 20, 1855.)

“Last week we gave an account of some of the spiritual phenomena which were more like sorcery than anything else, and which remind one of stories of the old magicians which all of us have read, but few or none of us believe; but it would be wrong for us to form our opinion of the whole from one or two of its parts, or of a thousand mediums from a single specimen. The variety is very great, and nothing like a system of common understanding or method is perceptible. If you judged from one circle only, you might believe that nothing could be done without sitting round a table with hands on it; go to another, and there is no table at all. One will tell you that certain manifestations can only take place in the dark; in another, the same, or similar, take place in the light. One teaches you that certain organisations are adapted for mediums; another says nay, that mediumship is a gift of the spirit, and has been conferred on one for months, and then taken away; that a medium has been punished for misbehaviour by the loss of

mediumship for a season, after which it returned; that even a dead body has been made a medium, and guided a living hand to write. One will tell you that spirits out of the body see, as with bodily eyes, our world as well as their own; another says nay, they can only see through the eyes of a person in the body which they enter. All sorts of contradictory things are told, and opposite things done, and opposite systems pursued; and a bewildering variety, and as yet confusion of method and principle appear, which make it quite impossible to say what is the positive character of the movement; for it is graduated as on a scale, the lower degrees being not unlike the tricks of the conjuror's art, or the pranks of schoolboys and girls; the higher degrees ascending by series till you come to the arts of healing and consolation for body and spirit, and revel in the richest and purest poetry of a highly cultivated nature.

"The circle described in our last belonged to the great city of New York, where every art which human ingenuity can practise may be supposed to be possible in the most recondite and indiscoverable manner. Let us leave it then, and go to the country, amongst the rustic and simple peasantry of the West—persons not only unskilled in civilised arts, but ignorant of science and literature, with scarcely knowledge enough to till the ground for a bare subsistence.

"In the States there are what they call spirit-rooms, in which spirits are the sole performers. Jonathan Koons, a farmer, in Athens County, Ohio, was the first to erect such an apartment. It is a room 12 feet by 15, with a table in the centre furnished with musical instruments—drum, violin, harmonica, trumpet, &c. During the performance the room is darkened, and the company is seated round the wall. About 30 persons may be, and often are, accommodated. The musical instruments then give forth a concert—they are seen to play as if self-moved, and a vocal concert of mysterious voices accompanies them. The trumpet speaks distinctly and intelligibly—a hand may be seen raising it, and that hand will bring the trumpet or any other of the instruments round the company and shake hands with all; and you may satisfy yourself not only that it is a hand, but that no arm is attached to it. It is colder and stiffer than an ordinary human hand, but there are life and motion and great power in it. A piece of paper and phosphorus are given to you to examine it by means of a feeble light. That hand will write a letter to you, and put it into your hand. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, have shaken hands with this mysterious hand; and at a late conference of Spiritualists in New York, reported in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, it was debated whether this hand was an actual spirit-hand embodied, or merely a composition hand,

the result of spirit art in collecting the materials from the surrounding atmosphere. There was no dispute about the reality of the phenomenon, the only question was of what material it was composed. Various nice experiments have been made with it—for instance, softened wax and common putty have been used to obtain an impression from it. Dr. Gray describes the grasp of these spirit-hands as like the grasp of a mailed hand, by which he has been whirled violently across the room. They are powerful living hands, apparently of flesh and bone, without a body or an arm attached to them.

“The following description of Koon’s circle is by an eyewitness, quoted from the *Spiritual Universe* of Cleveland, Ohio, date 28th October, 1854. It is a small extract from a long letter:—

“The violin was not on the table during the whole time, but it was carried by invisible hands all round the room, now passing near to our heads, now near the ceiling, and now resting on our persons. It was placed on the knees of one of our number, and turned over so that the strings were on the under side, and while his hands were passing all around it, a tune was played. The accordion was played on, not only while it lay on the table, but while it was floating through the air through all parts of the room. The tambourine, at our request, was played successively on each of our heads; it was also passed completely round the circle, and in its way rested on the arms and hands of each. We also heard speaking, whistling, and singing through the tin horn. The horn appears to be the chief medium used by the spirits at these rooms for vocalising. Time was marked, now on the drums, now on the triangle, now on the tambourine, and with the bell, and now with the use of all combined. While this concert of music was being given, articulate words were heard from the horn, indicating that one of the invisibles presided over the others and directed the arrangements. Through this horn many amusing and interesting comments on the instruments, the musicians, and their music, were made—sometimes commending, and sometimes severely criticising.”

“At the request of one, the horn was handed round, and the writer was allowed to hold the large end of it, whilst conversation was conducted with him by the invisible agency through the small end. Moreover, he felt the small end warm after it. He also saw the hand which took the phosphorised paper between its finger and thumb, and moved round the company with it within a few inches of the face, then rose to the ceiling out of reach. Being requested to write, the trumpet asked the loan of a pencil; the hand came and took it, and

wrote a letter; it then shook hands with all. 'It was as tangible and as real as a human hand, and yet we had the most unmistakable proofs that it was not human.'

"This does not look like news; it is too strong even for a popular romance—it bangs Bannagher,' as Daniel O'Connell once exclaimed. But now for the higher movements.

"In a short article on the diversities of gifts, the editor of the *Boston New Era* writes thus:—'Had they (the early Christians) the gift of speaking with tongues? so have we. Had they interpreters of tongues? we have the same. Had they the gift of prophecy? we also have that gift. Had they gifts of healing? our mediums cure the sick oftentimes in the most wonderful manner (witness the article entitled "Charles Main: Gifts of Healing," in the present number [*i.e.* of the *New Era*] and thousands of other things all over the land). Did they work miracles? we work them as well. There is no gift called spiritual in the New Testament but we can find its parallel in these times.'

"The literature of the Movement is peculiarly interesting; it seems destined to form a new epoch in the history of poetry. The spirit-songs are fragrant with an odour hitherto unknown to earth-songs. It looks as if the Muses were no longer a vain imagination, but a living reality; and they sing of Heaven, the morning land of the spirit, and its destined home. No longer palled in ghost-like attire, and singing dirges of Earth and Hades, oppressing poor mortals with leaden thoughts, and wailing like corn-crakes amid stalks of corn, whose luxuriant ears are beyond their reach—these regenerated deities have risen like the lark, and sing from heaven the songs of the lower and the higher homes. And such is the nature of the new inspiration that the medium chants and sings, and recites his lyric and his epic in character, like a prophet bard; whilst his amanuensis commits to writing the words as he utters them.

"*The Lyric of the Morning Land*, a poem of 250 pages, spoken in trance in thirty hours, by Thomas L. Harris, a spirit-medium, is the last, and, we believe, the most beautiful production of the new poetic inspiration. It must take its place with the very richest compositions in feeling, though somewhat overblown with ideality.

"The poem is addressed 'To the pure in heart,' and has for its motto—'In my Father's house are many mansions.' It is divided into three parts, Pallas, Hesperus, and the Sun. In the first, the spirit of a poet rehearses the story of his death on earth. His spirit ascends and beholds wondrous sights.

"The angels of sleep lead the soul to its home, and thus the soul of the poet was led to its paradise isle by a maiden from

Pallas; and while journeying with her the poet sings the mournful song of the 'Outer Life.' As they reached a shore of alabaster, a company of rose-winged and purple-vested youths met them, and the poet sings 'The Song of Desire.' As he ceased, he saw a lovely maid whispering into an infant's ear, and the infant fled towards the poet and his maiden companion, and welcomed them as a lovely spirit pair to the island of the Lily Queen—

"The Lily Queen lay sleeping, and her head
Was fanned by swaying turquoise flowers that fed
The air with incense.

"As he looked she awoke; she told him his coming was not unknown. Enraptured with her beauty he sings again. A new life is born in him, and he trembles like a dewdrop as she touches the inmost lyre-strings of his heart. Then he sings the "Song of Home," which we quote as a specimen—

"How beautiful is Home! The wanderer sees,
Returning from afar, the village spire,
And the ancestral roof whose aged trees
Shelter, perchance, wife, mother, child and sire;
Nor theirs the glory to which fools aspire—
The empty bauble vainly called renown;
They are content to light the evening fire,
To feast on simple cheer, and lay them down
In joyous rest to dream, unfearing fortune's frown.

"How beautiful is Home, when Love adorns
With splendours brighter than the morning sun,
When it first gilds the silver Alpine horns,
The village cot, the fair beloved one—
Though poor in outward gifts, excelled by none
In all the finer feelings of the breast;
How chime the hours to music as they run!
Music of Love divine, that angels blest,
Delighted, bend to hear from out their golden rest.

"'Tis Love alone that gives to Home its bliss,
Transfiguring common life with light divine;
Love plants its Eden in the wilderness,
Lights Heaven's own flame to gild the darksome time;
In saddest breast, like diamond in the mine,
Burns quenchlessly: and through life's inner night
An orb of fairest grace and strength sublime,
Pure as sweet Hesper set on Tempe's height,
Streams prophesying Heaven, the land of Love's delight.

"But Home in Heaven—a light within a light—
A joy insphered in joy! How beauteous still
The evening shadows when a new-born sight
Changes to jewell'd fires the palace wall
Of our divine abode: when over all
A sky translucent, fire-illumed, and fed,
Expands sublime beyond the ethereal hall,
Picturing o'er all its dome how angels wed,
What marriage throongs sublime to heavenly nuptials tread.

"The Lily Queen becomes the bride of the poet, and from a

radiant angel he learns his destiny, which is to shed celestial light on earth.

"Then the poet sings the song of the Soul, and how Love is endless; and the hymn of Life's Completeness. In the golden age of harmony life is to be complete; then there are to be no scattered households; then the Eden age shall revisit mortal men; then shall come the new-born state; then the crowning church shall rise.

"All this professes to be positive and unequivocal inspiration, words and thoughts alike produced without an effort of the mind of the medium; and a poem, which would cost a labouring poet a twelvemonth's toil at the least, with innumerable corrections and interlineations, erasures and interpolations, patchings, and mendings, is produced in thirty hours, with none of the usual accompaniments of intellectual exercise. It is true that the medium is a man of refined mind, who might be supposed capable of producing such a work by intellectual labour, and that we have only his own testimony to rely on with respect to the manner of the poem's birth; but if a mind, if many minds, so exquisitely tuned, and richly furnished, are at the same time capable of practising the most iniquitous imposition on their fellow creatures, then what is the use of education at all, and what guarantee can society have for its amelioration, in recommending the modern panacea of school-knowledge, and intellectual cultivation?

"Such phenomena, if true, in an age like this, constitute a remarkable fact, and a most important and valuable one. They seem to be preparing the world for the greatest controversy that has yet taken place—the final controversy of the Church. The Church is peculiarly a spirit institution. Was it or was it not founded by spirit manifestations? That is the great question—and that it is not settled, the increase of infidelity demonstrates; and that even the clergy and the professed Christians are disbelievers themselves in such phenomena as the Bible regards as genuine facts, such articles as the one we noticed in our last week's number abundantly prove. Who are the infidels?—Are Sadducees infidels?—are all men infidels?

"If not true, let the imposture be exposed and reasonably explained by some one who has read the literature of the movement, and visited the most distinguished of the so-called spirit-circles in America.

"In conclusion, be it known to the reader that the spirits are acknowledged—even by Spiritualists themselves—to be untrustworthy in regard to matters of fact. They are, as a body, notorious liars. Some, it is said, have proved themselves true; but fidelity to their word is so much the exception to the

rule, and the testimonies of spirits are so very contradictory, that no dependence can be placed upon one word that they utter respecting their own world, their condition in it, or even their own identity. But the facts! The facts are one thing, and the spirit's word or testimony is another. What are the causes of such effects? This is the first question to be answered, and nothing like an answer has ever yet, to our knowledge, appeared in print."

To some of the strictures in these articles we think exception might be fairly taken, and in particular the bold averment that the spirits "are, as a body, notorious liars," is far too sweeping. On this point, however, we may note that in *The Coming Man* our author himself points out that, in common with spirits, the best and wisest teachers of mankind in teaching by symbol, allegory, fable, and parable, subordinate, set aside, and violate literal truth (as for example when animals, birds, and even inanimate things, are said to speak), not for the purpose of deception, but to set in a more striking light the higher truth—the moral and spiritual truth, with which they are alone concerned.

In conclusion we would say, all honour to this brave pioneer of Spiritualism and kindred truths, for his manly open assertion and dissemination of facts and conclusions concerning them, then universally unpopular, and therefore the more needed.

TO J. H. G.

A NATURE frank, courageous, loving truth
 With all the ingenuous, trusting mind of youth;
 A noble kindly heart and generous hand,
 Quick sympathies—bound in no narrow band:
 A large experience gained in many a clime,
 A faith beyond "this bank and shoal of Time"
 In things invisible—eternal verities,
 Speaking its honest thought without disguise:
 To soul so poised what matters gain or loss!
 The fires but prove the gold that purge the dross:
 To faith so centred, calm, and pure as thine,
 Behind the darkest cloud God's face doth shine.

T. S.

MATERIALISATION OF SPIRIT-FORMS.

RECENT EXPERIMENTS OF WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S.

MR. CROOKES, in company with a few scientific friends, has lately been engaged in experimental investigations to test the independent existence of materialised spirit-forms as presented through the mediumship of Miss Florence Cook. As these *séances* are now for a brief period suspended, he has placed on record some of these experiments and their results. It will be seen that they confirm the conclusion of Mr. Varley, from the electrical experiments made by him, as related in our last number. Mr. Crookes says:—

"I have for some time past been experimenting with a phosphorus lamp, consisting of a 6-oz. or 8-oz. bottle, containing a little phosphorised oil, and tightly corked. I have had reason to hope that by the light of this lamp some of the mysterious phenomena of the cabinet might be rendered visible, and Katie has also expressed herself hopefully as to the same result.

"On March 12th, during a *séance* here, after Katie had been walking amongst us and talking for some time, she retreated behind the curtain which separated my laboratory, where the company was sitting, from my library which did temporary duty as a cabinet. In a minute she came to the curtain and called me to her, saying, 'Come into the room and lift my medium's head up, she has slipped down.' Katie was then standing before me clothed in her usual white robes and turban head dress. I immediately walked into the library up to Miss Cook, Katie stepping aside to allow me to pass. I found Miss Cook had slipped partially off the sofa, and her head was hanging in a very awkward position. I lifted her on to the sofa, and in so doing had satisfactory evidence, in spite of the darkness, that Miss Cook was not attired in the 'Katie' costume, but had on her ordinary black velvet dress, and was in a deep trance. Not more than three seconds elapsed between my seeing the white-robed Katie standing before me and my raising Miss Cook on to the sofa from the position into which she had fallen.

"On returning to my post of observation by the curtain, Katie again appeared, and said she thought she should be able to show herself and her medium to me at the same time. The gas was then turned out, and she asked for my phosphorus lamp. After exhibiting herself by it for some seconds, she handed it back to me, saying, 'Now come in and see my medium.' I closely followed her into the library, and by the light of my

lamp saw Miss Cook lying on the sofa just as I had left her. I looked round for Katie, but she had disappeared. I called her but there was no answer.

"On resuming my place Katie soon reappeared, and told me that she had been standing close to Miss Cook all the time. She then asked if she might try an experiment herself, and taking the phosphorus lamp from me she passed behind the curtain, asking me not to look in for the present. In a few minutes she handed the lamp back to me, saying she could not succeed, as she had used up all the power, but would try again another time. My eldest son, a lad of fourteen, who was sitting opposite me in such a position that he could see behind the curtain, tells me he distinctly saw the phosphorus lamp apparently floating about in space over Miss Cook, illuminating her as she lay motionless on the sofa, but he could not see anyone holding the lamp.

"I pass on to a *séance* held last night at Hackney. Katie never appeared to greater perfection, and for nearly two hours she walked about the room, conversing familiarly with those present. On several occasions she took my arm when walking, and the impression conveyed to my mind that it was a living woman by my side, instead of a visitor from the other world, was so strong that the temptation to repeat a recent celebrated experiment became almost irresistible. Feeling, however, that if I had not a spirit, I had at all events a *lady* close to me, I asked her permission to clasp her in my arms, so as to be able to verify the interesting observations which a bold experimentalist has recently somewhat verbosely recorded. Permission was graciously given, and I accordingly did—well, as any gentleman would do under the circumstances. Mr. Volckman will be pleased to know that I can corroborate his statement that the "ghost" (not "struggling," however) was as material a being as Miss Cook herself. But the sequel shows how wrong it is for an experimentalist, however accurate his observations may be, to venture to draw an important conclusion from an insufficient amount of evidence.

"Katie now said she thought she should be able this time to show herself and Miss Cook together. I was to turn the gas out and then come with my phosphorus lamp into the room now used as a cabinet. This I did, having previously asked a friend who was skilful at shorthand to take down any statement I might make when in the cabinet, knowing the importance attaching to first impressions, and not wishing to leave more to memory than necessary. His notes are now before me.

"I went cautiously into the room, it being dark, and felt about for Miss Cook. I found her crouching on the floor.

Kneeling down, I let air into the lamp, and by its light I saw the young lady dressed in black velvet, as she had been in the early part of the evening, and to all appearance perfectly senseless; she did not move when I took her hand and held the light close to her face, but continued quietly breathing. Raising the lamp, I looked around and saw Katie standing close behind Miss Cook. She was robed in flowing white drapery as we had seen her previously during the *séance*. Holding one of Miss Cook's hands in mine, and still kneeling, I passed the lamp up and down so as to illuminate Katie's whole figure and satisfy myself thoroughly that I was really looking at the veritable Katie whom I had clasped in my arms a few minutes before, and not at the phantasm of a disordered brain. She did not speak, but moved her head and smiled in recognition. Three separate times did I carefully examine Miss Cook crouching before me, to be sure that the hand I held was that of a living woman, and three separate times did I turn the lamp to Katie and examine her with steadfast scrutiny until I had no doubt whatever of her objective reality. At last Miss Cook moved slightly, and Katie instantly motioned me to go away. I went to another part of the cabinet and then ceased to see Katie, but did not leave the room till Miss Cook woke up, and two of the visitors came in with a light.

"Before concluding this article I wish to give some of the points of difference which I have observed between Miss Cook and Katie. Katie's height varies; in my house I have seen her six inches taller than Miss Cook. Last night, with bare feet and not 'tip-toeing,' she was four and a half inches taller than Miss Cook. Katie's neck was bare last night; the skin was perfectly smooth both to touch and sight, whilst on Miss Cook's neck is a large blister, which under similar circumstances is distinctly visible and rough to the touch. Katie's ears are unpierced, whilst Miss Cook habitually wears earrings. Katie's complexion is very fair, while that of Miss Cook is very dark. Katie's fingers are much longer than Miss Cook's, and her face is also larger. In manners and ways of expression there are also many decided differences."*

* In a private letter from Mr. Epes Sergeant, of Boston, author of *Planchette*, he remarks:—"If Messrs. Varley and Crookes can establish the fact that the figure known as Katie is a temporarily materialised form, vanishing or dissolving immediately after its withdrawal from the view of the spectators, then will they establish the most stupendous fact yet known to science; one that will do more to revolutionize human opinion on a variety of important subjects than all the books that ever were written or can be written. I am not competent to say how far Mr. Varley's electrical experiments are valuable as tests in this matter."

ANOTHER LADY MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MATERIALIZATION.

Manifestations similar to those described as occurring through the mediumship of Miss Cook, are also reported of Miss Showers, a young lady, seventeen years of age, resident at Teignmouth, South Devon, but who, with her mother, has been spending the winter in London witnessing manifestations, and giving private *séances*. The last of these, previous to her return home, was given at the house of Mrs. Gregory, 21, Green Street, Grosvenor Square, on March 24th. The circle consisted of General Brewster, Colonel Stuart, Lady R., Mrs. Wiseman, Mrs. Fraser, and Mrs. Templeman Speer, a distinguished F.R.S., M.A., Rev. Maurice Davies, D.D., Mr. Beauclere, Mr. Herbert Noyes, and Mrs. and Miss Showers. The room in which the cabinet was placed was divided by a screen from an outer room, in which the sitters ranged themselves in a semi-circle. The room being lighted by a large wax candle, some tilting of the table and rappings took place, and four distinct voices, not those of any of the company, joined in a quartette. In about half-an-hour the door of the cabinet opened, and a materialised spirit-form stood in the doorway visible to all. Each member of the company at the invitation of the spirit went up close to her, shook hands with her, and made a close examination of her features twice in the course of the evening, and each carefully examined the form and the ample white drapery of the spirit, and exchanged a few words with her. The writer of the account of this *séance* in the *Medium* of April 3rd, says:—

“I had by accident the good fortune to be seated the whole time of her visit within a few feet of her, and therefore had most excellent opportunities of examining her face and hearing all she said, and at one time, when a red light was brought into the room and made to play upon her, I most distinctly observed her features. Unfortunately she was unable to stand this red light for any length of time, and in consequence had to retire into the cabinet to regain force, as indeed she was obliged to do several times during this most wonderful and lengthy visit. If questioned, I should positively affirm that the features were not those of the medium; the nose and cheek bones were markedly different, while the eyes had an extraordinary, glazed, fixed, and stony appearance. In stature, too, she was superior to her medium, which I perfectly satisfied myself of, firstly, by carefully observing the relative height of the spirit and Miss Showers as they appeared in the doorway—the top of the head of the former was quite up to, and indeed a little above, the beam of the door, while that of the latter was quite one and

a half to two inches below it; and secondly, by observing their relative height when standing in juxtaposition with the 'master of the ceremonies,' when it was agreed *nem. con.* that the spirit had the better of her medium by a good bit.

"To me the face appeared full and somewhat rigid, the glassy eyes tending to this impression; and though the general colour of the face was pale, there seemed to be, so far as the light would admit of my judging, some little colour about the cheeks. Anyhow the complexion of Florence (the spirit) was quite different from that of Miss Showers. The head was enveloped in white drapery so as to conceal the hair, which Florence informed us she had not wholly materialised; but it was brown, and not so long as that of her medium. The drapery covering the head appeared to be transparent, and resembled white crape or gauze, and fell gracefully over the shoulders and arms, while the body was robed in a plain, neat dress, of a more substantial fabric, the upper portion or bodice fitting tight, an ornament like a mother-of-pearl button being conspicuous about the centre of the bosom—this ornament she told me was one she always wore, but of what composed she could not explain to my understanding. The lower portion of the dress, which was also white, consisted of a skirt or petticoat, the material composing which seemed very stout, resembling white satin, only not possessed of the sheen of that fabric, but exactly resembling it in the appearance of the solidity yet gracefulness of its folds. To the touch this material was exceedingly soft, resembling the very finest and softest flannel. The hand, I may here note, was pleasantly warm, and we were informed by Florence that she was of full weight, whereas her medium if weighed would be found to be only half weight—that she got more than half her weight from the medium and the remainder from the circle.

"After standing amongst us for upwards of half-an-hour, she, at our request, seated herself—a matter of some difficulty evidently, but when once accomplished she seemed highly pleased with her feat, though she did not look comfortable, and after a while stood up again so as to be more at her ease; but after a little time she again seated herself of her own free will, and this time with much greater ease. As it so happened she now sat at easy speaking distance from me, and I had an excellent and long view of her face as I conversed with her. I took advantage of this proximity to inquire all about her parentage, &c. She told me her father's name was Joseph Maple, her mother's Margaret; that he was a grocer, and lived in Blackburn Street, Inverness, the number she had forgotten. Being asked if she would like me to send them any message, she replied, 'Tell my parents I shall ever remember them; but I

can never communicate with them, as they are not mediumistic.' On my asking her to give me some test whereby to prove to them that the message was from her, she reflected for a good while and then said: 'Tell them that in my last convulsion, when they thought I was no more, I was not dead, but was conscious and heard all that was being said. This is the only test I can give. I suffered no pain when the separation between the body and spirit took place; this was about six years ago. I died of consumption.'

"Shortly after this our fair visitor from the spirit-world—who at one time advanced quite three to four yards from the cabinet door—after thanking us for the assistance we had given her, in sad tones, bade us farewell, saying she would not in all probability see us again, as she intended shortly going to a higher sphere and leaving her medium. As she retired she closed the door behind her, and presently the voice of Peter, who all this time had been charged with entrancing the medium, called out to us and enjoined us to sing. Another half-hour or so elapsed, and he then invited some of us to go and examine the medium. Two or three of our number retired accordingly, and found Miss Showers lying in a trance, with her face downwards on the floor, as described by Florence. On recovering consciousness she was quite unaware of anything that had occurred, seemed a little tired, and was unable to bear the light of the candle. Thus ended this most remarkable and interesting *séance*, during which I think I may with safety say that we had for upwards of an hour and a quarter been in the presence of, and conversed with, a truly resurrected or materialised spirit.

"I enclose my card, and am, yours faithfully,
"London, 25th March, 1874."

"D. G. S.

Miss Showers is neither a public nor a paid medium. On this occasion she wore a black silk dress, while the spirit-form was in white drapery.

On the evening of March 30th, at the house of Mr. Luxmoore, 16, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, the spirit Florence and her medium Miss Showers were both distinctly seen at the same time, under the light of a large solar lamp. Florence walked about the room some time, and then sat down to the piano, which she played "with great feeling and exquisite touch."

A LECTURE ON SPIRITUALISM was delivered in the Unitarian Chapel, Hastings, on March 24th, by Mr. D. H. Wilson, and the Minister of the Chapel was in the chair.

THE WAIL OF A LOST SPIRIT.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF THE REV. FREDERICK ROWLAND YOUNG.

THE *Christian Spiritualist* for February, 1873, has an article by its editor, the Rev. Frederick Rowland Young, minister of the Free Christian Church, Swindon, and written under his own name, entitled "The Wail of a Lost Spirit." It is an experience so remarkable and instructive that we deem it worthy of reproduction. Mr. Young writes:—

"On Monday afternoon, December 23rd, 1872, I was reading the *Standard* report of Mr. Gladstone's speech delivered at Liverpool on the previous Saturday, and commenting upon portions of it, in the presence of two members of my family circle—Mrs. Wreford, and her daughter. Suddenly, and while in the act of making my comments, I began to feel extremely faint, from what I thought to be the heat of the room, and desired that the window might be opened for the ingress of fresh air. I also went from the fire-place to the open window, hoping that in a few minutes the feeling of faintness might pass away. Very shortly after this change, I was entranced, and slid off the chair on to the floor, in a kneeling position, and then began to crawl on hands and knees, very slowly, groping about like a person might who was in the dark, and trying to find his way through it. While in this position, and watched eagerly by those present, a spirit began to utter through me certain lines of verse, which were taken down in shorthand at the time. 'Suiting,' as Shakspeare says, 'the action to the word and the word to the action,' the spirit began as follows, every word being illustrated by the movements my body made:—

"I wander on—I wander far,
No light of sun—no blink of star;
I wander on—no voice I hear,
No word to guide, but all is drear;
I wander on, 'mid darkness deep,
No hand to touch, no rest, no sleep.
O heart, so foul and full of sin:
Without—without—and not within!
I *might* have been 'within' the gate,
But scoffed and scowled, till all too late;
I heard a voice, a voice for years,
I turned away—no hope appears;
I wander on—where *shall* I go?
I say 'this way'—a voice says 'No!'
I wander on—I cry with pain,
I ne'er shall hear *that* voice again,
The voice of pity, power and love,
The voice on earth of God above.

I wander on, and stumble—fall :
 And all is gone, for ever—all :
 O sisters, brothers, in the land below,
 If I *could* tell you all I know ;
 'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
 How *can* I cleanse you, filthy heart ?
 I *cannot* wander—I *must* stay,
 And wait the beams of brighter day,
 Feel out for help, and strain these eyes
 For light, from yonder closed skies :
 O God, O Christ, O Holy Ghost !
 List to the cries of one that's lost !
 Perhaps some Angel hears my word,
 And may be sent here by its Lord
 To pick up *me*, to guide *my* feet,
 And bring my wandering steps to meet
 My Judge, my oft-offended Lord,
 And hear from Him my doomful word ?

“ At this point I think the spirit's own mention of the word ‘Angel,’ must have suggested to her mind the fact that she had at some time in the past been herself called an ‘Angel,’ and the contrast between the really angelic character and her own was at once felt to be so striking that she burst out into the following disclaimer :—

“ An angel ? no, a woman fell,
 Who dragged her dupes the way to hell ;
 Who smiled, caressed, spoke words of love,
 And strove by meretricious arts to prove
 The words all true—

“ Here it would seem that the spirit was not satisfied with the way in which she was expressing herself ; partly, perhaps, because the lines of verse were not properly measured out, so she revised her composition, beginning again as follows :—

“ An angel ? no a woman fell,
 Who dragged her dupes the road to hell,
 With words all bland, with smiles and tears,
 With laughter, shouts, with hopes and fears ;
 They paid me well—they did their deed—
 They paid on garbage foul to feed :
 I know it now—I see it all,
 And here I am, no voice to call,
 No voice to say ‘ Reach forth thy hand,
 A guide is here to Spirit-land !’
 I wander on—all dark and foul
 Begrimed—a hated, spotted soul :
 The sin was mine and only mine :
 I died, and gave the world no sign ;
 I died, to live—I lived to know
 The meaning of a *spirit's* woe.
 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
 Is there *no* hope for spirits lost,
 No help for sin—no word—no sign ?
 The sin was mine and only mine.

“ The friends present tell me that nothing could more pain-
 N.S.—IX.

fully and entirely illustrate intense agony of mind than the movements and tones of the spirit, while the expression of the face was indescribable. My friends interjected, here and there, a word of consolation and advice, but no notice would seem to have been taken of it. I have no clue by which to tell the name, or history of this spirit, and where the ignorance is absolute, silence should be equally so. It is, however, apparent that the speaker was a woman; a woman who in earth-life had been what is familiarly known as a 'prostitute,' but one of higher grade than usual, and certainly one of education and poetic feeling. Orthodox Christians talk much about hell, and delight themselves and their hearers with vivid and painful pictures of what they themselves conceive hell to be, pictures made up largely of material images, and appealing to the merely physical feelings of pain or pleasure. But here at least one may know, however faintly, what hell must be in the future to a soul that has abused its nature in earth-life, and been disobedient to the heavenly vision, the heavenly voice. If spiritual phenomena were worth nothing more than for the insight they give into the spiritual state of those who have passed away, they would be of incalculable benefit, for they show us, beyond all possibility of cavil, that the eternal order reigns supreme in all worlds, and that 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,' that not what we have, or where we are is the great matter, but *what* we are, and that however 'case-hardened' a spirit may be on this side of the Border Land, the time must come, sooner or later, when that spirit will realize its own condition, its own surroundings, the 'place' (1 *Acts*, xxv. verse) it has made for itself by its whole earth-life. Let smoke and fire, and bodily torment continue to be used as figures of the retribution of the future, and we shall not object, but let them be used simply as figures, and as nothing else, for it is evident that the spirit's torment in the land beyond is the torment of spirit and not of body.

"I cannot but indulge the hope that at some future time this poor spirit, wandering on and groping its way blindly, may be permitted to entrance me again, and give some particulars of name, residence, and such other details as may help one to trace out portions of her earthly life; and if I am so far favoured my readers may rest assured that I shall give them all the information that is given to me. Meanwhile, I place this entrancement on record, because it is, in itself, an extremely valuable one; and because, however many who hear of it may disbelieve, or be in doubt, there are those who will accept the account for what it really is, a truthful and carefully composed history of one of the most solemn and impressive spiritual experiences to which I have

been subjected since my mediumistic powers have been brought into action.

"I ought to say, what, of course, my readers will assume, that I myself have punctuated and emphasized these lines of verse, in order to make them more readable. The words in italics are those which the spirit herself strongly emphasized.

"*December 30th, 1872.*—Exactly a week from the time since the above particulars transpired, the faintness I have described above came over me again, and eventually I was entranced. My hands were clasped in an attitude of prayer, and of evident thankfulness, and then unclasped; but no words were uttered. The spirit was then asked to speak, but a shake of the head was the only answer. I then came out of my trance; but only for about two minutes, when to my surprise I was entranced again. I was made to spring up with a sudden movement, and clasp my hands, and then the spirit repeated through me the following lines, which are here punctuated and emphasized, to express, as well as one can do, the significance of the utterances—the meanings attempted to be expressed:—

"My groping's ceased,—I've heard the sound!
The dead's alive! The lost is found!
The seeking hand has found out *me*
I'm *his* through all *eternity*!
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
I've found there's hope for one that's lost!
Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto our God for ever!

(Here my hands were folded across my breast).

"I cross my hands o'er this wild heart;
We meet,—and meet no more to part!
On earth my sin lost all his love;
I've died to find it all above!
With guilt and stain he loves me still,
Forgives my wrong, my hellish ill.
O bridegroom! keep thy soiled bride,
And let no ill from hence betide!
I *will* be good—I *will* be true;
The wrong—the sin—I *can't* undo!
That I *may* earn my peace at length,
(And with the peace must come the strength)
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Give help to me, the spirit lost!
And bless the waiting love that's found,
And now will keep me safe and sound.

(Here the spirit slightly paused, and evidently addressed herself to the spirit who had sought and found her).

"Thou think'st the blame was partly thine,
The sin was mine and only mine.
My eyes were blind,—I did not know;
I see it now!—I see it now!
The praise be yours,—the blame be mine;
The sin was mine,—and *only* mine!

Here the poem, if poem it may be called, comes to an end, and seems to tell its own tale, the tale of a woman who had acted falsely towards some man whom she had loved, and who had loved her; but who was at length found by that same man in the spirit-world, who was made the instrument, in the hands of God, of awakening her not only to a right sense of her sin, but to hope for deliverance from some of its spiritual embarrassments. We must all be pardoned for cherishing the desire that we may one day or other be permitted to know the name, and some of the particulars of the mortal history of this poor lost and found one. In the meantime, the history itself just as it is is a most solemn and impressive warning to all evil doers; while it equally shows how the eternal love of the Infinite Father is always seeking after His wanderers, and is engaged in bringing back His prodigal banished ones.

"The theory of 'unconscious cerebration,' by which many of the opponents of Spiritualism seek to explain some of its phenomena, utterly fails in this case. The brain cannot give out what it does not contain; and that poem was no more the product of my brain than some poem of a language utterly and absolutely unknown to me would be. In my waking moments I could not have written it, as all who know my peculiar cast of mind could easily testify. No; it is a genuine spirit utterance, plain, pointed, practical, and extremely painful; but carrying with it in every particular the signature of reality; and proving how 'he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption;' and that 'judgment against an evil work,' although 'not executed speedily,' is always executed in the long run.

"I also think that it is one more proof added to several which the thoughtful and observant may easily accumulate, that what we call fallen, lost women are not, after all, the very worst people in the world; that there are sins of a far more difficult and apparently hopeless kind than what we call 'sins of the flesh,'—morally and physically bad as they are. A woman's fall from a state of chastity to a state of *unchastity*, is very often only an inverted and misdirected form of self-sacrifice; and self-sacrifice is in itself so noble a thing, that even when it takes wrong directions, it may contain within itself the elements of its own recovery to a right state."

These verses, the editor tells us, at once excited a very considerable amount of interest, and caused him to receive several letters of remark and criticism upon them. One of these letters was from Mr. W. S. Austin, of 5, Essex Court, Temple, a well-known barrister, asking a series of searching questions founded upon them, such as might be put to a witness under cross-examination at a trial at *Nisi Prius*, by an opposing

counsel. To those questions Mr. Young gives the following replies:—

“On many previous occasions I have been subject to trances, but not often of the specific kind which is the subject of your letter. Their duration has been very unequal, ranging from a few minutes to almost if not quite, three hours. I was first entranced on June 14th, 1870, but only on one previous occasion have I been the medium of verse being given through me, and then the lines were not more than eight, or two verses of four lines each. My friends had often seen me entranced, and, consequently, were not in the least degree alarmed; but on the present occasion I gave them no intimation of what was to follow. Of course, I myself had no idea of what was to take place, although former experiences enabled *them* to detect, almost *instantly*, that something spiritualistic was about to follow, and immediately paper and pencil were got ready for use. I may add that one of the friends present is an experienced, rapid, and accurate shorthand writer who, Sunday by Sunday, reports my sermons at church, and has done so for the past twelve years, and, indeed, is engaged every day, more or less, in writing in shorthand to my dictation and afterwards transcribing her notes.

“I myself saw no vision, nor was I aware until I had come out of the trance of what had transpired, and then only by being told. My friends saw and heard me, and me only; but under abnormal conditions such as, generally speaking, they had seen over and over again, on previous occasions. The facts, as I apprehend them, were that a spirit spoke through me, using my organs, but not herself making any other personal manifestation. I was in a state of average health, had taken no opium or any kind of anodyne, and there was nothing as far as I know abnormal about my condition.

“Speaking as from actual knowledge, I am not aware of more than one instance in which I have been the means of converting a fallen woman, and that took place 25 years ago, when I was a Trinitarian, and preaching for, although not in actual connection with, the Primitive Methodists, at Diss, in Norfolk, where I then resided. My experiences of fallen women, married and unmarried, have been large and extremely peculiar; but I cannot trace any connection between any one of those cases and the ‘Wail of a Lost Spirit,’ and the case at Diss would certainly not be one of them. I have never written or preached, *specifically*, on such a topic, although I have made frequent references in my sermons and lectures to it, as I feel very strongly about such matters, and have come to some carefully-formed and definite conclusions about them.

"I have never been visited at night by dreams of such a case or such a character, and have never made the subject the plot of any romance or story.

"The shorthand notes were corrected or revised by me to the extent only of my punctuating the lines. Some of the lines were unequal, and would have borne correction with advantage; but I did not feel myself at liberty to do anything but supply the punctuation."

SIMILAR RELATIONS BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Among other letters addressed to the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, is one by Mr. William Howitt, who writes:—

"It is a very striking poem; and the fact of the unhappy spirit who dictated it being at first in darkness, is so completely in accordance with the words of our Saviour that, such spirits go into 'outer darkness;' and with numberless assertions of such spirits who have spoken through modern mediumship, that it is a strong confirmation of a Biblical truth. There was a very extraordinary communication made some years ago in the United States, through Mrs. Sweet, professing to be from the spirit of Voltaire; and worthy of Voltaire for the eloquence of its style, and its graphic power of description, which represents the great anti-Christian writer as for a long period after death finding himself in utter darkness and solitude; no light visiting him, no voice answering to his agonised appeals for rescue, and for the consolation of kindred society. This condition was stated by him to have been continued till he was emptied of his spiritual pride, and his temper antagonistic to Divine revelation; and till these had given way to a spirit of humility, submission to God's will, and an earnest yearning after human sympathy and love. As his misanthropical hauteur disappeared, there opened to him the lower regions of intermediate life, a tempered light, and a free course upward and onward.

"In the spiritual experiments and experiences of Hornung, the Secretary of the Berlin Magnetic Society, some extracts from which were published by me some years ago in the *Spiritual Magazine*, there is frequent mention made of an extraordinary female spirit, who came to his *séances*, and talked like a very Apostle for the beauty and wisdom of her discourses, and for her admirable inculcations of Gospel truth. Hornung observed to her that she must occupy a very exalted position in the spiritual world. 'On the contrary,' she replied, 'I am still living in total darkness, and never see any light except when I am allowed to come to you, and on my journey catch glimpses

of the sunny light of happier regions, and hear the voices and songs of their happier inhabitants.' She confessed that she was the spirit of a lady of notorious life and character, formerly well known at Vienna; and was then suffering the necessary consequences of her self-induced moral degradation. But she added that she was neither abandoned nor dejected. She was under the loving care of good and instructive angels, and was making steady progress towards the light, which would dawn upon her as she became capable of receiving and bearing it; and that in the meantime she was full of hope and resignation; and of a still more fervid desire to warn and assist those like herself still on earth.

"We ourselves had various unhappy spirits who presented themselves at our domestic *seances* some years ago, who declared that they were living in a region of darkness, desolation, and loneliness. They uniformly declined to reveal their names; adding that they were wholly unknown to us. We asked them what induced them to come to us; and they often replied that they chanced to be passing, saw a light, and came in, curious to see what was doing. Sometimes these spirits were possessed of an idea that they had irrevocably by their crimes lost the favour of God; and it was most difficult to induce them to think otherwise; though we reminded them of the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and of the assurance of Jesus Christ that whoever came to Him He would in no wise cast out. Sometimes they refused to be prayed for; saying that it was of no use, and that in fact, wretched as they were, they did not wish to change. Others, however, professed to feel better for our sympathy and counsels, and came again and again, declaring themselves progressively happier.

"On one of the last of these occasions, whilst in England, a spirit unknown, and declining to give his name, said that he would relate to us his first experience in the spirit-world. He said that he found himself with a number of others in utter darkness; cold, hungry, and most miserable. In endeavouring to advance, he and his companions found their progress obstructed by a massive and lofty wall. They felt along it, to discover some door or passage through it; but could find none, though they continued their search to a great distance. At length in despair they shouted to make someone hear them; but for a long time received no answer, but a dreary and hollow echo. All else was silent, dead, a vacancy, and most terrible negation. They then burst into cries of desperation and despair, when at length a voice demanded who they were and what they wanted. They replied that they were newly disembodied spirits, who were perishing with cold, starvation, and naked-

ness; and they wanted to know where they should find a door of escape from this region of darkness, and of the shadow of death. The voice replied in stern tones, 'There is no door!' On this, these woeful souls exclaimed in agony, 'There must be a door!' and they insisted on its being found for them. There was no response. After fresh demands for entrance they cried, 'Let us in, for we are cold, and famishing, and naked, and miserable.' Then the voice replied, 'I have told you there is no door.' But they reiterated 'Let us in; there *must* be a door, and therefore let us in; for we are gentlemen, and cannot wait longer!' On this the voice replied, 'Listen! There is a door; but it does not exist for you; to you it is no door. On the earth you lived only for yourselves. You felt nothing, did nothing for your fellow men. Your only love, feeling, and sympathy were for yourselves. In your abundance the necessity of your neighbour whom Christ had commanded you to love as yourself was nothing to you. You felt no thankfulness to God for your blessings, or that thankfulness would have generated in your hearts love for your fellow men. The door in this wall is composed of two folds; one is Love to God, the other Love to man. You had neither of these on earth; and, therefore, you find them not here. As you were as an adamant wall to your fellow men, an adamant wall now rises inexorably before you, as before all in your condition; cutting off all admission to more favourable regions, all possible progress and advance towards Heaven; as you measured, it is meted to you.

"This terrible announcement struck them down like dead men. They lay and bewailed themselves bitterly, and cried vehemently for a long time for mercy and pardon; and at length a voice cried, 'Arise!' and a strong hand was put forth from the darkness, and the apparently impassable wall gave way to that mighty hand; and they found themselves in a dusky, and as it were Cimmerian meadow, where friendly beings clothed and fed them, and told them that now they were on the open highway of the great pilgrimage of eternity, and must advance, grow purer, and enjoy, according to their own exertions, to their obedience to their spiritual guides and teachers, and to the prayerful love with which they clung to the life of the Great Father, and to the law of Christ, the love of the neighbour.

"Will any one persist in saying that great practical lessons like these, taught from the inner to the outer world, are not substantial results of Spiritualism? If the world were thoroughly convinced, as assuredly it will one day be, of the grand fact and the grand truth of Spiritualism, and men came to impress their souls with the vast responsibilities of their doings and

moral conditions, a new impulse, a new momentum would be given to the Divine laws and principles of the Gospel, of which now in the present world they would feel the infinite benefit.

"I trust that you may have more communications like those to which I have referred. I dare say that you saw a fine poem quoted some time ago by the *Spectator* from an American Journal, called 'The Beautiful Snow.' It is curious that that poem, and the one given through you, were from women of similar character. The American having written hers just before her miserable death, and this latter being dictated by another victim of human vice from the other state. How completely these things confirm the truth of the words of Christ, that the harlots and the publicans often enter Heaven before the priests, elders, and Pharisees, in their self-righteousness. How completely they show that God does not desire the death of a sinner; but that all should return, repent, and live; whether in this world or the next."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

DR. MONCK'S MEDIUMSHIP.

THE editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, in its April number, remarks, "The opening article of the *Spiritual Magazine*, for March, is a record of Dr. Sexton's personal experiences of Mr. Monck's mediumship. As our own name and the names of members of our family are mentioned therein, we beg to endorse all the particulars mentioned by Dr. Sexton, and of which we have personal knowledge."

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHY IN PARIS.

Our friend Mr. S. Chinnery writes to us from 52, Rue de Rone, Paris, April 2nd:—"On Sunday last we operated with my instrument for spirit-photos; did everything excepting the bare presence of the medium, and had a clear spirit-picture beside me."

TURBULENT SPIRITS AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

The *Revue Spirite* relates, that on the 11th September, 1873, in the street named Glazowe, strange occurrences took place in the house called Zibine; at night, when all were sleeping, suddenly a bell rang—the door opened—no one could be seen: scarcely was it closed when the bell pealed once more. The porter was aroused, the staircase searched in vain, when

suddenly the bell once more resounded and strange noises were heard in the apartment. The affrighted neighbours assembled, and beheld, all in agitation, cups and coffee pots flying about from one end of the room to the other; and an empty bottle broke a pane of glass and fell in the yard. The police and the priest were called, and the latter commenced to exorcise, when an invisible force flung a cork at his head, and carried a cap through the room. At the early dawn the noises ceased. The police searched all the house without discovering any explication for the disturbance.

FLOWERS AND FRUIT BROUGHT INTO CLOSED ROOMS, UNDER TEST CONDITIONS, AT BIRMINGHAM AND BAYSWATER.

Mr. Aaron Franklin, of 100, Suffolk Street, Birmingham, reports that at a circle held at the Midland Spiritual Institute, 58, Suffolk Street, flowers and fruit have been brought on various occasions, and under test conditions, by spirits. They have consisted of pansies, daisies, a crocus, a fine rhododendron, a japonica, a sprig of acacia, a cocoa-nut, grapes, celery, and ferns. These were all brought by a spirit who, it is said, was in earth-life a well-known florist in the town. On one occasion (March 16th), as they were singing the line of a hymn—

“We'll strew your path with flowers”—

the floor and table were strewn with flowers. They were found to be a crocus and forty-two daisies. The company consisted of twelve persons, whose names are given, including Mr. Evans, the medium (a working carpenter). Mr. Franklin says: “We were all searched prior to sitting, and we joined hands during the time we sat. The medium's hands turned deadly cold, and he became entranced.” The door, as usual, was locked, and no one but the circle was allowed to be present. The circle has only been in existence about two months; and, conditions favouring, further developments are promised.

We have from time to time, for years past, recorded similar manifestations in London, chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. Guppy. Mr. H. D. Jencken, in an account of a *séance* at his house, Bayswater, April 3rd, at which that lady, Mrs. Jencken (Kate Fox), and Mr. and Mrs. Pennell were present, tells us there were “flowers carried through space—their fragrance perfuming the room. I held up my hand, high as I could reach, when a tulip, with bulb and fresh earth on it, was placed in my hand; more and more came; all had gifts handed them; when ‘light’ was spelt out. On striking a light the appearance of the room was singular. The table strewn with crocuses, tulips, double lilies, and hyacinths. I counted some twenty bulbs, all

taken fresh from the earth—the total quantity of flowers would have filled a moderate sized clothes-basket.

“It will be asked, How came the flowers into the room? I answer, I cannot tell; all I know is, that no one present brought them; the space they occupied precluded all possibility of this; added to which, all hands were held—as the flowers came gently lowered from above, and were placed on our heads, faces, and into our hands; and this in a perfect state of preservation; the rain-drops still fresh upon their leaves, stems, and calyxes; the earth encrusting the bulbs moist, and in such quantities I had to gather up the particles to prevent the carpet being spoilt.”

MYSTERIOUS KNOCKING AND RINGING CONTINUED FOR THREE YEARS.—THE POLICE BAFFLED.

The correspondent of the *Revue Spirite* relates, that at Ulm, in Bavaria, spirits have persistently disturbed the town by loud rapping on one especial house. Sometimes at ten, two, and at four in the morning loud raps were heard on the door, awaking the inmates and neighbours from their sleep. The house is situated in a small street. In the centre of the habitation there is a large door painted green—a passage conducts you to a yard, opening into which there is another house; the green door serves for the two buildings. The consternation of the proprietor and the inhabitants may be imagined, when, after having kept watch in turn, to seize the disturbers, no one could be seen. At first the noise was attributed to some practical jokers; but in vain they kept watch before and behind the door, formidable blows made the door tremble, and even caused the adjoining houses to vibrate, till the whole neighbourhood was disturbed. Various neighbours proposed exorcism, others pretended that the son of the proprietor having died mad, the noise portended that the father was menaced by the same fate. The Mayor of Ulm, an active magistrate, heard of the singular occurrence, had the house watched, and placed police inside it. But, in spite of the Argus eyes of the law, the noises continued during three years to disturb the peaceful slumbers of the neighbours.

DR. HITCHMAN'S TESTIMONY.

A discussion on Spiritualism has been going on for some time past in *The English Mechanic and World of Science*. Dr. Hitchman, of Liverpool, gives his testimony as follows:—

“Not only in our British Isles, but in various parts of Europe, have I observed, during the past quarter of a century,

the frequent movement of heavy bodies, without the slightest mechanical or muscular force, but the phenomena of percussive sounds have occasionally resulted in the transmission of certain intelligence to myself personally by unlettered children—moreover in various dialects, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, and Spanish phrases, to wit; not one syllable of either language then chosen being known to others present. I have sustained conversations with unseen intelligences in this way again and again for an hour uninterruptedly; and until recently never attended a *séance* in my life where a paid medium was present. Bodies—differently constituted—have been altered in form, position, and weight, with and without the most exquisite fragrance, in the full light of open day, and have subsequently passed from one room to another through walls, doors, and windows, without the material substance of either of them undergoing appreciable change. Self-luminous hands, arms, and faces; the levitation of my own personal friends several feet from the floor, whilst sitting or kneeling on chairs or tables; direct writing; phantom forms, with musical instruments, singing and talking, not in the dark rooms of paid conjurors, but in the libraries of men of science and learning, I have witnessed repeatedly, at home and abroad."

Obituary.

JUDGE EDMONDS.

THE intelligence has just reached us of the departure to the higher life of the venerable Judge Edmonds, which took place, April 5th, in his 76th year. In our last number we published his admirable letter in reply to the Testimonial and Address to him by English Spiritualists;* little could we then anticipate that we should so soon be called upon to make the above announcement. The American press teems with biographical and laudatory notices of him, bearing honourable testimony alike to his high

* The following extract from a letter to Mr. Benjamin Coleman from Mr. Epes Sargent, of Boston, though not written for publication, will be read with interest in this connection:—

"It must be a satisfaction to you to know that the Testimonial you got up for Judge Edmonds gave the old man very great pleasure in his latter days. It was a timely as well as a merited tribute, and from a recent letter I saw from him I know he was justly proud of this acknowledgment by prominent English Spiritualists of his early and unintermitted services in behalf of the great truth for which we are doing battle."

private character and public services as reformer, legislator and judge. We shall not here rehearse the story of his life, which we have already told in a former volume, to which we must refer the reader.* His faith in Spiritualism was not only unwavering, but grew firmer and clearer, and his personal experience of spirit-communication continued, to the end. We believe we may say with truth, that no one man has by his devoted advocacy done so much as he to win for our cause the respectful attention of thoughtful men, not only in his own country, but in many distant lands. May those who remain be if not as useful, as faithful as the good and eminent man whose services are not lost to us, but only transferred to a still higher sphere of action.

ON THE DEATH OF JUDGE EDMONDS.

Another good great man has gone from Earth ;
 For public service and for private worth
 Esteemed, revered. As to some radiant star,
 Men looked to him for guidance from afar.
 Wealth, honours—all the world esteems
 Most precious—were to him as dreams.
 He scorned the arts by which men gain applause
 And lose their self-respect. The noble cause
 He loved and served so well regards him dear :
 He was Truth's soldier, and he knew no fear.
 He bore aloft her standard wide unfurled,
 Wearing the motto "Truth against the World !"

T. S.

Notices of New Books.

THE TRIAL OF SIR JASPER: A TEMPERANCE TALE IN VERSE.†

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A. (*aided by Spirits.*)

THIS edition of a work especially and deservedly popular with temperance reformers, is handsomely got up, and profusely and beautifully illustrated from drawings by Gustave Doré, George Cruikshank, W. Cave Thomas, E. M. Ward, R.A., Sir J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., John Tenniel, and other eminent artists ;

* *Spiritual Magazine*, No. 2, Vol. II., First Series.

† London : VIRTUE, SPALDING, & DALDY, 26, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

and prefixed to the work is a well executed and striking portrait of the author. The engravings and the text assist each other in powerfully depicting the evils of intemperance, which are further enforced by some illustrative facts appended to the Tale.

But what will perhaps more interest the readers of this Magazine than the work itself, is the manner of its production, as stated by the author himself in his speech at the recent *soirée* of the British National Association of Spiritualists. Mr. Hall gave the following account of it:—

“Some of those who are in the habit of using their pens have conclusive evidence of the influence which spirits withdrawn from earth exercise upon them. I have lately written a poem, which I hope has done some good in the world, and I am as certain that I had the aid of spirits in writing that poem as that I dipped my pen in the ink; and I used to say to the spirits, ‘Thank you, good friends, for giving me these ideas.’”

“IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?”

THIS is the title of a lecture by Dr. Sexton, just published as a tract by Mr. Burns, and which well deserves extensive circulation. We understand Dr. Sexton’s lectures on Spiritualism will soon be collected into a volume, when we hope to give them a more extended notice; but what we have said of this lecture will apply to them all.

Correspondence.

“THEORIES TO ACCOUNT FOR THE PHENOMENA OBSERVED.”

To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”

SIR,—There are two matters which I would suggest to Mr. Crookes in reference to “Theories to account for the phenomena observed,” as given in the *Spiritual Magazine* for February. In the first place, there is a source, or as it were reservoir of force in man, independent of the muscles, which are rather instrumental than the source of “muscular power.” The seat or chief source of which force, at least in man, is discovered to be in the lateral portions of the cerebellum. (See Letter to Miss Martineau, on the Cerebellum). Hence the muscular sense of this power, and of its measure and adaptation in its application through the instrumentality of the muscles, and hence the force of the mental effort when a less muscular person may overcome one more muscularly

endowed, and our efforts or wills may be exerted fundamentally without the sense accompaniment. The efficient force—call it mental or otherwise—must always be physical or “spiritual,” as the case may be, but cannot be in the mere sense or conscious accompaniment. And we must remember that, though, other things being equal, quantity is a measure of power, conditions are of primary consideration. For instance, were the world a mass of fine gunpowder, a spark would blow it all into space. It behoves us, therefore, rather to consider special relations than quantities, and the facts of Spiritualism are bringing this important consideration into great prominence. Now, with many mesmerised persons, we can produce this muscular force in an extraordinary degree; exhibited, for instance, in the arms held out sustaining heavy weights for an hour together, without fatigue or the consciousness of the holder, and when awake the patient is not sensible of the least fatigue or exhaustion, but on the contrary, feeling more refreshed from what had occurred. Now this power existing may be acted upon by spirits, or by the unconscious action of the medium, more or less in an unusual or abnormal state, or by the action unconsciously of others. But I am not going further into the matter—at present so profound and complex—merely wishing to draw Mr. Crookes’ attention to the fact; and that he must enlarge theory No. 4, including influences without the circle and from a distance, as well as from the influence of those persons present. The distant influence may be primary or secondary, that is direct or indirect, just as with a spirit present as the direct agent, or in acting indirectly through the agency of the medium, and so also of a distant spirit, be it in the next room or far away in the “Milky Way.” When theorising we must widen our doors to all influent possibilities; and certainly when a clairvoyant person perceives an event occurring a thousand miles away, it is clear evidence of distant influences, and we cannot as yet decide where such influences end, or to what extent and in what direction they may occur; for at present we are but as children learning our A B C.

I may refer also to my excellent friend Mr. Serjeant Cox’s remark, in this month’s *Spiritual Magazine*, that “If two persons of credit declare that they saw the same ghost at the same time, the argument assumes another complexion, because of the improbability that a similar image should be self-formed in two minds at the same moment.” But he forgets the possible influence of one mind upon the other, as in thought-reading, to produce a similar image—the one sensitive brain being a mirror to the other—for sensitives must not be judged by normal instances. Take an instance of this sort of sympathy in regard to Goethe’s grandfather’s insight, from the *Autobiography*, as follows:—“It is worthy to note also, that persons who showed no signs of prophetic insight at other times, acquired for the moment, while in his presence, and that by means of some sensible evidence, presentiments of diseases or deaths, which were then occurring in distant places,” &c. So that the learned Serjeant’s test is not quite so conclusive as he supposed, and it shows the necessity of a fuller acquaintance with facts.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”

SIR,—As a constant reader of your instructive periodical, I, for one, would be much interested in perusing further communications from your correspondent, Emily Palmer.

It would be desirable to know if her mind had been pre-occupied with the subject, or was it wholly irrelevant to her previous cast of thought. Also, if she put any test questions to the spirit—if so, what were they? For instance, was he asked to explain the apparent inconsistent statements as to the death of Judas given by the Evangelist and in the Acts? Other questions would naturally suggest themselves in such a case. Even if the spirit were not truthful, still psychologically the investigation would not be devoid of interest.

Appropos to the fulfilment of predictions made by spirits appertaining to spiritual things, I have known many striking cases. I may instance one long before the actual visibility of spirits was a phenomenon known to Spiritualists.

Indeed, many years ago, when these phenomena were almost exclusively limited to "knockings," or the movement of material substances, and when even such were generally discredited, I asked an intelligent spirit, "Would general assent be *ever* given to these phenomena? would, in fact, the English public ever believe in them as genuine spiritual phenomena?" It was answered, "Yes." I asked "How and when?" I received an answer in the exact words, "By spirits appearing." I ascertained that it was really meant by the visible appearance of spirits. So absurd at the time the announcement appeared to me, that I at once discontinued communicating, believing I was being made sport of by an untruthful spirit. And so, in many predictions appertaining to spiritual things, I have been struck by the accuracy of their fulfilment.

E. T. W.

Union Club.

P.S.—I enclose my card.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

WHITSUNDAY.

WHO can search Thee out
 In Thy secret place!
 Father, Son, and Spirit:
 Power, Wisdom, Grace:—
 Une and triune God:
 So we think of Thee.
 What thou art in Thyself
 How great the mystery!
 Thou Thyself dost hide
 For ever from our sight;
 Neither man nor seraph
 Could endure Thy light.
 But Thou art manifest
 In him we call the Christ;
 Love divine incarnate,
 A holy Eucharist.
 From both proceed the Spirit,—
 The white-wingéd Dove;
 Revealer of all Truth,
 Messenger of Love.
 O Comforter, descend
 In Pentecostal power;
 Revive our drooping souls,
 And sanctify this hour!

T. S.

Errata.—In last number, page 174, 21 lines from bottom, for "Genesis" read "Exodus;" page 190, sub-heading, for "Fourteenth," read "Fourth."

THE Spiritual Magazine.

JUNE, 1874.

MR. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE IN DEFENCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

THE *Fortnightly Review* for May contains "A Defence of Modern Spiritualism," by Alfred Russell Wallace; an article of 28 pages, and to be completed in another number. The article is timely, and its clear temperate argument cannot fail to favourably influence public opinion. In passing under review the principal articles on the subject which have recently appeared in some of the leading public journals, and by men of scientific reputation, Mr. Wallace points out how differently Spiritualism is treated from other questions. He says:—

Few men, in this busy age, have leisure to read massive volumes devoted to special subjects. They gain much of their general knowledge, outside the limits of their profession or of any peculiar study, by means of periodical literature; and, as a rule, they are supplied with copious and accurate though general information. Some of our best thinkers and workers make known the results of their researches to the readers of magazines and reviews; and it is seldom that a writer whose information is meagre, or obtained at second-hand, is permitted to come before the public in their pages as an authoritative teacher. But as regards the subject we are now about to consider, this rule has not hitherto been followed. Those who have devoted many years to an examination of its phenomena have been, in most cases, refused a hearing; while men who have bestowed on it no adequate attention, and are almost wholly ignorant of the researches of others, have alone supplied the information to which a large proportion of the public have had access.

Nor is this difference of treatment confined to men of letters.

The discussion in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1868, and a considerable private correspondence, indicates that scientific men almost invariably assume, that in this inquiry they should be permitted, at the very outset, to impose conditions; and if, under such conditions, nothing happens, they consider it a proof of imposture or delusion. But they well know that, in all other branches of research, nature, not they, determines the essential conditions without a compliance with which no experiment will succeed. These conditions have to be learnt by a patient questioning of nature, and they are different for each branch of science. How much more may they be expected to differ in an inquiry which deals with

subtle forces of the nature of which the physicist is wholly and absolutely ignorant! To ask to be allowed to deal with these unknown phenomena as he has hitherto dealt with known phenomena, is practically to prejudge the question, since it assumes that both are governed by the same laws.

The mental attitude of public journalists and scientific writers on the subject is one which cannot be influenced by any mere personal testimony to isolated facts.

They have, to use the admirable expression of Dr. Carpenter, "no place in the existing fabric of their thought into which such facts can be fitted. It is necessary, therefore, to modify the "fabric of thought" itself; and it appears to the present writer that this can best be done by a general historical sketch of the subject; and by showing, by separate lines of inquiry, how wide and varied is the evidence, and how remarkably these lines converge towards one uniform conclusion. The endeavour will be made to indicate, by typical examples of each class of evidence and without unnecessary detail, the cumulative force of the argument.

After presenting a brief sketch of the progress of Modern Spiritualism, from its starting point in 1848 to the present time, he draws some careful deductions from it from which we present the following passage:—

Before proceeding to a statement of the evidence which has convinced the more educated and more sceptical converts, let us consider briefly the bearing of the undoubted fact, that (to keep within bounds) many thousands of well-informed men, belonging to all classes of society and all professions, have, in each of the great civilised nations of the world, acknowledged the objective reality of these phenomena; although, almost without exception, they at first viewed them with dislike or contempt, as impostures or delusions. There is nothing parallel to it in the history of human thought; because there never before existed so strong and apparently so well-founded a conviction that phenomena of this kind never have happened and never can happen. It is often said, that the number of adherents to a belief is no proof of its truth. This remark justly applies to most religions whose arguments appeal to the emotions and the intellect but not to the evidence of the senses. It is equally just as applied to a great part of modern science. The almost universal belief in gravitation, and in the undulatory theory of light, does not render them in any degree more probable; because very few indeed of the believers have tested the facts which most convincingly demonstrate those theories, or are able to follow out the reasoning by which they are demonstrated. It is for the most part a blind belief accepted upon authority. But with these spiritual phenomena the case is very different. They are to most men so new, so strange, so incredible, so opposed to their whole habit of thought, so apparently opposed to the pervading scientific spirit of the age, that they cannot and do not accept them on second-hand evidence, as they do almost every other kind of knowledge. The thousands or millions of Spiritualists, therefore, represent to a very large extent men who have witnessed, examined, and tested the evidence for themselves, over and over and over again, till that which they had at first been unable to admit *could* be true, they have at last been compelled to acknowledge *is* true. This accounts for the utter failure of all the attempted "exposures" and "explanations" to convince one solitary believer of his error. The expositors and explainers have never got beyond those first difficulties which constitute the *pons asinorum* of Spiritualism, which every believer has to get over, but at which early stage of investigation no converts are ever made.

The evidences of the objective phenomema of Spiritualism are so large that the writer finds it only possible to give a few typical examples calculated to show how wide is their range, and how conclusively they meet every objection that the most scept-

tical have brought against them. This he does by giving, in the first place, an outline of the career of a few well-known mediums, and in the second, a sketch of the experience, and investigations of a few of the more remarkable converts to Spiritualism. He selects for the first Miss Kate Fox, Mr. D. D. Home, and Mrs. Guppy. Of the remarkable mediumship of Mrs. Guppy he speaks with all the weight of personal knowledge. He says:—"The last medium to whose career I shall call attention is Mrs. Guppy (formerly Miss Nichol), and in this case I can give some personal testimony. I knew Miss Nichol before she had ever heard of Spiritualism, table-rapping, or anything of the kind, and we first discovered her powers on asking her to sit for experiments in my house. This was in November, 1866, and for some months we had constant sittings, and I was able to watch and test the progress of her development." For the details of these sittings, and the tests employed, we must refer the reader to the article itself.

Mr. Wallace then proceeds to an account of "The Investigations of some notable Sceptics." Those quoted are Judge Edmonds, Dr. Sexton, M.A., LL.D., and Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., with which most of our readers are already acquainted. But we may quote the following passage as a further illustration of the different course pursued by men of science in their treatment of this subject to that generally adopted by them in scientific investigations. After referring to the investigations of Mr. Crookes, he remarks:—

These experiments have a weight as evidence vastly greater than would be due to them as resting on the testimony of any man of science, however distinguished, because they are, in almost every case, confirmations of what previous witnesses in immense numbers have testified to, in various places, and under various conditions, during the last twenty years. In every other experimental inquiry, without exception, confirmation of the facts of an earlier observer is held to add so greatly to their value, that no one treats them with the same incredulity with which he might have received them the first time they were announced. And when the confirmation has been repeated by three or four independent observers under favourable conditions, and there is nothing but theory or negative evidence against them, the facts are admitted—at least provisionally, and until disproved by a greater weight of evidence, or by discovering the exact source of the fallacy of preceding observers.

But here, a totally different—a most unreasonable and a most unphilosophical—course is pursued. Each fresh observation, confirming previous evidence, is treated as though it were now put forth for the *first* time; and fresh confirmation is asked of it. And when this fresh and independent confirmation comes, yet more confirmation is asked for, and soon without end. This is a very clever way to ignore and stifle a new truth; but the facts of Spiritualism are ubiquitous in their occurrence, and of so indisputable a nature, as to compel conviction in every earnest inquirer. It thus happens that although every fresh convert requires a large proportion of the series of demonstrative facts to be reproduced before he will give his assent to them, the number of such converts has gone on steadily increasing for a quarter of a century. Clergymen of all sects, literary men and lawyers, physicians in large numbers, men of science, not a few secularists, philosophical sceptics, pure materialists, all have become con-

verts through the overwhelming logic of the phenomena which Spiritualism has brought before them. And what have we *per contra*? Neither science nor philosophy, neither scepticism nor religion, has ever yet in this quarter of a century made one single convert from the ranks of Spiritualism! This being the case, and fully appreciating the amount of candour and fairness, and knowledge of the subject, that has been exhibited by their opponents, is it to be wondered at that a large proportion of Spiritualists are now profoundly indifferent to the opinion of men of science, and would not go one step out of their way to convince them? They say, that the movement is going on quite fast enough. That it is spreading by its own inherent force of truth, and slowly permeating all classes of society. It has thriven in spite of abuse and persecution, ridicule and argument, and will continue to thrive whether endorsed by great names or not. Men of science, like all others, are welcome to enter its ranks; but they must satisfy themselves by their own persevering researches, not expect to have its proofs laid before them. Their rejection of its truths is their own loss, but cannot in the slightest degree affect the progress of Spiritualism. The attacks and criticisms of the press are borne good-humouredly, and seldom excite other feelings than pity for the wilful ignorance and contempt, for the overwhelming presumption of their writers. Such are the sentiments that are continually expressed by Spiritualists. and it is as well, perhaps, that the outer world, to whom the literature of the movement is as much unknown as the Vedas, should be made acquainted with them.

We cannot, however, but regret that in this otherwise admirable article Mr. Wallace should have given the weight of his name to the wild report that the Spiritualists of the United States number from eight to eleven millions, especially as its fallacy has been so clearly and completely exposed by Mr. William Tebb that no reply to him has ever been attempted. Indeed, an estimate which requires us to believe that about half the adult population of the United States are Spiritualists is so gross an exaggeration, and one so obvious to all who are moderately well informed on the state of public opinion in America, that it is surprising it can ever have been seriously entertained; and its revival by a writer generally so careful as Mr. Wallace will present a vantage ground to his opponents to discredit or cast doubt on the accuracy of other statements deserving of all credence.

In the second portion of his article it is Mr. Wallace's intention to treat of Spirit Photographs, a subject which has largely occupied our space, and which calls for more extensive and careful investigation, especially from scientific men, than it has yet received.

That this paper should have appeared in a Review of such high standing as the *Fortnightly* is highly significant of the growth of a spirit of inquiry, and of the progress of public opinion in regard to Spiritualism.

A WESTERN SEERESS.

IN the February number of *Lippincott's Magazine* there is an article with this title, by a Mr. William Wallace Harney. We don't intend to concern ourselves with the theories of the writer on the faculty of seership; we can only say that they are crude, not having any basis in a true psychology. We mean to condense the facts, or rather pick them out of the large dose of dialogue and description with which magazine writers deluge their articles, probably with two motives, one well known to the penny-a-liner, and the other to display imagined brilliancy of wit and style.

The seeress of this article was a Mrs. Elizabeth Basey, of a respectable family in Bourbon County, Kentucky, between forty and fifty years ago. The facts are fully testified by a large number of direct and collateral descendants. "Aunt Betty" was of the strong pioneer blood, of a perfectly healthy habit, and a certain brisk certitude in her family affairs, as free from any morbid tendencies as could well be conceived. Aunt Betty used to receive sudden intimations of distant facts, and was never deceived in her intimations. The writer thinks this contradicts the theory of modern mesmerism; but it does not contradict extensive proofs of modern seership. The first fact given us is this:—It was a raw winter night; avalanches that swept down the gorges, and the wind scuffled about the hill tops like Jacob wrestling with an angel. Aunt Betty sat in the jowl of the chimney, the big log-fire sparkling in fits of snow, and the busy needles twinkling in cold fires over the big yarn stocking. Now she pushed the jar of souring cream nearer the heat, and now stirred the logs till a river of sparks rushed up the broad vent. Her eldest son, the farmer, sat opposite, reading. Suddenly the knitting dropped in her lap. "George," she said, "you must ride to W——, your brother and his friends have got into trouble, and they have shot a man—an officer of some sort amongst them." As promptly as in answer to a modern telegraphic despatch, the young man mounted and faced the night, heavy clay roads, and rocky fells, in a sweeping gallop. The sheriff had been killed, and young Basey, in danger of being arrested as accessory or as witness against his friend, had gone into hiding. A few weeks later Aunt Betty roused the family with tears and lamentations. The fugitive was dying of disease contracted by exposure. He did die before any of the family could reach him, although the attempt was made. Aunt Betty's sons were a brood of pioneers. Two had settled in Illinois; but one was come home to fetch a bride.

In the midst of the jollities of the wedding the prophetic fit fell on Aunt Betty. Suddenly she said, "That man has shot your brother," the one left in Illinois. Probably "that man" referred to some character well known to them. "No, no," she immediately added, "your brother has cut him all to pieces—all to pieces! You must start for Illinois to-night, your wife and I will follow. Go at once!"

It was certainly an occasion for hesitation. Had any doubt been felt, the son would have demurred, but there was none. The family knew the infallible character of the mother's premonitions. In half an hour the bridegroom was mounted and on a rapid ride of several hundred miles to his brother's neighbourhood.

He found the facts to be these:—A popular man, sturdy, hard-headed, but not unkindly, had taken deep offence at some word or act of the young Kentuckian, and snapped a pistol at him. Instantly he was in the claws of the young tiger-cat, and fell from his grasp, hacked and butchered. This was mere justifiable homicide; but the times were very critical, crime frequent, the law inoperative, and society had resolutely proclaimed, "The next man who kills another—hangs."

The prisoner was remanded—rather for his protection than punishment, and meanwhile the purpose gathered head. Men looked askance at the little stock-house of a gaol. "Perhaps this killing was provoked. Likely—it always is. We approve of law in general; but if the law breaks down, then men must do justice themselves." That is the run of the argument at such times. All that day on which the bridegroom reached it the town was quiet, silent, Sunday-like—very few persons in the streets, or at the tavern bar or court house.

As the bridegroom entered the gaol, a vigilant gave him to understand that the next morning would certainly see the execution of the prisoner. The gaoler at first refused him admittance; but was over-persuaded, let him in, and locked the door. Soon getting impatient, he called on him to come out, or he must come in and inspect. "Never mind," was answered, "I am coming;" and then the gaoler heard the words, "Good-bye—and I will tell mother all you have said." The gaoler felt the soft nap of the broad-cloth as the brother passed in the dark, and bade him hasten away.

The gaoler listened to the horse's feet as he rode away, and said, "He's going to the judge, but that cock won't fight." In the meantime, the mob, bent on executing Lynch law, said, "We must not allow this youth to get his friends together, or there will be a fight over it—we must forestall that."

They proceeded to the prison—sprung the door, and then

entered the cell; but, when the prisoner looked up at them, they saw the real bird was flown, and here was the bridegroom brother. For a moment an air of vexation revolved on the features of the would-be-executioners; but it soon gave way to admiration of the brotherly ruse, and they liberated the adventurous bridegroom.

The third case of Aunt Betty's seership was this:—Her sons seem to have been of a peculiarly rambling, adventure-hunting character. One of them had been hunting on the Arkansas, Canadian and South Red rivers; packing and shipping the buffalo beef at Nacogdoches principally. Rumours of gold-washings came through the fur companies, and the trains of pack-mules, hardy trappers, and strange stories of huge stone cities, fired the ardent imaginative pioneer blood, and led the youth to incur the perils of wild tribes that infested the curious natural platform lying beyond the Mississippi. The youth was soon traversing that plateau, bounded only by the ocean, and crossed the Peaks of Wind River Chain, and the southern isthmus, the cradle of the Aztecs. He saw Fremont's Peak, the boss of a huge buckler, rising over an expanse as varied as the symbols of Achilles' Shield.

In this, one of the most extraordinary regions, geographically or geologically considered, of the whole great American continent, Aunt Betty's youngest son—the Benjamin of her hopes—was pushing his fortune, and indulging his love of adventure with fair hopes amongst the Pueblos and half-bred Spaniards. Bits of calicoes brought a dollar; beads, glass trinkets, leaden images, at a penny a gross, brought their weight in gold dust; furs, bullion; mules were cheap, for barter; and the last carried the stock back to the settlements, and paid all expenses. If those at home could judge from the mirror of the mother's spirits, the journey was exhilarating. But there came a change. She saw her son and his companions surrounded in their camp by hostile Indians, in the midst of woods and deep snow, and in the greatest peril. Her depression continued for days, and, by the log-fire, her family could see the tears rolling down the kind, aged cheeks. She spoke only at intervals of what she felt or saw. The facts as she saw them, and as they occurred, were these:—The hunting company had lingered too long in the wilderness. Aunt Betty's boy was very uneasy. He reminded them of the fatal attacks made by the Indians on parties of whites in the winter, when the red-skins were hard-up for food. His companions, who were made careless and lazy by their success, laughed at his fears. He prevailed on them, however, to have a space cleared of the snow, that they might not be surprised by the Indians. The attack came, but the

whites were prepared and better armed, and fought from the corral as a fortification. The savages were bloodily repulsed, and disappeared altogether. Aunt Betty's boy and a Canadian *voyageur* contended that there would be a second attack. They reminded the company of a desperate attack of the Crow a few years before on a stronger party. "These," said the leader, "are Kioways or Comanches, and not so plucky." Aunt Betty's boy was earnest for a march, the majority were for remaining and indulging themselves; but heavy snow continued to fall, and Aunt Betty's boy prevailed on them to clear it away again with a snow-plough; but still the snow fell and fell. Aunt Betty's boy said, "This cursed snow is fighting against us!" "Who cares?" said the leader: "The Indians are gone; we have plenty of rations; let it fight!"

But Aunt Betty's boy did not believe the Indians were gone. He went out and circled the camp, and saw with terror the increase of the snow; but all his warnings to the leader or his men were lost. They were all, but the sentries, wrapped in their blankets, and the leader himself nodding over the fire. He boldly warned the leader of their danger, but was rudely retorted on. He endeavoured to get a number of companions to join him in again clearing away the snow, and keeping a strict watch. They settled themselves down at a game, by the fire, of "Old Sledge." His last resource was the Canadian *voyageur*, who had shared his apprehensions; but the old man said, "Go away; I am sleepy."

Aunt Betty's boy saw that it was now time to take measures for his own safety. He had fixed on a scheme, which, though it cut him to the heart, he resolved to execute. He led out his horse, wounded in the night fight. It was with a sore heart, for it was a home-bred filly, and had carried him through many scene of peril. But he took her to a distance, and cut her throat. She fell dead. The card players were deep in their game. The snow continued to fall, and that was the last seen of the young Kentuckian by his party. In fact, he had disembowelled the horse, and crept into its inside. The attack, as he expected, came on in the night. Every man of the party but one was killed. In the fight an Indian stumbled over the carcase of the horse, nearly buried in snow, and cursed it. After the massacre, there was a grand carousal of the triumphant Indians, and Aunt Betty's boy knew they were consuming the stores, and maddening themselves on the traders' whiskey. He lay in a fever consumed with thirst, which he could only quench with handfulls of snow.

It was afternoon before the Indians gathered the spoils and left, burning what they could not carry; when finally he ventured

out, it was night. Cooking portions of the horse, and taking as much flesh as he could carry, he set out on the Santa Fè trail, because the Indians had taken the contrary route.

The one fugitive regained the settlement, and brought the news of the utter extirpation of the party. Soon after the Kentuckian began to skin his horse, this man asked him, amongst others, to accompany him out of camp. Kentuck made no answer. The man had hardly got beyond the glaciis when the attack began; he could see the slaughter from his hiding-place, and mark the men as they fell. There was no resistance—it was butchery. The story was published, copied into the Kentuckian papers, and Aunt Betty's family sought out the man, and questioned him. He assured them that their brother must have been one of the first who fell; being visible within the circle of the camp, his doom was inevitable. But Aunt Betty asserted that he was not dead. She continued to assert this as long as she lived, and though no tidings of him ever reached her, on her deathbed she desired if he returned, as she believed he would, that her undying love and blessing should be given him.

Seventeen years after a brown, hale, fine middle-aged man rode up towards the house of the late Aunt Betty, and alighted. It was the long lost son and brother. His story was that reaching Santa Fè, he took service with a Spaniard who had been governor of the province under the Spanish rule. His courage and activity, in contrast with the lethargy and unthriftiness of the Pueblo slave and half-breed, won him the favour of both master and daughter. He married her, and succeeded to the estate. In vain did he endeavour to get letters home. The state of the times and country rendered all his efforts fruitless. But now the Mexican War and General Kearney's Expedition had opened up that strange country; the gold was found in California; adventure was quickened; the avenues of secure travel opened; and he had come himself.

It is needless to discuss the theory of Aunt Betty's mediumship. She was just as clear and correct a seeress as Deborah, or any other of the old Hebrew matrons, on whom fell from God "the vision and the faculty divine."

Such seers and seeresses will continue to spring up in the paths of humanity, as infallibly as the lily and the rose, so long as there shall remain hearts and minds favoured to escape the ponderous over-layings of modern society; its consuming hurryscurries; its wild rush of dissipations; its fevered chase of wealth and distinctions. As long as in favoured spots, where Nature still asserts some of her rights against high-toned cultivations, and there are noble men and women who keep open the

spiritual ear to "the still, small voice"—that delicate organ, so invisible and inexplicable to the world's erudites—and who walk still, as the grand old patriarchs walked, firmly hand-in-hand with Nature and with God. God's noblest growths are not of the art-perfected garden, but of the mountain and the solitary forest. God's oracle is not in the pulpit of the book-primed theologian; not in the cabinet of much learnedness; nor in the heart of materialistic conceit; but in the souls of the babes and sucklings of Truth—who, whatever their secular simplicity, know their own mother, as the ox knows his master's crib.

W. H.

MEMORY: WHAT IT TEACHES ABOUT THE FUTURE LIFE.

A Lecture by WILLIAM MITCHELL.

MAN'S privilege and responsibility it is, to have a three-fold experience. He lives in the Past by Memory, in the Present by Consciousness, in the Future by Forethought. He is a being of large discourse, looking before and behind him. His is a glorious responsibility, enclosed in no narrow life of the Present, like the animal,—whose Past, if not a simple blank, is but a faint and flickering recurrence of sensation, and whose Future is little but an anticipation of gratified appetite. From it, "we differ in our capacities of overpassing the limits of time and space, in the conviction of law, and of consequent responsibility."* Truly, a mysterious and awful world of activities is the human mind, which, like the countless fibres of the roots of a tree, throws out its lower faculties in every direction, seeking sustenance for the nurture and growth of the higher. Its self-active powers also throw themselves into the Future, and paint on its vacant spaces pictures of hope or fear—bright and glowing, or dark and terrible. Memory is a wonderful power, by which man renews the past and turns it into knowledge. Such is the essential nature of man, such is his creative power, such is his likeness to God our Father, that it does not so much matter what kind of external experience he passes through, as the use he makes of it in his after-reflection. Be that as it may, without Memory discipline would still retain all its severity, while it would have no educative power; and our wants remaining what they are, we should need to toil and struggle; and

* *British Quarterly Review*, October, 1872.

knowledge, which is the raw material of wisdom, would not be ours. In fact, man could hardly be a moral and responsible being at all without Memory. Impressions would be the same to him as to the looking-glass; they might be there in his mind while the objects were actually before it, but vanishing totally when they were not present. Things seen for the thousandth time would have the freshness of a first acquaintance.

Memory, then, is the backward-looking eye of the soul. It is the faculty by which we renew the past. It enables the individual to gain, not only by his own experience, but also to learn by the experience of the race. The physiological conditions, the character and conduct of our fathers, are in the fibre and nerves of our bodies to-day, while their courses of action, and the results of them, reveal to us the principles and tendencies of God's providence. Memory enables us to be of our own time and people, and also those of every other. The glorious hosts of great ones, who are the exemplars and inspirers of mankind, thus become our daily companions; our spirits are kindled by theirs, our hearts moved and quickened, and our minds enlarged and enlightened.

Is Memory, then, what is called a physical organ? Is it, in other words, a sixth or seventh sense? Organs—such, for instance, as the eye and ear—only act when they are acted on by some external object. But we can sit down and deliberately call up the Past before us, and as its events and transactions spread themselves before the mental vision, we can re-people the silent land of long-ago with persons and places that have passed away from time for evermore! In the darkest night, at the distance of thousands of miles, we can recall past facts in our own history, and make them mentally as real as if the course of time had been turned back! But how is this? If, as physiologists say, we change every particle of our system every seven years, then, on physical grounds, the body that passed through certain experiences twenty years ago no longer exists: it has long since, as an edifice, been pulled down, and a new one built—on the same general scheme and according to the same pattern, it is true; but it is no longer the same identical body, though made up of the same kind of material. But each man at twenty is conscious—that is, he knows—that he is the same person as he was when he was a boy; and at forty, and again at sixty and seventy, that he is no other than the young man at twenty, however changed he otherwise may be. The follies of his youth, the sins of his manhood are still his, in old age; the generous fires that flamed in his heart, the noble aspirations, and the divine hunger after truth and righteousness, are his also. Change he has most assuredly gone through, but he has

not changed his personal identity. It is hardly likely, then, that Memory is a physical organ, though, while we remain in the body, it may to some extent depend on physiological conditions. Human Memory, while using physical conditions, is essentially a spiritual faculty, and belongs to the immortal nature of man.

What is once in the memory is there for ever—a most solemn and momentous fact to us human beings, who are, alas! too much given to be thoughtless and frivolous. This is indicated by such facts as those related by American writers of German and Swiss settlers in their country, who have ceased, for twenty, thirty, and forty years, to speak their native tongue, and who seem to have forgotten all about it, having lost the ability to understand it even when spoken by others, and yet who in the case of sickness or old age begin to use it again, as if they had returned to their younger days. We are told of a case occurring in our own country, of an ignorant servant girl, who, while ill, and in a state of delirium, repeated passages from the Old Testament in Hebrew. It was afterwards discovered that she had, some years before this time, lived with a clergyman, who had been in the habit of reading his Hebrew Bible in a passage next the kitchen. Dr. Carpenter relates a case that furnishes a further illustration of this principle.* He says "An old Welsh man-servant, who had lived with one branch or another of the family of a friend of mine for fifty years, having left Wales at an early age, had entirely forgotten his native language, so that when any of his relations came to see him, and spoke in the tongue most familiar to them, he was quite unable to understand it. But having an attack of fever when he was past seventy, he talked Welsh fluently in his delirium."

In addition to instances like these, there is the fact of our remembering our dreams and our own thoughts, purely mental and spiritual experiences. These are not mere pale shadowy images on the mind, but clean cut, sharp, and strong. In dreams we go to places we have never seen in our waking hours; we meet persons whom we have never known—hear them speak to us in words we have never before heard; take up books and read prose and poetry we never saw before, but which we can remember and repeat on awaking. Where have these places, words, persons, and things an existence? We do not know; but we know that the mind is acting, whether creatively or receptively, without apparently real objects being presented to the senses. Another fact in connection with these matters is, that in dreams people seem to live whole years, to pass through

* *Contemporary Review*, October, 1872, p. 750.

a long and varied experience, and yet they may not have been asleep many minutes. Thus time is only mental experience, and is long or short according to the succession of ideas or cognitions. These facts indicate to me that "there are more things in heaven and earth" than most of us "dream of in our philosophy;" and we ought to ponder them very seriously, proofs as they are of a spiritual reality, which our natural sciences cannot weigh, but which, on the other hand, weighs them. I am not ignorant of the phreno-physical explanations of these phenomena, but all such explanations seem to me inadequate; and, moreover, they confound conditions with causes. An American writer, in his autobiography, speaking of an incident in his life, says: "In falling once about thirty feet, I did more thinking than I did in any day of my life. The process of death involves this fact:—the Memory is wonderfully sharpened, and brings forward things long forgotten. In fact, the human mind goes to its beginning, as it were, and lives over its mental processes in a miraculously short period of time."

This seems to me to be the truth. Our good and our evil deeds are incorporated into our innermost nature, and there is no putting them away. We shall carry the conditions of being they have produced into eternity with us. Memory will contain the whole of life, whatever it has been—

Thought or feeling, word or deed,
Buried howsoever deep,
What we sow, *that* shall we reap.

Thus do we learn that conscience would be deprived of its power, and that human progress would be all but impossible, if the mind was but as a mirror—and not a living conscious force—in which objects were reflected only while they were actually present. We learn that what we have done is not put away with the years, as if it had never been, but that it is held in the Memory ready to start up in the graver or more gracious hours of our experience. So is it with us, while we remain in 'Time,—Time, which is the measure of duration, the continuous throbbing of the pulse, the consciousness of sequence in events. In Time, then,—that is, while on earth and in the body—Memory is terribly active, and it wears the aspect of friend or foe, as we make it. In the Eternal World, what will Memory be likely to be? Personal identity will have to be preserved for man, or it will be no immortality for him, whatever else it may be; and he might as well

Be blown about in desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills,

if each individual person is not to retain his consciousness, that I AM I, MYSELF. Personal identity will be preserved, or the

immortal life may as well have no existence, so far as *Moral Ends* are concerned; and the inner and genuine character of each of us will have to go with us, on the same principle. But unless there is Memory in the future life, clear, distinct, and comprehensive, there cannot possibly be any consciousness of individual personality; for without Memory a man can have no knowledge that he is himself; his connection cut with the past, he would be mentally and morally lost to himself. If his consciousness was confined to each present moment of his life, and did not range back into the past, nor project itself forward into the future, however keen his intelligence, and wide his survey, he would not be a human being, whatever else he might be. The sense of Personal Identity is in proportion to the distinctness of Memory, the clearness of recollection. If it is not so, the suffering which sin entails will be borne by the wicked without the sense of its being a righteous retribution; so that no moral good could possibly result, for there would be a mere blind sequence of events, and nothing more. The joyous feelings, touched with pathos, of gratitude, would not gladden and glorify the human spirit, for apart from recollections of benefits, gratitude is impossible. Thus we find that Memory is necessary alike to retribution and reward in the future life, so far as moral ends are concerned, as well as to personal identity.

If all this be so, heaven and hell need not be places located in particular spots in space, but states and conditions of being. The abode in any place called heaven, however glorious in itself, with evil memories, would really be hell; the abode in any place called hell, however dreadful externally, with sweet, bright, and beautiful memories, would really be heaven. For "the kingdom of heaven is within," and so is the kingdom of hell. Not that we shall not undergo changes in the future life; we do in the present one, and I cannot conceive that the fundamental law and principle of human existence will be different on the other side of life to what it is on this. God is the same on both sides of life, and His law, which has love for its beating heart, operates everywhere, and in all worlds the same. As we are in manhood what we are in childhood and more, because of development, so shall we in eternity be subject to the law of change and progress. Tendencies here will become action, and ripen into character there. And just as long-eaten beef, bread, and cheese are in our blood, bones, and muscles to-day, integral parts of our bodies; so, motives long cherished, and deeds long done, are part of our character now, waiting the quickening processes of the spiritual world to operate upon them to reveal their continued existence. For as the colours of the newly-painted picture are almost lost on the canvas, because they sink into its fibre, yet flash out

again clear, and vividly distinct, when touched with the varnish, so will it be with the Memory in the Future Life. Just as in dreams we sometimes re-enact the scenes of the preceding day with added interest, and with increased anguish or delight, so will it be with us, when we leave our earthly bodies behind us. And as it does not lie much in our power on this side of life, whether we shall remember or forget—it does to some extent, but not much—it seems to me that so it will be on the other side of life.

Well, now we have come to some conclusions with regard to the nature and office of Memory, in the spiritual world, whether here or over there, what will it be likely to do for us when we leave this world, and what will our mental experience be? Foul deeds will not be done with because we may have apparently forgotten them. Even now “there is something of anticipation in our remorse, as well as of retrospect; and we feel that it is not the mere survey of the gloomy past with the slow lamp of the understanding, but the momentary piercing of the future with the lightning of the skies.”* Remorse then will be the bitter corroding memories of evil done while on earth. Every bit of cowardice we have been guilty of in the face of difficult duty; every false pretence we have put on for shrinking from some small sacrifice for our principles; every lie we have told; every base motive we have yielded to; every vile passion we have not resisted to the utmost of our power; every selfish aim that has ruled our conduct; every kindly affection suppressed because it would interfere with our worldly interests—the truths we have secretly acknowledged and openly opposed, or even ignored; everyone of our fellow-men whom we have wronged—all, all will be there, torturing us with vengeful fury, and will not be put down till we have paid the uttermost farthing of repentance, and just and loving restitution. And every gentle deed we have done, every kindness, and every sympathy that we have expended; every manly word we have spoken, and every truth we have vindicated at some cost to ourselves; every sweet, pure, loving principle we have put into our lives—everyone we have served, and done good to, will be there to brighten, and make glorious our souls. The fuller of good deeds our lives are here, the higher shall we rise, and the more brightly shall we shine in the spiritual world. As an eloquent writer has said:† “Memory will be there, which is but the resurrection of our bygone experience, whether for good or for evil. It will call up the spirits of buried deeds; and as the life has been, it will be the

* James Martineau, *Christian View of Moral Evil*, p. 4.

† *Christian View of Retribution*, p. 20.

angel of heaven, or the minister of hell; imagination, which may have been the nurse of piety, or the slave of passion; intellect, which may have had the glow of the seraph, or the malice of the demon. According, then, as these have been properly directed or abused, every instinct tells us, must be the joy of a righteous soul, or the agony of an evil heart." Why even now, while we yet remain in this life, buried Memories revive under peculiar circumstances, for they are in the mind, like the vitality in the corn held in the hand of the Egyptian mummy for thousands of years, ready to spring to renewed life under favourable circumstances, and present themselves to the consciousness. Dr. Perfit tells a story* which illustrates this: "A gentleman who had been rescued from drowning informed me that not only had the great events of his life recurred to him, but that also on one occasion at a fair he had passed a bad sixpence to an old man for some nuts, and said he, "there are no words which will adequately describe the sense of mental agony and shame that accompanied the recollection.'" I can corroborate that statement from an incident which occurred to myself in boyhood, an incident which is deeply graven on my mind, with the lesson it taught me. In going to and returning from school morning and evening, I had to go by a cottage from which would come out a boy much older and bigger than myself, and slap me in the face, pinch me, and occasionally kick me. At last I determined I would put up with it no longer, and I turned on him in a way that proved mere bulk to be no match for rage and resolution. He howled for help, and his mother ran out and began to beat me, and in my fury I turned on her and struck her. My blow hurt me far more than it did her, for I felt it was a base thing to strike a woman. I turned and fled, pursued by my shame as a coward. Some years after this I was bathing in the river Aire, near Newley, in Yorkshire, when getting out of my depth, and though a swimmer, from some cause unable to recover myself, I was drowning. My life passed before me like a swift-gliding panorama, and many things came to me in painful shape, but the torture which the recollection of striking that woman inflicted no tongue could describe, though it had far stronger words at its command than our language possesses. Yes!—

For guilt and penalty move hand in hand,
Dumb Retribution dogs the steps of sin,
While evermore the Paræ weave their webs,
Not over but within.

Again, we have wonderful and weird superstitious traditions in some of our country villages—mythical stories of old houses on whose floors murder has stamped itself in blood, the marks of

* In his *Practical Religion*, p. 367.

which cannot be washed out, planed away, or removed by any means which men have at their command. This is but the physical form, as it seems to me, of that fact, which the human mind intuitively discerns, and ever tells forth in some shape or other, that deeds once done become, as it were a part of the being of him who does them; and that thus it is that sin is its own punishment, and virtue its own reward, in their nature and results, in all worlds, and in all stages of existence. God has shown His opposition to evil, and His approval of the good, in the very existence and workings of cause and effect, which unerringly lead to their own consequences, and no other. They cannot be got rid of. How grandly does our great poet teach this lesson.* You have seen the tragedy of Macbeth on the stage, or you have read it in some silent studious hour, and can never forget its presentations of the growth of evil passions into crime, and of the workings of crime into retribution. At the very height of power, when all has been attained for which the dreadful sin of murder has been committed, conscience calls up the dead from their graves and peoples the imagination with visions of horror, even at the festive board, compelling Macbeth to become his own accuser. And Lady Macbeth herself, unsexed as she professed to be, escapes her doom no more than her husband. Her walking in her sleep, and her speech, proved how sorely her heart was charged,—“What, will these hands ne’er be clean? . . . Here’s the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!”

It was a solemn thought that our doings will go with us into eternity. And when God says to each of us, “Now take thy life with thee, and read it in a brighter and clearer light, than thou hast yet done, and learn what thou hast made of it”—what will be the Memories of each of us on the other side of life? Will God be our exceeding great reward, giving joy unspeakable in His light and love, and personal communion with us? Or will our lives cling to us as the dead bodies of murdered men used to do in the later days of the Roman Empire, when the murderer was bound to his victim, and left face to face with him to die a slow and horrible death? Our own individual conscience and Memory alone can furnish a surmise. But the great, deep, all-pervading law of the moral world is, that whatsoever we sow *that* shall we have to reap.

Looking at the facts of life and consciousness in this way, do we need a big miraculous devil, and a great miraculous hell, to punish the wicked in the Eternal World? Has not Memory a sufficiently fearful power to fulfil that office? Is not every evil

* *Macbeth*, Act v., Scene 2.

deed we do, every false word we utter, a hell planted within us, to torture and teach us, till we have been wrought to repentance, and so brought back to God and goodness? Is not every good deed we do, every brave, true word we speak, heaven planted within us, to greaten and brighten through never-ending ages? The Memories of the good, quickened and glorified, how grandly will they testify to them who out of abundant faith in God live nobly, lovingly, and purely, devoted to the welfare of others! I read a story some years ago, which beautifully illustrates this. An Irish schoolmaster, of the old style, dreamed that he died, and as he passed out of the body he felt himself borne swiftly downwards into a horrible darkness, weighted with many sins that he remembered only too well, and great dread was upon him. Suddenly he stopped in his descent and began to float upward. He rose above the darkness into a world of brightness and beauty, and as if each ray of light and each particle of the air he breathed with delight had been a living sound, he seemed to bathe in grand harmonies of sweetest music. He was borne upward by beings with white, wide-spread, and shining wings. "And who are ye?" he asked of them as he passed upward into that summerland of splendour and delight. And they answered: "We are your good deeds, your poor scholars, whom you took from their poverty and ignorance, and fed and clothed them out of your scanty means, and taught them knowledge and virtue. And we are your guardian angels, now, master dear." And so it will be with each of us, in proportion to the good or the evil we have done while in the body. If we fill our Memory with good deeds; if we strive to live sweet, pure, and holy lives, God will be our portion here, and in eternity alike. But there is hope for all, even for the most wicked and abandoned of men, for God is our loving Father, and though we may desert Him, He will never leave us; and He will chasten, purify, and quicken us into likeness to Himself; for it is not His will that even one member of His family be sinful and miserable for ever. It is a joy to believe that His care of us will not end with this life, that His discipline will be with us in the Eternal World as well as here. And surely if we believe Him to be just, and know Him to be good, we shall be able to trust that He will do for each of us in the Future life what will be most conducive to our ultimate welfare. For in the Father's house are many mansions—mansions bright with sunshine, and glad with purity and peace, and delights of love, and sweet song, and never-failing hope and faith. And God himself reveals His ever glorious and more special Presence there, giving deeper and diviner joys than music and song, and birds and flowers, and sweet breezes, and streams murmuring through meadows fair, and kind friends and

loving parents, and affectionate children, though they, too, will be there, and be the channels of God's love; for all that is highest and best of earth will be there with added lustre, and increased perfection, and quickened joy in them. And these mansions are for the good, the pure, the brave, and the greatly wise, who have striven and suffered for the good of mankind. All faithful souls will share these radiant mansions of the blest. And there, too, are mansions where the imperfect, weak, and sick souls of time will be nursed, and tended, and fostered through the æons of ages, till they are fit to share the company and delights of the blessed ones, because they, too, have become pure, loving, and strong. Those of you who are acquainted with Dr. Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*, will recollect a very striking illustration of this principle, in a beautiful passage that burns into the Memory, and abides there. Gerontius dreams that he dies, and is carried up to heaven. The Guardian Angel who bears the soul into the Presence Chamber of the Eternal King thus describes what follows:—

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And with intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Immanuel;
But ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which, with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized
And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies,
Passive and still, before the awful throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe—
Consumed, yet quickened by the glance of God.

On recovering its consciousness, the soul sings a plaintive prayer song, to be taken away from the ravishing vision of God to a place of purification, until its spiritual life is made perfect.

There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its sole peace.

This seems to me to be far truer to the moral intuitions than the coarse notions so common.

But in the Eternal World there are other mansions where torturing Conscience wields its sounding lash, as Memory renews the wicked past, and the soul is tormented by its own evil. But pain will be purifying there, for the Loving Father of all is also the Wise Physician of souls, and he will heal all ultimately of their disease of sin. And He will have his ministering spirits there to nurse, and tend, and teach those poor debased ones. The good Jesus, and the best and wisest men and women of all

time, who delighted while on earth in going about doing good, will be the attendants and nurses of these for the Great Lover of souls. That is the work of the noblest spirits here, and I am sure they will not be engaged in less holy and useful occupations in the Eternal World. And when the hearts of those sufferers are softened, and their wills subdued, and their spirits are kindled into yearnings after something sweet, and holy, and pure, then will merciful Justice raise and save them, and lead them to the mansions of purification and healing, where they will be fitted for the company of the glorified. For God is the Father of all spirits, and He will not finally lose one of His children. All souls are His, and at last round His hearth He will gather them all—even the worst—perfected, blest, and happy.

MR. SERJEANT COX AND HIS METHOD OF "NATURAL SELECTION."

IN his second volume of *What am I?* Mr. Serjeant Cox, in treating of Spiritualism, re-affirms his hypothesis of Psychic Force, reiterating his former statements, selecting those facts which can be made to appear most favourable to his hypothesis, and ignoring those which prove it insufficient and erroneous. This cannot be wholly the result of ignorance on his part, as not only has his attention been called to facts of the kind so excluded, but, as is well known, some of these facts have come under his own personal observation. This *suppressio veri* may possibly sharpen his practice as a serjeant-at-law; to the professional mind it may be only a process of "natural selection," leading to the "survival of the fittest" facts to make out a case; but this is a course quite unworthy of Mr. Serjeant Cox's pretensions as a man of science, and it will not commend his hypothesis to the favourable consideration of scientific men who are well informed on the subject. It is not the method of science; and any hypothesis which stands in need of such support, whatever partial truth it may contain, is self-condemned.

Mr. Serjeant Cox is, however, doing good work as a pioneer of Spiritualism, by bringing before his readers some of the deeper mysteries of human nature connected with sleep, trance, natural and artificial somnambulism, and other states, mostly of an exceptional and abnormal character which throw light on man's spiritual being, and lead directly up to Spiritualism. He also relates many phenomena as witnessed by himself,

which to the majority of men of science will appear as incredible as any of the "manifestations alleged to be spiritual;" for instance, Serjeant Cox affirms from what he himself has seen that people in trance are impervious to heat; they carry coals of a white heat about in their hands till they get cold, and which, when put on their head, do not singe a hair, although instantly raising a blister upon himself and lighting paper. Again, Serjeant Cox thinks that his investigations *prove* that "*We are souls* vested with bodies, and not, as the vulgar notion is, bodies with souls put into them and hidden within some undiscovered cavity."

Mr. Serjeant Cox has also from the first taken care to leave open a line of retreat upon the fortress of Spiritualism. In his former work on Psychic Force, he wrote, "I, and all who adopt the theory of Psychic Force as being the agent through which the phenomena are produced, do not thereby intend to assert that this Psychic Force may not be sometimes seized and directed by some other intelligence than the mind of the Psychic." And in the present volume he says:—"Of course I would not be so arrogant as to assert that the holders of this spiritual theory are certainly wrong. I cannot dispute its *possibility*; but I contend that we have no right to set it up until we have thoroughly investigated the phenomena, collected a vast body of facts, carefully digested and compared them, mastered all the conditions, and so are *compelled* to the conclusion that all explanations consistent with natural science are impossible."

And with respect to the other intelligence than the mind of the Psychics which sometimes seizes and directs the Psychic Force, he asks, "Is it possible, or probable, that this earth is inhabited by a race of beings imperceptible to our senses under ordinary conditions, our *inferiors in intelligence*, who are living upon or within the atmosphere of this world, and who are unable to manifest their presence save under certain conditions of rare occurrence, which are supplied by the persons who possess the peculiar nervous constitution of the Psychic, assisted by the Psychic Force of persons who form the circle with them?"

Mr. Serjeant Cox, though a slow pupil, is evidently making progress with his lessons. He sees that Spiritualism after all is possibly, and even probably, true; and were he not hampered with a theory which confounds the mere unconscious agent or force with the intelligence which seizes and directs it, the steam with the engineer who employs it, his vision would be clearer, his advancement more rapid, and his usefulness augmented. Reduced to its true limits, his theory is merely a suggested and

dubious correction in the nomenclature of Spiritualism.* That the force employed in the physical manifestations of spirits is derived from the medium and the circle, has been known almost from the time that circles and mediums have been employed; and whether that force is called "magnetism," or "spiricity," or "od," or "nerve aura," or psychic force," or any other name, is of little moment. If Serjeant Cox prefers to call a spade a mattock, I have no objection. The important question is as to the intelligence which directs the force. Spiritualists do not allege that "all explanations consistent with natural science are impossible;" but the intelligence itself universally, and from the first, claims to be that of departed human spirits, and all the evidence that has been accumulated and collated, and all the experience of independent and unprejudiced investigators goes to substantiate that claim; and it is for Mr. Serjeant Cox to show that spiritual agency is inconsistent with natural science. In his eagerness to sustain a theory he limits his attention to the lower phenomena of Spiritualism, and then urges that if these are the work of spirits, they must be inferior to ourselves. There is abundant evidence that intellectually and morally there are spirits in our midst no whit inferior to the wisest and best

* Dubious, because in part, at least, misapplied. This misuse of the term, and what would be its proper application, is aptly pointed out in the following passage in a recent lecture by Mrs. Tappan:—

"Mr. Serjeant Cox has given some popularity to the name 'Psychic Force.' If this force is intended to apply, as its derivation would show, to the power of the soul, it is an admirable term, and should be adopted by Spiritualists to express the particular kind of force that spirits employ when they act upon mortals. Finer than magnetism, finer than the nerve force—for which Psychic Force may be mistaken—finer than any fluid that has yet been discovered, even in the light of mental science—if you will apply the term Psychic Force to that particular mental atmosphere that spirits employ when they approach you, it will then be a most fitting term in the most suitable place. But, if applied to any more physical force, it is not a fitting term. It should not be applied to that force by which spirits move tables, or any physical and tangible object, but only to that force that spirits employ when they move minds. Every mind has its aura, just as every body has, and the quality of that aura determines the power of the spirit. If that aura be potent, if the mind that generates that aura be clear and distinct, you will perceive that it will work upon all other minds within the radius of its influence. A person might enter this room with very commanding, physical presence; but, if he had not also a certain amount of mental power, he could not claim your attention. Another person, with insignificant physical presence, might enter this room, and by speech and look command silent attention; this is the power of mind employing Psychic Force.

"No force is in itself intelligent unless employed by intelligence, and it does not do away with the difficulty that the scientific mind encounters in endeavouring to explain Spiritualism by removing it from one thing to another; for it is known that the forces of nature unguided have no intelligence. Psychic force is no exception to this rule; but it is a force that originates in mind itself, and mind guiding that force directs its influence only upon mind. Therefore, when a spirit controls a mind embodied in earthly form, it is not by magnetism, it is not by mesmerism, it is not by psychology in the usual acceptation of that term, but it is by a direct expression of soul force."

among us; but when Nelson did not wish to obey the signal which required him to change his tactics when in action with the enemy, he put the telescope to his blind eye and declared he could not see it. If Mr. Serjeant Cox looks at the higher phenomena of Spiritualism—those which prove most completely an independent intelligence external to ourselves—he does so, if at all, a long way off through a telescope applied to the mental eye blinded by prejudice and a foregone conclusion. As a man of science he might usefully compare notes with the late Professor Hare, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Mr. Cromwell F. Varley, F.R.S., and his late associate in Psychic Force investigations, Mr. William Crookes; and as a lawyer, with Judge Edmonds, of New York, whose investigations were so much more extensive and thorough than his own, and who, during more than twenty years, “investigated the phenomena, collected a vast body of facts, carefully digested and compared them, mastered all the conditions,” as far as practicable with our present knowledge; and whose conclusions were those of a man who knew well the nature and value of evidence, and who was a master of the subject.

The *Medium* of May 15th contains the *fac simile* of a message written with a pencil through the hand of an infant medium, with the following certificate:—

“The above sentence was written through the hand of the infant boy of Mrs. and Mr. Jencken, aged 5 months and 15 days, on the 6th day of March, 1874, at Lansdowne Terrace East, Western Road, Brighton, by an invisible agency, in our presence, the pencil used having been placed in the right hand of the infant by invisible means.

“Witness the hands of the parties present, March 6, 1874.

J. WASON.

K. F. JENCKEN.

The x mark of Mrs. McCarthy,
the nurse who held the child.”

If in “the phenomena alleged to be spiritual manifestations,” the intelligence in all cases “is none other than that of the Psychic,” as Serjeant Cox affirms, it must in this instance have been very precocious; and the “Psychic Force” or “unconscious cerebration” which attained a knowledge of language and the art of penmanship, and wrote in such a clear, firm, business-like hand, must have set in early. The message is signed, “Susan.” It is very shocking that unconscious cerebration—at so early an age too—should thus be given to lying, It is, as Dominie Samson would say, “Prodigious!”

We hope this achievement of young "Psychic Force" will be properly appreciated by our philosophers—that this small fact will not prove too large for their philosophy—but that they will give room and a cordial welcome to the little stranger.

T. S.

RECOVERY OF PROPERTY THROUGH A SPIRIT- MESSAGE.

WHEN Foster, the Spiritualist medium, first came to this City and hung out his shingle at the Grand Hotel, he was an object of much curiosity. Among those who went to witness the marvellous manifestations, which it was claimed were daily made, was a well-known gentleman whose name we are not authorised to give. The gentleman had heard of the slip-of-paper trick, and believing that he knew a thing or two more than Foster did, he resolved to play a sharp game with him. Before going to the medium's room, he wrote a name on a slip of paper, which he wrapped and folded tightly in a piece of tinfoil. When he got there, in company with several other friends, he handed the little roll of tinfoil to Foster and awaited events.

The little paper inside the tinfoil contained merely the full name of the gentleman's mother—her maiden and married name. Foster took it, pressed it to his forehead in that dreamy, listless way he has, and then laid it on the table. Presently he said, "Yes, sir, I have a message for you. There is the spirit of a lady here who wishes me to write you this message." Here Foster took up a pencil, and with many jerks and quirks wrote:—

"Do not remove the remains of your father and myself. Let us rest where we are. Your heart is right, but your judgment is wrong. ———."

The message was signed by both the maiden name and the married name of the gentleman's mother. The gentleman turned as white as a sheet for he at once recognised the message as having been written in the name of his deceased mother. He had long been intending to remove her remains and those of his father from an eastern cemetery to his vault at Lone Mountain. He had not thought of the matter at all that day. Foster had never seen him before. Neither Foster, nor any one else—not even the gentleman's wife—knew what the mother's maiden name had been. Hence the clearness, the strange outline of the message, and above all, the aptness with which it referred to his project with regard to the remains of

his parents, gave the astonished gentleman something to think about for days to come.

He did not wait for an answer to his tinfoil puzzle, but started away, very much in the condition of the young man who went to church to scoff, but concluded to remain and pray.

Next day the gentleman met his friend, the Hon. Charles E. De Long, who had just then returned from Japan. To him he told his remarkable experience of the day before. De Long laughed at him for his apparent credulity, and scouted the idea that spirits had anything to do with the message. Nettled at this, the gentleman invited Mr. De Long to go with him and see Foster and judge for himself. That night they both, in company with Howard Coit, called at the Grand Hotel, and were shown into Foster's rooms. Mr. De Long was wholly unknown to Foster. They all sat down to the table, and after Foster had smoked a while at his cigar, he said: "I can only get one message to-night, and that is for a person named Ida. Do either of you know who Ida is?"

Mr. De Long looked at Foster with a startled look, and said, "Well, yes, I rather think I do. My wife's name is Ida."

"Well," said Foster, "then this message is for her, and it is important. But she will have to come here and receive it."

This was just enough to excite De Long's curiosity, and after endeavouring in vain to get Foster to reveal the message to him, he consented to bring his wife the next night to receive the important communication in person. Accordingly the next evening the same two, accompanied by Mrs. De Long, were ushered into Foster's parlour. They were soon seated around the table, waiting eagerly for the spirits to arrive. After Foster had smoked for several minutes in silence, he suddenly said, "The same message comes to me. It is for Ida. This is the lady, is it?" he asked, as of the spirit. "Oh, you will write the message, will you? Well, all right," and with this he took up a pen and dashed off the following:—

"To my daughter Ida.—Ten years ago I entrusted a large sum of money to Thomas Madden to invest for me in certain lands. After my death he failed to account for the investment to my executors. The money was invested, and twelve hundred and fifty acres of land were bought, and one-half of this land now belongs to you. I paid Madden on account of my share of the purchase, \$650. He must be made to make a settlement.

"Your father,

"VINEYARD."

Both Mr. and Mrs. De Long sat and heard this communication read with astonished faces. Mrs. De Long knew that in life her father had had business dealings with Mr. Madden, but

to what extent, or even the nature of them, she did not know. She was terribly frightened at the *denouement*, for she knew that Foster did now know who she was, nor who her father might have been, and when the communication came in so remarkable a way, the effect upon the whole party may be better imagined than described.

Mr. De Long had just enough faith in the correctness of Mrs. De Long's communication to want to see what there was in it, anyway. So the next day he called on Mr. Madden, at the Occidental Hotel. Without saying what especial reason he had for asking the question, he asked Mr. Madden if there was not yet some unsettled business between himself and the estate of the late Mr. Vineyard. Mr. Madden thought for a moment, and then he said there was. He said several years ago he and Mr. Vineyard had purchased a tract of land together, and their interest was yet undivided. The land had increased and was still increasing enormously in value, and he supposed Mr. Vineyard's daughter desired to let her interest lie untouched, which was the reason why the matter had never been settled up. Besides, she had been absent for a long time from the country, and was not here to have the matter settled. When informed that Mrs. De Long had only just learned of this investment of her father's, Mr. Madden expressed much surprise. He said he supposed she and her husband and the executors knew all about it, but were simply letting the matter rest for the property to increase in value. Mr. Madden then said that he was ready to make a settlement at any time. This was readily assented to by Mr. De Long, and accordingly, on Saturday last, Mr. Madden transferred a deed for 625 acres of the land to Mrs. De Long, her heirs and assigns for ever. Having done this, Mr. Madden offered the lady eighteen thousand dollars for the property, but having been informed that it is worth at least twenty-five thousand dollars, she declined to sell.

Meanwhile, Foster is over-run with people anxious to interview their deceased parents, for the purpose of finding out if the old folks are quite sure that their estates have been fully and properly settled.—“*San Francisco Chronicle*,” January 22nd.

We strongly deprecate any habitual resort to spirits for information concerning missing deeds, lost wills, and the recovery of property. Those who trust to information so obtained are likely to be sent on many a fool's errand, until they learn wisdom by bitter experience, and discover that such temporalities are not the proper province of spiritual communion. But there are many instances like the foregoing to show that correct information of this kind is sometimes given; as in the evidence

of Lord Lindsay, and of Mr. Manuel Eyre before the Committee of the Dialectical Society, which will be found in its published report.

Our contributor "A. M. H. W.," furnishes us with another example, reported in a letter to her from a lady relative. We subjoin the passage:—

"A month or two since, a lady of our acquaintance, Mrs. B., asked us if we knew any *clairvoyante* who would be likely to obtain information for a friend of hers, Mr. X., about some lost leases. They were connected with the property of his late father, and very important it was to him to discover the missing documents. Mr. X. was no Spiritualist, but was anxious as a last resource for the finding of the lost leases, to try what could be done by occult means. He sent to Mrs. B. (as a clue to be given to the medium or *clairvoyante*) a seal which had belonged to his late father. We ourselves were not very sanguine as to the result of the enquiry, and felt all the less hopeful about it, as the offer of £100 from Mr. X. to the medium who should be the means of recovering the leases, we thought might tend rather to frustrate, than to lead to a successful issue. Mrs. B. mentioned to us that a friend of hers, Mrs. R., knew a Mr. Rowse, who though not a professional medium, seemed to have much power, and whom she knew to be a respectable intelligent man.

"Last evening (June 28th, 1872), we received from Mrs. B. the following particulars. She says:—

"I took Mr. X.'s seal to her (Mrs. R.), and the first communication received was, "*We will try to find them; a line will suffice.*" Signed, WM. CATRY." After this, at another *séance*, where Mr. Rowse was very much shaken and convulsed, was written, "*Try in Exeter.*" I sent this also to Mr. X., and at first he thought it sheer nonsense, but he afterwards remembered that there was a Mr. Z., an old friend of his father's, living in Exeter, and he wrote to him, and in reply was told that he had a bundle of parchments left in his care by Mr. X.'s father. Finally, the parcel being opened, *the lost leases were recovered*, and Mr. X. has sent the promised reward of £100 to Mrs. R. for Mr. Rowse. Who the spirit "Wm. Catry," was, has not been revealed. Is not this marvellous? Mr. X., who is not a Spiritualist, attributes it to some occult science or clairvoyance. The same day that Mr. X. got my letter, with "*Try in Exeter*," he got one from his lawyers, saying they must give up all chance of recovering the leases and commence a suit in Chancery.'

"The names cannot be given, unfortunately, and the initials have been altered."

A correspondent of the *New York World* describes some incidents of a remarkable trial that has recently been occupying the attention of the Circuit Court in Caroline County, Maryland.

Two years ago Sylvester Sudler, a wealthy farmer residing in that vicinity, died. Just before his death Sudler sent for his brother, Emory Sudler, and requested him to write his will, which was duly executed in the presence of three witnesses. After Sylvester's death the will was opened, when it was found that neither the wife nor child of the deceased Sudler were mentioned, and that Emory Sudler was recognized as his universal and only heir. The widow and witnesses present declared that the document read was not Sylvester Sudler's will, and measures were at once taken to prove it a forgery. Before the case came up for trial, and one year after Sylvester Sudler's death, it was announced that the widow had discovered the will which she all along claimed her husband had executed. The two wills were brought into Court, and a large number of witnesses were called by each side to testify as to their genuineness. The evidence was very conflicting and unsatisfactory, until a lauk and bony youth named Kite Stinson was called to testify in the widow's behalf. Kite told the Court a startling ghost story, the substance of which was that he had met and conversed with the spirit of the departed testator, and had learned from him that Emory Sudler had forged the will which he was now seeking to have probated. The spirit, Kite said, pointed out the place where the genuine will was hidden, and when Kite told the story to the widow, she followed his directions and found the will, which she now claimed to be the genuine document. Upon learning this evidence, Emory Sudler fainted in Court. The case was given to the jury, who agreed upon a verdict for the widow from the moment of Kite Stinson's dramatic testimony.

"THAT WOMAN'S CERTAINLY A WITCH."

THE following is from an article by the Special Commissioner of the *Glasgow Daily News*, published in that journal of March 16th:—

"Fortunate, perhaps, beyond most, I have no near relatives who have passed on into the other world, and Annie seemed instinctively to divine this, for she appeared for a time at a loss to bring anyone forward to speak to me except herself. This

of itself was a very strange thing, for I had told my friend before entering the hotel that one reason I had for contemning Spiritualism, so called, was that I had not a single relative in the other world with whose spirit I cared to hold communion. Strangely enough, then, and in total ignorance of this, the medium—who ‘conjures up spirits’ fast enough for most of her devotees, and deals largely and decidedly in fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and children—was mute before me. And here again accrues a marvellous incident in the interview. Though there was no relative about whose spirit I cared to hear, I had previously informed my friend that there was one, not that of a relative, with whom above all things I should like to hold communion; and when Annie could not get beyond myself and my own wordly affairs, I mentally resolved to *assume* for the moment that Spiritualism was a reality, and to desire intently the presence of the spirit in question. This I did in silence, and without a word to Miss Fowler on that or any other subject. Judge then of my confusion, and almost of my horror, when the spirit came! Annie described the appearance, the age, the time of death, and the general characteristics of the being of whom alone I was anxious to hear. But this chapter of the marvellous has still more of the marvellous. The friend *par excellence* of my youth—a young man who died when a little over 30 years of age, and who from early life was distinguished by a manly and unaffected piety, and who afterwards entered Holy Orders in the Catholic Apostolic Church—was, as his Church teaches, fully convinced that Spiritualism was the work of the Devil, and used frequently and energetically to warn me against trifling with it even in the way of sceptical inquiry. There are many of our circle who remember the fervour of his appeals to myself never to have anything to do with it; and for this reason, that he was already convinced of its being a reality and a work of the Devil, while I, thinking it imposture, or a development perhaps of animal magnetism, would be certain sooner or later to be convinced of its genuineness, and so become a believer in it. Well, intent on conversing with the spirit already conjured up, and wonderingly watching every word to detect imposture, or account for what I thought the medium’s lucky guessing, I must confess to being strangely affected when ‘Annie’ suddenly became for a short time dumb, and then in a hard rasping, irritated tone, as if she were forced to make the confession against her will:—‘Annie—Annie—cannot—tell—you—more. There—is—another—spirit—standing—beside—your—chair—and—keeps—Annie—from—speaking. He—is—a—clergyman—with—a—long—robe—and—he—is—watching—over—you. Annie—can—reveal—no—more—till—he—is—gone!’ And

so, with a gasp, the 'spirits'—I use the word simply for the sake of description—again subsided into silence. Startled from my critical mood in spite of myself, I put a number of inquiries as to the appearance of the clergyman, and was answered in a manner which photographed my deceased friend upon my mind so as to leave no doubt they were his characteristics she was describing. She further gave his age as a very little over thirty, but said he looked much older than he was, and that he was not originally trained for the Church, but was nearly all his life in business, the whole of which was perfectly correct."

"Startled beyond measure, and far more than I cared to acknowledge to the medium, I knew that in the Apostolic Church there is sometimes vouchsafed the 'gift of tongues,' which is held to be a 'sign to them that believe not.' I then framed the thought in my own mind that it would be an almost overwhelming sign of spiritual presence were the medium to speak in the unknown tongue. Now I know that what I am about to relate will be set down as the hallucination of insanity, or, at the very least, be scouted as the acme of silliness and absurdity. Yet I relate the simple truth as it occurred. Hardly had I formulated the wish to hear such a sign than the medium fell back in her chair and burst into a torrent of what to my friend appeared gibberish, but which I at once recognised as the 'unknown tongue,' similar to that I had occasionally heard in the Apostolic Church! I may just state that on the following Sunday I induced my friend to go with me to the Apostolic Church in this city; and, after I had introduced him to one of the clergy, he quietly said, 'That minister is wearing a robe similar to the one described to us by Miss Fowler.'

"She then busied herself with what I thought trifles; and, among other things, said to my friend, 'Annie sees a long table, beautifully laid out, with glittering plate and glasses, and also flowers. It is a feast. You will be there to-morrow, and you will make a speech!' Again I thought the medium was simply fooling us for the sake of saying something, or had gone wrong in the head, when, to my astonishment, my friend left off his hold of my hand, dived it into his coat pocket, and drew out an ornamental dinner-card for a private entertainment next day! Of this I was totally ignorant, and it was utterly impossible that Miss Fowler, scarcely a day in Glasgow, could have been informed of such a circumstance. My friend, of course, went to the 'feast,' and, as it turned out, did actually make a speech!

"After enjoying a hearty laugh at the dinner episode—Annie herself joining in it—the medium turned her attention to me; and, commencing with family matters, did certainly

proceed on their track with such general correctness as a neighbour or a friend of the family might have exhibited. One circumstance she mentioned was peculiarly striking. Flatly addressing me, without the slightest hesitation, she said, 'Your —— (naming a near relative) had a brother who was drowned in the sea—which was perfectly true. Telling me I was not born in Glasgow, but in the North, she described the place and its surroundings, so that, had I seen the description in print, I could have had no hesitation in identifying it as the place of my nativity. She then touched upon several leading events in my life, notably an important lawsuit, the course of which, some of the characters who figured in it, and its results, she accurately depicted. She gave a very good guess at the period I had been in Glasgow, and delivered herself of sage advice as to future conduct.

"I lay down no theory upon this subject; I ask no one to believe in 'Spiritualism,' for, notwithstanding all that has passed, I cannot say I do so myself; I only present in print the facts as they happened on the occasion of my visit, and leave the reader to form his own opinion. The concluding incidents I shall now mention, although, like those of the 'feast' and 'speech' in my friend's case, they were certainly, in my mind, unworthy the dignity of the spirits to notice. Just as I quietly took out my watch to see the time, 'Annie' suddenly said, 'It is either twenty minutes past nine or twenty minutes to ten.' It was *twenty minutes past nine!* Then, as I prepared to go, the 'spirit' said, 'Have you got a blue letter?—a letter in a blue envelope?—it is important, and if you have not got it, you will get it speedily.' The medium now ceased to hold my hands, and sat impassive for a space; then the same series of convulsive spasms with which she had entered the trance were repeated, and in about three or four minutes she awoke as from a sweet sleep, passed her hands across her eyes, and smilingly asked us what the spirits had been saying, as she was ignorant of all that had happened. Having, after some conversation, bidden her 'Adieu' my friend and myself walked back to the office I had left, when at the door I found—what never happened to me before—a special messenger from my residence, who, to my utter astonishment, and the wonder of my friend, held out to me as I entered *a document in blue post!* It was a letter informing me that I had, by not filling up my house-tax paper (I may explain I have not been long resident in Glasgow) rendered myself liable to a fine of £20 and double duty! Turning to my friend, I tossed the note to him, and, utterly nonplussed, exclaimed, 'Well, that woman's certainly a witch! There's the *important blue letter* after all!'"

[We had a *séance* with Miss Fowler, May 11 (the only one we have had with her), and for upwards of an hour received from her, while entranced, a series of most satisfactory and striking tests; but as these were of a strictly personal and family nature a detailed description of them would have little interest for the reader. No questions were asked; no cue was given, yet the leading incidents and circumstances of our life—some of long bygone years—were recalled to mind; relatives long passed from earth were minutely and accurately described—with the place and circumstances of death—their age at the time, and the nature and duration of their disease, and in one instance the very words in which our relative spoke of her sufferings before her departure were repeated. The spirit, who spoke through Miss Fowler, professed to be a little German girl, by whom she is usually controlled. She spoke with much child-like vivacity, she said the spirits she described, with others who did not communicate, were present; she repeated what they told her, and related what she saw. On returning to her normal state Miss Fowler said she had no recollection of what had passed, and that she could have obtained a knowledge of all these facts by natural means is simply impossible.—Ed. *S. M.*]

MRS. TAPPAN'S INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSES.

ONE of the most interesting and instructive phases of mediumship is inspirational speaking, as exemplified in the discourses given by Mrs. Tappan. The subjects of these discourses are often chosen for her by a committee from the audience. Her addresses are chaste and simple in style, and contain many passages of singular eloquence and beauty. Take the following examples out of many that might be given:—

THERE IS NO DEATH.

One of Mrs. Tappan's recent discourses at the Royal Music Hall was founded on the text in the Apocalypse—"And there shall be no more death." We give the peroration:—

"There is no death. That law that provides for the changes in material substances also provides for the garnering up of every thought. Thought never perishes, it abides for ever, builds the temples of the future, erects your homes, clothes your spirits, and paves the way to higher stages of existence of which you have no knowledge. The science of spiritual life is brought home to your consciousness. Instead of the dim grovelling of

the outward senses, you have the illumined scroll of the spirit held down to your view, in which you behold, with the eye of vision mentioned in the Apocalypse, the wonderful Jerusalem that is to come. It is not a temporal city; it is not an external power; it is not simply a building up to the outward senses; but it is a new condition of mind and life on earth. It shall not revel alone in the external, but shall build in the eternal, and clothe your souls for the habitation of the future world. This is the day when there is no death. Your friend hidden from sight is only caught up into the atmosphere. You do not see him, but you may perceive him with the spiritual vision. The mother mourns her child as dead, and looks into the grave for the object of her care, and builds up a snowy monument over the body there. But she must not think the child is there. The spirit, like a white dove, hovers around her; and the spirit of the child is waiting at the door that you all may enter. There is no death! Mother earth consumes the body, and that which you bury this year will bloom into flowers in Spring; but the buds of your spirits are transplanted, and blossom in the midst of eternal life, and the little feet trip among the asphodels in the green meadows of the spirit-land. This is the lost chain of life; this is the golden stone that philosophers have sought for in vain in times past; this is the nectar, the nepenthe, that ancient sorcerers sought that life might be for ever prolonged. You cast away your bodies as you would a worn-out or imperfect garment. There are new raiments waiting for you; there is a new habitation ready for you. Your feet will not rest upon strange soil, but friends will gather around you. It is as clear to the eye of the spirit as are the names of the constellations to the astronomer; and though you dwell in the garments of the flesh, you still see beyond, and perceive how in all the great world of matter and spirit there is no room for death to abide; for he has gone out utterly with ignorance and darkness, and the prejudices of the past, and life, only life, remains as your inheritance."

SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

"Among the truths that Modern Spiritualism has revealed to man, none is more beautiful, none more comprehensive in its eternal signification, than the word 'Growth,' as applied to the spiritual nature.

"Everything in the material universe unfolds from the germ; from within, the golden grain remains silent in the sod for a season, then bursts its outside covering, and, responsive to the breath of air, sunlight, moisture, adorns itself in verdure, and at last ripens into fruition.

"The germ of the flower, folded and hidden as are its petals from night, waits for the darkness to strengthen its tender shoots until they can bear the light, then it buds and blooms, shedding abroad its fragrance and beauty.

"All things must have time for growth and fruition.

"The spirit of man, impatient of time and sense, would fain burst the barriers that sever it from absolute knowledge, and plunge at once into the most secret mysteries of the universe.

"This may not be. Immortal in essence, eternal in destiny, possessing the germs of transcendent knowledge, the mind must be content to grow, allowing each tiny shoot of thought, each tender bulb of knowledge, full and perfect time for fitting development.

"While the world groped in darkness and ignorance of the laws concerning man's spiritual existence, even doubting the fact of future life, it was not strange that, alternating between doubt and fear, belief and scepticism, then mere spasmodic glimpses of true knowledge, shrouded by intense darkness, and that anything promising absolute knowledge and security was eagerly sought after. And the world, prone to rest on the mere empiricism of authority, has not understood the vast element of spiritual life within its grasp.

"Spiritualism reveals the law of eternal progression, of endless growth, and teaches the mind to prize every atom of knowledge, every small grain of truth, and to patiently, earnestly take each successive step in its onward and endless journey.

"How perfect is the harmony existing in the universe—how simple and gradual are the paths of ascent by which the soul is led up the mountain of knowledge! Step by step—thought by thought we enter into the supreme communion with wisdom—all heights are attainable, all eternity for their attainment; and the humblest leaf of the forest, the smallest pebble upon the shores of time, contains a lesson, if one will but pause and read, while the soul is at once a volume, and a universe in which we may find the ever-unfolding germs of truth."

Lastly, we cite the following beautiful exposition of—

THE NATURE OF A PERFECT THOUGHT.

"The saviours of mankind—they who have done the greatest work for the world—are those that have left upon the pages of history a complete and perfect thought, a thought that, like mathematics, will stand all tests; a thought that, like the colours of the harmonious prism, will bear all analysis; a

thought that, like the combinations of melody, the more they are perfected and studied, the more beautiful do they become. It is said of Michael Angelo that in his master-work, St. Peter's, he had a thought so grand and perfect, that had it been completed it must needs have left its records upon the pages of all history, even when the cathedral should have crumbled to the dust. The dome was not completed after his plan. He intended that it should be builded until it seemed suspended from the heavens, so that, like the very presence of the Infinite, it might brood for ever there, shedding light upon the structure below, as upon the ways of man, the embodiment of his soul's life. But that thought went with him to the world of spirits; and if you could but see the St. Peter's of his creation, fashioned to his thought, made the image he intended should be there, you would know that though the present edifice shall crumble, that image shall not pass from the earth; and to the eye of the seers over other temples this beautiful and perfect ideal dome will be suspended, that all spiritual eyes may see it. It is said of Raphael, that divine and inspired artist, that of all the pictures he painted there was a poem that was outwrought from the life of his own soul—one poem, no more. You would give more to read that poem than to see all his pictures; since it was guarded from the eye of man, made sacred, and held a sweet place in the heart of one whom he loved. That was his ideal work. He cares no more for his paintings that the world adores than he does for the cast-off toys and playthings of his youth; but for the one perfect creation of his life all eternity praises him, since all exalted souls are aware of its existence and the perfection of his life.

“So with every soul that has had a perfect thought, it remains though the external form crumbles and fades into dust. Through time, and the decay of matter, and the revolutions of earth, all nations, and the loftiest works of human genius pass away. Thought, the perfect thought that has once had its abode in a living soul, remains the possession of the world; and they that are endowed with the gift of the spirit can see and behold it. Few indeed have been these shining marks; few indeed have been the absolute perfections of history. Mathematics itself forms one of those perfections. Poetry, art—all forms of art have some time seen perfect expressions in the human mind—but chiefest those sublime and perfect truths that form the spiritual cyclopædia of nations, wherein prophet and seer and sage have set down as with shining vibrations the absolute truths of the infinite world, and have made the pages of material history sparkle and glisten as though they were precious stones set in the golden sheen of life. Oh, you may pray for riches, you may ask for material power; you may

seek to build St. Peter's, and to paint the dear Madonna, but rather seek for a perfect thought. A single pure aspiration is more enduring and more valuable than all the shining obelisks ever graven, or than the snowy statues that grace the secret halls and corridors of past ages. Every heart has its secret aspirations and prayers, and it is said in the language of a coarse theology that Gehenna is paved with the resolutions unfulfilled of men; but rather is your pathway thus paved in life with those aspirations that have faded and fallen because they have not been perfect. God does not take account of failures. In nature the overblown tree sheds young blossoms, early fruit on the ground, but enriches the soil; and you that lament the overblown flowers of life, remember that though nature try a hundred or a thousand times and fails, she takes no note of these, but only of those which succeed. The highest type, the most perfect form of being, is that which greets the eye of day, not the failures. The man of science does not consider his time wholly misspent, that nine hundred and ninety-nine times he has striven to find the ultimatum of a problem, for the success of the thousandth time has crowned his life with glory, and henceforth he becomes perfected in that sublime and perfect gift. Every aspiration that has its birth and origin in a pure and perfect thought, though you fail in its achievement a thousand times, still that time that you do succeed creates a vibration through all the world of souls that are in harmony, even as a note upon a harp at random thrills through all the chords and makes them vibrate symphonious to its tone. The spiritual world is composed of successful aspirations. The stages of spiritual growth are counted by every deed and every thought that ennobles and elevates your lives; and when you pass from that clouded and shadowy intermediate state that constitutes your first admission to the spiritual world, you will gain the joys of spiritual life only by success. Even as sometimes upon the earth you seem to date your existence from a particular glory, from some halo of love, some new-born desire or successful ambition; so in spiritual life are the years and cycles counted by each step and advancement in truth, each new knowledge that is added, each new vibration that aids in strength and fervour, each new perfection, and when these perfections become the possession of the spirit, how rounded and glorious seem the cycles and years; and the small space of time that was spent in the shadow and doubt of earthly life and materialism fades and sinks, even as the valleys fade before the advancing traveller as he mounts up the height and sees new glories all about him.

"It is said in matter that not one vibration is lost; that if you

drop a pebble in the wave it undulates until it reaches the shore; it then moves a tiny grain of sand; the sand moves other substances, until the motion reaches the uttermost verge of matter. So in the spiritual life: one full grain of love—one full aspiration dropped into the great sea of life, vibrates until all souls are agitated by its undulations, and moved as with the waves of perfect and celestial harmony."

SPIRITS, SPIRITUALISTS, AND THE GOVERNMENTS OF FRANCE.

PART III.

EUGENE VINTRAS.

IN 1839, the saviours of Louis XVII., who had filled the almanacks for the year 1840 with prophecies, calculated that if every one expected a revolution, this revolution could not fail to arrive. These saviours of Louis XVII. having no longer their prophet Martin, resolved to have another. Several of their most zealous agents were in Normandy, the country of which the false Louis XVII. pretended to be Duke. They cast their eyes upon a pious workman, of an exalted imagination and of weak head, and this is the scheme which they adopted. They composed a letter addressed to this pretended Louis XVII., filled this letter with emphatic promises of his future reign, joined with mystical expressions adapted to make an impression upon his susceptible nature, and caused this letter to fall into the hands of a workman named Eugene Vintras.

He himself has given the following account of his reception of this letter:—

"*August 6th, 1839.*—About nine o'clock I was occupied in writing, when there came a knock at the door of the chamber. Believing that this was a workman who had business with me I called out somewhat roughly, 'Come in!' In place of the workman I was surprised to see a ragged old man. I asked him what he wanted. He replied, very quietly, 'Do not trouble yourself, Pierre-Michel' (names which no one ever makes use of in addressing me, and indeed, which I, in signing my name, never use; being always called Eugene). This reply of the old man's caused me to feel a certain peculiar sensation, which increased when he said, 'I am much fatigued; wherever I present myself people look upon me with suspicion, as if I were a thief.' These last words terrified me much, although spoken with an unhappy and melancholy air. I rose, and did not take

copper, but a piece of ten sous, which I placed in his hand, saying, 'I do not regard you with suspicion, my good fellow,' and saying this, I made him see that I wished him to retire. He asked nothing more, but turned his back with a chagrined air. Scarcely had he set his foot upon the last step, when I drew back the door, and shut it with the key. Not hearing him descend, I called to a workman, and told him to come up to my room. There, under pretext of business, I got him to hunt with me through every place where I thought it possible my old man could have concealed himself, since I had not seen him depart. This workman ascended to my room; I went out with him, locking the door with my key, and I searched every hole and corner, but saw nothing.

"I was just going into the factory, when suddenly I heard the bell ringing for Mass. I thought with pleasure, that spite of this little disturbance with my old man, that I, nevertheless, could hear a Mass. Then I ran to my room to fetch a prayer-book. I found at the place where I had been writing, a letter addressed to Madame Generès at London. This letter was written and signed by M. Paul de Montfleury of Caen, and contained a refutation of heresy, and a profession of orthodox faith. This letter, although addressed to Madame de Generès, was intended to come under the notice of the Duc de Normandie, and contained the greatest truths of our holy religion, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. Upon the letter was placed the piece of ten sous which I had given to my old man."

From this time Vintras became devoted to Louis XVII., and became a visionary for the rest of his life, for the image of the old beggar never again left him. To him this beggar had become St. Michael, since he had called him Pierre-Michel, and this, through an association of ideas, such as is frequent in dreams. The sect of Louis XVII. had divined the precise moment when it was needful to convert Vintras into their illuminated medium and prophet.

This sect was composed specially of ancient servants of the legitimist Royalty, and thus Vintras became their *medium*, the faithful reflex of their imaginations full of chivalrous memories, and ancient mysticism. There are everywhere in the visions of this new prophet, lilies bathed in blood, angels in the costumes of knights, and saints disguised as troubadours. There were visions of the Host appearing upon blue silk; Vintras sweated blood, and his blood appeared upon the Host; or he made designs of hearts, accompanied by legends in the writing and autography of Vintras; cups appeared suddenly filled with wine, and then, wherever the wine dropped, appeared stains of blood. The initiated believed that they heard delicious music,

and breathed unknown perfumes. The priests called upon to bear witness to these prodigies, were borne along in the current of enthusiasm.

A Curé of the diocese of Tours, an old and venerable ecclesiastic quitted his cure and followed the prophet. "We have seen this priest," continues Levi, "and he has related to us the marvels of Vintras with an accent of most perfect conviction. He has shewn to us the holy wafer injected with blood in an inexplicable manner, he has communicated to us the depositions of above fifty witnesses, all honourable persons, and of position in the world, artists, physicians, lawyers, a Chevalier de Razac, a Duchess d'Armaillé. The physicians have analysed the scarlet fluid which flowed in the wafer, and have recognised that it was veritably human blood; even the enemies of Vintras—and he had cruel ones—never contested the miracles, simply attributing them to the influence of the Devil." "But only imagine the possibility," said the Abbé Charvoz, then curé of Touraine, of whom we speak, "only imagine the devil falsifying the blood of Jesus Christ upon the truly consecrated Host?" "For the Abbé Charvoz was a true priest, and these signs also produced themselves upon the wafers consecrated by himself."

Vintras amongst his disciples had more than one Judas, who brought terrible infamy upon their prophet and his sect by the violence and immorality of their conduct. The Pope, Gregory XVI., formally condemned in 1843 the sect of Vintras. Condemned by the Pope, the sect in their turn condemned him, and made Vintras their sovereign pontiff. The fashion of his sacerdotal vestments, it seems, were revealed to him by inspiration, and they appear—from the account given by Levi—to have contained symbols of an Oriental and Pagan character. The end of this unhappy enthusiast, and as we should be inclined to term him, "medium, possessed by enthusiastic spirits," was very sad—hallucination, which was little less than positive insanity.

It will be interesting to our readers, possibly, to see a specimen of the spiritual communications given through the writing mediumship of Vintras. He thus himself speaks of his writings, and declares himself irresponsible for them:—"Oh, if my own mind were in any portion of these writings which are condemned, I should bow my head and fear would enter into my soul. But they are not my work—I have not co-operated in their productions either by seeking for them, nor yet by my desire. I am calm; my couch is not visited by sleeplessness; no long watchings have fatigued my eyelids; my sleep is as pure as when God created it; I can say to my God

with a free heart, *Custodi animam meam et erue me; non erubescam, gnoniam speravi in te.*"

Here is a specimen of the writing:—

"Sleep, sleep, indolent mortals; rest, rest upon your soft couches; smile in your dreams of festivals and of grandeur; the Angel of Alliance has descended upon your mountains; he has written his name even in the cups of your flowers; he has touched the rings which ornament his feet; the rivers which make your pride, and your hope; the oaks of your forests have taken the glory of his brow for a new aurora; the sea with a voluptuous bound has saluted him. Elias has preceded him. Bow yourselves towards earth, but do not alarm yourselves by the active sound amidst the tombs. Sleep, sleep still; I have looked towards the East: he has engraved his name upon inaccessible mountains; he cried to time to hasten his bark, and I have seen him smile, the most aged of aged men. Sleep, sleep still: Elias at the West places a cross at the gates of the Temple: he has sealed it with fire, and with the steel of a dagger."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF NAPLES.

A SOCIETY under the above title has recently been formed at Naples. It consists of about seventy members, chiefly professional men, or otherwise occupying good social position, including half-a-dozen Professors in different branches of knowledge, one of whom is the mathematician, Nicolai Trudio; it has also as many military officers, among them General Giordano Orsini, twice Minister of War under Garibaldi. One of its members is a priest, who is spoken of as a well-known Liberal and learned theologian. Signor Damiani, well known to many of our readers, has been elected President. The Society has an excellent test and clairvoyant medium. A place in the central part of the town has been taken for its meetings, and a library of Spiritual literature in different languages is being collected.

A PAINFUL CONTROVERSY.

A painful correspondence has appeared in some of our contemporaries in relation to the incidents of a *séance* recently held at the house of Mr. Serjeant Cox. The essential point in it is this. Mr. Serjeant Cox states that at this *séance*, at which Miss Showers was the medium, his daughter, Mrs. Edwards (who was ignorant of the conditions), opened the curtain, behind which the form of "Florence" was exhibiting her

face, when there was seen by all not a form in front, and a lady in the chair; but the chair empty, and the lady herself at the curtain, wearing the ghost head-dress, and dressed in her own black gown! Nor was she lying on the ground, as some had surmised. In reply, Mrs. Showers states that though the chair was seen empty, it was affirmed by the spirit that the medium was in the cabinet, entranced on the floor; and that no attempt was made to disprove this statement, or to go into the cabinet, the aperture was never opened, and she expresses astonishment on reading of a displaced head-dress, &c., Mrs. Showers protests with much warmth that as her social position is the same as that of Mr. Cox, at whose house she and her daughter were invited guests, they could have no other object than the truth; and that she has come forward at much trouble, expense, and annoyance to herself to bear testimony to an unpopular truth. It should be said that Sergeant Cox distinctly repudiates making any charge of imposture: his explanation being simply "unconscious somnambulism."

Without expressing any opinion on this case, we may remark that it, and the many conflicting testimonies—published and unpublished—of those who have been present at *séances* for this form of spirit-manifestation illustrates the importance of those simple, obvious, and conclusive tests, on which we insisted in our April number, and which sooner or later will certainly be applied, no matter what conditions to the contrary may be imposed; such conditions place medium and investigators in a false position, prejudicial alike to both, and to the placing the facts themselves on the basis of clear, absolute demonstration. The tests we referred to have in some cases been successfully adopted; and if there are genuine mediums for spirit materialisation with whom these tests cannot be applied with success or safety, it would be better for their friends to refrain from giving publicity to their *séances* till there are further developments which admit of full and conclusive verification.

MANIFESTATIONS IN ST. PETERSBURGH, ATTESTED BY
PROFESSOR BUTLEROW.

M. Butlerow, Professor of Chemistry at the University of St. Petersburg, and a Member of the Imperial Russian Academy of Sciences, in *Psychic Studies*, published at Leipsic, gives an account of manifestations witnessed by him at St. Petersburg, in his own house, through the mediumship of Mr. D. D. Home. Among other incidents of the *séance*, he tells us, that, in his own well-lighted study, "A large arm-chair, on four castors, which stood at a distance of from one and a half

to two mètres from the table at which we were seated, suddenly moved; the two fore legs of the chair raised themselves without contact with any living being, and in this inclined position rolled up to our table; and then made several irregular movements.

"A little later on Mr. Home took a hand-bell, which had been placed on the table we were seated at, and held the bell close to the edge and on a level with the table—both the bell and Mr. Home's hands were clearly visible by the light of the candles. After a few seconds the bell left Mr. Home's hand, and remained suspended in space without coming into contact with the table, the woollen cloth, or the arm-chair. The gentleman sitting next the arm-chair was able to observe the bell closely as it remained suspended in space. I may state that this gentleman is a man advanced in years, and well known as a Russian author. He only made Mr. Home's acquaintance a short time previously, being anxious to avail himself of the opportunity of witnessing these singular phenomena.

"I was seated at the time on the opposite side of the table. Whilst the bell was thus suspended, I stood up and saw the upper portion of the bell as it rested suspended without contact, in space. After a short pause the bell lowered itself down upon Mr. Home's knee, remaining for a short time motionless; it then rose in the air a second time, finally settling down upon the arm of the arm-chair. During the whole of the time the bell remained within the area of the well-lighted space near the table. While all this was taking place, Mr. Home's hands were at some distance from the bell, and the bell was not touched by anybody."

EXPERIENCES OF A RED-COATED GENTLEMAN.

From an article in *Belgravia*, for September 1869, by Sidney L. Blanchard, we quote the following reflections of an intelligent lobster:—

"It is very exasperating, when you are well settled in your flesh and shell, and begin to congratulate yourself upon a particularly handy set of claws, to find yourself caught and cooked for the benefit of a set of greedy wretches who do not even thank you for the gratification you afford them. And this, not only once, but continually; for the arrangement is this: Nature does not supply a separate spirit for every member of the tribe, so, as soon as you are eaten out of one shell, you have to do duty in another, and as your consciousness endures up to the last moment, you naturally see a great deal of society during your career."

But notwithstanding all this our scarlet friend has this advantage over us poor re-incarnated mortals, that he remembers his pre-existence: we do not.

A GOOD TEST OF INDEPENDENT SPIRIT-ACTION.

"Recently we have been present," says the editor of the *Spiritualist*, "at some *séances* at the residence of Dr. Stanhope T. Speer, Douglas House, Alexandra Road, St. John's Wood, at which some most interesting manifestations took place through the mediumship of a gentleman who does not wish his name to be published."

One of the best tests of independent spirit-action we remember to have met with is given. After describing some remarkable physical manifestations through this medium, the editor continues:—

"The communications obtained through his writing mediumship are of the greatest value. His handwriting changes with every different spirit who controls him, and these spirits, who are chiefly literary and theological men of past ages, give their names, the particulars of their earth-life, extracts from their writings; and, on inquiry and search at the British Museum Library and elsewhere, their statements are found to be true. The medium criticises and questions all the results of his own mediumship as closely as any scientific man would do. He says that he is assured that the messages come from individuals outside himself, the facts, arguments, and lines of thought being foreign to his own, and often strongly and seriously at variance with his own opinions, especially on theological matters. The true particulars the spirits have given about their earth-lives would make a small biographical dictionary, and although the facts stated he felt sure to be quite new to him, yet, he argued, 'how can I be perfectly certain that they were not once in my mind, and afterwards forgotten?' On the 22nd May, 1873, the medium held the following conversation with the spirits, he writing the questions, and the answers coming afterwards by what Dr. Carpenter would call 'unconscious cerebration, governing the motions of the hand:'—

THE READING OF BOOKS BY SPIRITS.

"Can you read?"

"No, friend, I cannot, but Zachary Gray can, and R——. I am not able to materialise myself, or to command the elements."

"Are either of those spirits here?"

"I will bring one by-and-by. I will send —— R; —— is here."

"I am told you can read. Is that so? Can you read a book?"

[Spirit handwriting changed.] "Yes, friend, with difficulty."

"Will you write for me the last line of the first book of the *Æneid*?"

"Wait—— 'Omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus cetas.'" [This was right.]

"Quite so. But I might have known it. Can you go to the bookcase, take the

last book but one on the second shelf and read me the last paragraph of the ninety-fourth page? I have not seen it, and do not even know its name."

"I will curtly prove by a short historical narrative, that Popery is a novelty, and has gradually arisen or grown up since the primitive and pure time of Christianity, not only since the Apostolic age, but even since the lamentable union of Kirk and the State by Constantine."

[The book on examination then proved to be a queer one called *Roger's Antipopopriestian: an Attempt to Liberate and Purify Christianity from Popery, Politikirkality, and Priestrule*. The extract given above was accurate, but the word "narrative" was substituted for "account."

"How came I to pitch upon so appropriate a sentence?"

"I know not, my friend. It was by coincidence. The word was changed by error. I knew it when it was done, but would not change."

"How do you read? You wrote more slowly, and by fits and starts."

"I wrote what I remembered, and then I went for more. It is a special effort to read, and useful only as a test. Your friend was right last night, we can read, but only when conditions are very good. We will read once again, and write, and then impress you of the book:—'Pope is the last great writer of that school of poetry, the poetry of the intellect, or rather of the intellect mingled with the fancy.' That is truly written. Go and take the eleventh book on the same shelf." [I took a book called *Poetry, Romance, and Rhetoric*.] "It will open at the page for you. Take it and read and recognise our power, and the permission which the great and good God gives us, to show you our power over matter. To Him be glory. Amen."

[The book opened at page 145, and there was the quotation perfectly true. I had not seen the book before; certainly had no idea of its contents].

[Without violating confidence we may inform our readers that the gentleman through whom this test was given is a Professor in one of our leading Universities, and that under the signature of "M. A. Oxon," he is now giving a narrative of his experiences as a medium in successive numbers of *Human Nature*; and which, we hope, when completed will be issued as a separate volume. It would make a valuable and welcome addition to the literature of Spiritualism.—Ed. S.M.]

Obituary.

THE LATE WILLIAM CARPENTER.

ANOTHER veteran Spiritualist and worker has been called home. The late William Carpenter died April 21st, in his 78th year. He was a voluminous writer, and wrote on a great variety of subjects, and always with information, and conveyed his ideas with much clearness. As political and social reformer, and journalist and editor, for a long series of years, he was well known; but it was more especially as a Biblical critic that his works were most esteemed.

He was an early convert to Spiritualism, and was himself a medium; and some of his Spiritual experiences recorded in

our pages by his own pen were peculiar and remarkable. He wrote two essays on Spiritualism under the title of *Tracts on Tabooed Topics*. By way of preface to the first of these tracts, "Does Spiritualism Demand Investigation?" he gives a most interesting sketch of "his labours as a political reformer (which at one time were so prominent and influential as to draw down upon him prosecution and imprisonment), and of his literary career. We quoted this account in our notice of the tract at the time of its publication, and therefore need not repeat what he has so well told. An interesting biographical sketch of him appears in the *Monetary and Mining Gazette*, of which he was editor up to the time of his decease, and which article is reprinted in the *Medium* of May 15th. We quote its concluding sentences:—

"He had a smile and encouragement, both sympathetic and practical, for everything that was good and intended to contribute to human happiness. He was a man of blameless life, of true philanthropy, of rare attainments, and of an indomitable industry, and he has gone to his rest amid the universal esteem and love of all who knew him."

His interest in Spiritualism continued unabated to the end. Notwithstanding his advanced years, he was a constant and deeply interested attendant at the Sunday Meetings of the Spiritual Church, where, for the last time on earth, we had the pleasure of exchanging a few words with him only a few weeks before his departure to that higher Spiritual Church whose worshippers are gathered from every people, and nation, and tongue; and to that higher life where there is no more death.

Notices of New Books.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. T. T. LYNCH.*

THOSE who had the privilege of knowing Mr. Lynch, and his circle of friends extended far beyond his own congregation, will gladly welcome this Memoir of one of the most intellectual and most spiritually-minded men of the present generation. If he had possessed physical strength corresponding to his spiritual power, his genius would have been more widely known and appreciated through the medium of the platform and the press; for whatever the subject of sermon or lecture, Mr. Lynch's

* *Memoir of the Rev. T. T. Lynch. With Portrait.* Edited by WILLIAM WHITE, pp. 321. London: ISBISTER & Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.

exposition was so grandly simple, and yet so original, that it seemed a new revelation. We have seen children look up to their parents with a pleased glance as some beautiful thought which they could appreciate was uttered by the preacher. Although, through the experience of life-long suffering, Mr. Lynch became a thoughtful rather than a popular speaker, he would readily, had health permitted, have gone out and preached in the streets and lanes to the poor who would have heard him gladly. Before entering on the regular work of a minister he often preached and spoke with acceptance to assemblies of working men and women. His first printed words were on a bill announcing a lecture by him on behalf of the Temperance movement. It was addressed—

"To Men in their Sober Senses.—Did you ever hear of a man in his drunken senses? The drunkard has no senses: he is not out of his senses—his senses are out of him. The drunkard is neither man nor beast—he has the form of a man without his sense—the stupidity of a beast without its form. Becoming sober a man becomes sensible," &c.

This, in his youthful days, is characteristic of the direct and forcible expression of Mr. Lynch's thoughts in preaching. As he says in a letter to a friend—"I try to be historical and spiritual, to be philosophic and theologic also, above all to be human and christian, or, say, christian-human."

Mr. Lynch's views on Spiritualism are, no doubt, well known to many of the readers of this Magazine, for he had several representatives of Spiritualism as well as of other "heretical" phases of thought in his congregation. One of the charges brought against him, during the "Rivulet Controversy," by the editor of the publican's paper, was that he spoke "of his own spirit as if that were a sentient and active being." However it may have been with his accuser, Mr. Lynch's spirit was certainly more sentient and active than his body. His relation to modern Spiritualism is very plainly expressed in the following extracts from his letters:—"The spiritual world becomes more and ever yet more real to me. It is not far from many of us. We are known, watched and helped, as I believe, by many who have gone before. There is not a great gulf fixed between earth and heaven, so that there can be no visitation for us of ministering spirits. There is a bridge at least passable by those to whom God gives his sacred passport, and we, if we cannot go over to the other side and return, have some prospect across and upwards, and when we make the journey *from* earth, may hope to be met and conveyed by some who have unseen attended our journey *on* earth "The letter you send me is the most interesting you have had from Mr. ———, I think he

is quite right in distrusting unspiritual spirits, and unspiritual Spiritists; and you are quite right in affirming that the outward things of Spiritualism have a real use. They deserve neither the rejection of derisive savans, nor of frightened religionists, nor again of such men as Mr. ———. He who would walk in the middle must start from the middle—that is to say, it is from the soul's centre, living faith in God, we must proceed on any new path of investigation, turning neither to the right hand in presumption, nor to the left in distrustful fear. If Mr. ——— is in spirit such a Christian as Behmen and Law, he knows this. But he that, starting from the centre, investigates Spiritualism without presumption and without fear, will not find himself, I think, unrewarded."

The reprint of the "Songs Controversial" and Mr. Lynch's "Review of the Rivulet Controversy," will be gladly welcomed. We never before so fully realised the value of a well-written "Life," as in the Memoir before us. We venture to predict that it will become one of the most popular of religious biographies.

Correspondence.

DEALING IN ABSTRACTION.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Mr. Bray, it seems, persists in confounding a thought with a thing, and cannot distinguish sensation from the being, be it physical or spiritual, having the sensation; just as he cannot see that force cannot be abstracted even in imagination from that which has the force; nor again is there such a thing as dead matter, as an abstraction from its force attributes or properties; just again as life or motion can have no existence apart from the living or moving substance, be that substance regarded under the term matter or spirit, for a basis of some sort there must be; and if again matter is force, then force is matter, and it is a mere play of terms, just as when writers affirm that matter fundamentally is spirit, then spirit is matter; and we do but breed confusion. What God has joined together let no man put asunder. But the question of immortality is another matter, because a man may have a spirit, but it may die with the body, and nothing can convince us that it does not but the actual return of the dead, as Christ is said to have returned, materialised in his old form, with the wounds and all as when upon the cross. But when Mr. Bray says with Berkely that we only know our own sensations, we must take him at his word, as Hume did Berkely, and we cannot let him eat his cake and have it still, or let him declare for mind only, and then talk of objects as if he did perceive them, and liken the brain to an electric battery, and the heart to a pump, and the food digester to the fuel in the furnace of the steam engine, and the limbs, &c., to the machinery. Such persistence in contradictory ideas is not philosophy, but mere discord and noise, and Huxley's words won't mend it. Force is an action or ability, not an entity, or if so, the term is but a misleading expression for the substance itself.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

P.S.—Please insert the following :—

May 12, 1874.

18, Quai de la Douane, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

To the Hon. Sec. of the "*British National Association of Spiritualists.*"

SIR,—Had the primary object of your Society been investigation, with a more definite scientific aim and purpose, I should gladly have joined it; but, as the intention is clearly to propagate a religious belief, I must decline the honour of a seat in your council chamber. That Mr. Crosland should compare the Association to the Royal Society in the *Spiritual Magazine* of January, is strange, indeed, and the end of such an Association will not be union but disunion, as it has been with the Anthropological Institution. Nay, at the very commencement it is exhibiting great disunion amongst Spiritualists. However, it is well that such difference exist, or we should have the most intolerable dogmatism ever promulgated, the symptoms of which are to be observed in certain quarters already, and the purpose to stifle opposition, both as regards the philosophy of the facts and their moral bearings. The mere belief in a soul and its immortality never elevated man yet, and never will or can. Morality and true and real Spirituality have a very different source; so that you see how profoundly I differ from your whole declarations and principles.

I beg to remain, most respectfully yours,

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

LIFE AND DEATH.

ALTERNATE Day and Night succeed,
And chase each other round our Earth;
So in this human life we lead,
Death alternates with birth.

With every pulse a child is born,
A man at every moment dies;
We hail with joy the flush of dawn,
We crouch 'neath dark'ning skies.

But have we all the lesson read?
Does all life's glory end in gloom?
Why seek the living 'mid the dead?—
An angel asks beside the tomb.

No longer bound in mortal prison,
He only to the earth has died;
The Spirit is not here, but risen
To life immortal, glorified.

For what is death but spirit-birth
To higher life! The "gone before"
Have but exchanged the life on Earth
For life in Heaven—for evermore!

T. S.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

JULY, 1874.

MR. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE IN DEFENCE OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

II.

IN a paper of 23 pages in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, this admirable defence of Modern Spiritualism is continued and concluded.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Wallace rightly places a high estimate on the evidential value of spirit-photographs both as confirming the objective nature of the luminous appearances and spirit-forms and faces seen, and as independent proof of spiritual agency; after pointing out the nature of the proof of the objective character of these appearances from other sources, he remarks:—

Now, at this point, an inquirer, who had not prejudged the question, and who did not believe his own knowledge of the universe to be so complete as to justify him in rejecting all evidence for facts which he had hitherto considered to be in the highest degree improbable, might fairly say, "Your evidence for the appearance of visible, tangible, spiritual forms, is very strong; but I should like to have them submitted to a crucial test, which would quite settle the question of the possibility of their being due to a coincident delusion of several senses of several persons at the same time; and, if satisfactory, would demonstrate their objective reality in a way nothing else can do. If they really reflect or emit light which makes them visible to human eyes, *they can be photographed*. Photograph them, and you will have an unanswerable proof that your human witnesses are trustworthy." Two years ago we could only have replied to this very proper suggestion, that we believed it had been done and could be again done, but that we had no satisfactory evidence to offer. Now, however, we are in a position to state, not only that it has been frequently done, but that the evidence is of such a nature as to satisfy any one who will take the trouble carefully to examine it. This evidence we will now lay before our readers, and we venture to think they will acknowledge it to be most remarkable.

This evidence Mr. Wallace then proceeds to lay before his readers. After pointing out that these figures may be of spiritual origin without necessarily being figures of spirits, he gives the

following as some of the most obvious tests of the genuineness of spirit-photographs:—

1. If a person with a knowledge of photography takes his own glass plates, examines the camera used and all the accessories, and watches the whole process of taking a picture, then, if any definite form appears on the negative besides the setter, it is a proof that some object was present capable of reflecting or emitting the actinic rays, although invisible to those present. 2. If an unmistakable likeness appears of a deceased person totally unknown to the photographer. 3. If figures appear on the negative having a definite relation to the figure of the sitter, who chooses his own position, attitude, and accompaniments, it is a proof that invisible figures were really there. 4. If a figure appears draped in white, and partly behind the dark body of the sitter without in the least showing through, it is a proof that the white figure was there at the same time, because the dark parts of the negative are transparent, and any white picture in any way superposed would show through. 5. Even should none of these tests be applied, yet if a medium, quite independent of the photographer, sees and describes a figure during the sitting, and an exactly corresponding figure appears on the plate, it is a proof that such a figure was there.

Every one of these tests have now been successfully applied in our own country, as the following outline of the facts will show.

An account is then given of the first spirit-photographs taken at Mr. Hudson's, and especially draws attention to one of these as proof that "Here one of two things is absolutely certain: either there was a living, intelligent, but invisible being present, or Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, the photographer, and some fourth person planned a wicked imposture, and have maintained it ever since. Knowing Mr. and Mrs. Guppy so well as I do, I feel an absolute conviction that they are as incapable of an imposture of this kind as any earnest enquirer after truth in the department of natural science."

After citing some testimonies to show that "the test of clearly recognisable likenesses of departed friends has often been obtained," Mr. Wallace adds his own personal testimony:—"A few weeks back I went to the same photographer's (Mr. Hudson) for the first time, and obtained a most unmistakable likeness of a deceased relative."

Mr. Wallace next cites private experiments of amateurs, which include those of Mr. Slater, optician, of 136, Euston Road, at his own house—having obtained several excellent pictures of this class, some of which are recognised portraits of deceased relatives and friends; but as Mr. Wallace remarks:—whether these figures are correctly identified or not is not the essential point, the fact that any figures so clear and unmistakably human in appearance as these should appear on plates taken in his own private studio by an experienced optician and amateur photographer, who makes all his apparatus himself, and with no one present but the members of his own family, is the real marvel."

Another amateur—Mr. R. Williams, M.A., Ph.D., of Hay-

ward's Heath—after eighteen months of experiment, succeeded last summer in obtaining three photographs, each with part of a human form beside the sitter, one having the features distinctly marked. Subsequently another was obtained, with a well-formed figure of a man standing at the side of the sitter, but while being developed the figure faded away entirely.

The valuable and conclusive experiments of Mr. John Beattie of Clifton, a retired photographer, of twenty years' experience, "one of the last men in the world to be easily deceived, at least in matters relating to photography, and one quite incapable of deceiving others," are instanced; but as these have already appeared in this Magazine we need not again quote them. Mr. Wallace thus sums up the evidence and concludes on this head:—

We find, then, that three amateur photographers working independently in different parts of England, separately confirm the fact of spirit-photography,—already demonstrated to the satisfaction of many who had tested it through professional photographers. The experiments of Mr. Beattie and Dr. Thomson are alone absolutely conclusive; and, taken in connection with those of Mr. Slater and Dr. Williams, and the test photographs, like those of Mrs. Guppy, establish as a scientific fact the objective existence of invisible human forms, and definite invisible actinic images. Before leaving the photographic phenomena, we have to notice two curious points in connection with them. The actinic action of the spirit-forms is peculiar, and much more rapid than that of the light reflected from ordinary material forms; for the figures start out the moment the developing fluid touches them, while the figure of the sitter appears much later. Mr. Beattie noticed this throughout his experiments, and I was myself much struck with it when watching the development of three pictures recently taken at Mr. Hudson's. The second figure, though by no means bright, always came out long before any other part of the picture. The other singular thing is the copious drapery in which these forms are almost always enveloped, so as to show only just what is necessary for recognition of the face and figure. The explanation given of this is, that the human form is more difficult to materialise than drapery. The conventional "white-sheeted ghost" was not then all fancy, but had a foundation in fact—a fact, too, of deep significance, dependent on the laws of a yet unknown chemistry.

The experiments in spirit-photography of some amateur photographers, as those of Mr. Russell, of Kingston-on-Thames, and especially those of Mr. Parkes, of Grove Road, Bow, have been overlooked by Mr. Wallace, the omission of all reference to the latter in particular, is a marked defect, as it was by direction of the spirits that these experiments were instituted, and by their instructions carried on, Mr. Parkes having no previous knowledge of photography. An extensive collection of very peculiar and well-defined spirit-forms and faces, including some recognised portraits of deceased friends have been thus obtained. The earliest of these were taken some weeks prior to any taken by Mr. Hudson.

Mr. Wallace has confined his sketch of spirit-photographs to those obtained in this country. His case might have been strengthened by reference to those taken in various places on

the Continent of Europe; and to those which during ten years previously, and up to this time, have been taken in the United States. The genuineness of those taken by the principal spirit-photographer having been fully sustained in a Court of Justice by a judgment in his favour.

SUMMARY OF THE MORE IMPORTANT MANIFESTATIONS, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL.

We shall not follow Mr. Wallace in what he modestly calls "a catalogue of the most important and well characterised phenomena" of Modern Spiritualism, they are grouped under the two heads of physical, or those in which material objects are acted on, or apparently material bodies produced; and mental, or those which consist in the exhibition by the medium of powers or faculties not possessed in the normal state; but we may quote a remark under the head of "Spiritual Forms." He says, "It must not be concluded that any of these forms are actual spirits, they are probably only temporary forms produced by spirits for purposes of test, or of recognition by their friends. This is the account invariably given of them by communications obtained in various ways; so that the objection once thought to be so crushing—that there can be no "ghosts" of clothes, armour, or walking-sticks ceases to have any weight.

HISTORICAL TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. Wallace's observations on this head are so connected, and are all so excellent that we quote them nearly *in extenso*.

The lessons which Modern Spiritualism teaches may be classed under two heads. In the first place, we find that it gives a rational account of various phenomena in human history which physical science has been unable to explain, and has therefore rejected or ignored; and, in the second, we derive from it some definite information as to man's nature and destiny, and, founded on this, an ethical system of great practical efficacy. The following are some of the more important phenomena of history and of human nature which science cannot deal with, but which Spiritualism explains:—

1. It is no small thing that the Spiritualist finds himself able to rehabilitate Socrates as a sane man, and his "demon" as an intelligent spiritual being who accompanied him through life—in other words, a guardian spirit. The Non-spiritualist is obliged to look upon one of the greatest men in human history, not only as subject all his life to a mental illusion, but as being so weak, foolish, or superstitious as never to discover that it was an illusion. He is obliged to disbelieve the fact asserted by contemporaries and by Socrates himself, that it forewarned him truly of dangers; and to hold that this noble man, this subtle reasoner, this religious sceptic, who was looked up to with veneration and love by the great men who were his pupils, was imposed upon by his own fancies, and never during a long life found out that they were fancies, and that their supposed monitions were as often wrong as right. It is a positive mental relief not to have to think thus of Socrates.

2. Spiritualism allows us to believe that the oracles of antiquity were not all impostures; that a whole people, perhaps the most intellectually acute who ever existed were not all dupes. In discussing the question, "Why the Prophets

Pythia giveth no answers now from the oracle in verse," Plutarch tells us that when kings and states consulted the oracle on weighty matters that might do harm if made public, the replies were couched in enigmatical language; but when private persons asked about their own affairs, they got direct answers in the plainest terms, so that some people even complained of their simplicity and directness, as being unworthy of a divine origin. And he adds this positive testimony: "Her answers, though submitted to the severest scrutiny, have never proved false or incorrect. On the contrary, the verification of them has filled the temple with gifts from all parts of Greece and foreign countries. And again, "The answer of Pythoness proceeds to the very truth, without any diversion, circuit, fraud, or ambiguity. It has never yet, in a single instance, been convicted of falsehood." Would such statements be made by such a writer if these oracles were all the mere guesses of impostors? The fact that they declined and ultimately failed is wholly in their favour; for why should imposture cease as the world became less enlightened and more superstitious? Neither does the fact that the priests could sometimes be bribed to give out false oracles prove anything against such statements as that of Plutarch and the belief during many generations, supported by ever-recurring experiences, of the greatest men of antiquity. That belief could only have been formed by demonstrative facts; and Modern Spiritualism enables us to understand the nature of those facts.

3. Both the Old and the New Testaments are full of Spiritualism, and Spiritualists alone can read the record with an enlightened belief. The hand that wrote upon the wall at Belshazzar's feast, and the three men unhurt in Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, are for them actual facts which they need not explain away. St. Paul's language about "spiritual gifts," and "trying the spirits," is to them intelligible language, and the "gift of tongues" a simple fact. When Christ cast out "devils" or evil spirits, he really did so—not merely startle a madman into momentary quiescence; and the water changed into wine, as well as the bread and fishes continually renewed till five thousand men were fed, are credible as extreme manifestations of a power which is still daily at work among us.

4. The miracles of the saints, when well attested, come into the same category. Those of St. Bernard, for instance, were often performed in broad day before thousands of spectators, and were recorded by eye-witnesses. He was himself greatly troubled by them, wondering why this power was bestowed upon him, and fearing lest it should make him less humble. This was not the frame of mind, nor was St. Bernard's the character, of a deluded enthusiast. The Spiritualist need not believe that all this never happened, or that St. Francis d'Assisi and St. Theresa were not raised into the air, as eye-witnesses declared they were.

5. Witchcraft and witchcraft trials have a new interest for the Spiritualist. He is able to detect hundreds of curious and minute coincidences with phenomena he has himself witnessed; he is able to separate the *facts* from the absurd *inferences* which people imbued with the frightful superstition of diabolism drew from them, and from which false inferences all the horrors of the witchcraft mania arose. Spiritualism, and Spiritualism alone, gives a rational explanation of witchcraft, and determines how much of it was objective fact, how much subjective illusion.

6. Modern Roman Catholic miracles become intelligible facts. Spirits whose affections and passions are strongly excited in favour of Catholicism, produce those appearances of the Virgin and of saints which they know will tend to increased religious fervour. The appearance itself may be an objective reality, while it is only an inference that it is the Virgin Mary,—an inference which every intelligent Spiritualist would repudiate as in the highest degree improbable.

7. Second-sight, and many of the so-called superstitions of savages may be realities. It is well known that mediumistic power is more frequent and more energetic in mountainous countries; and as these are generally inhabited by the less civilised races, the beliefs that are more prevalent there may be due to facts which are more prevalent, and be wrongly imputed to the coincident ignorance. It is known to Spiritualists that the pure dry air of California led to more

powerful and more startling manifestations than in any other part of the United States.

8. The recently discussed question of the efficacy of prayer receives a perfect solution by Spiritualism. Prayer may be often answered, though not directly by the Deity. Nor does the answer depend wholly on the morality or the religion of the petitioner; but as men who are both moral and religious, and are firm believers in a divine response to prayer, will pray more frequently, more earnestly, and more disinterestedly, they will attract towards them a number of spiritual beings who sympathise with them, and who, when the necessary mediumistic power is present, will be able, as they are often willing, to answer the prayer. A striking case is that of George Müller, of Bristol, who has now for forty-four years depended wholly for his own support and that of his wonderful charities on answer to prayer. His *Narrative of Some of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller* (6th edit. 1860) should have been referred to in the late discussion, since it furnishes a better demonstration that prayer is sometimes really answered than the hospital experiment proposed by Sir Henry Thomson could possibly have done. In this work we have a precise yearly statement of his receipts and expenditure for many years. He never asked any one, or allowed any one to be asked, directly or indirectly, for a penny. No subscriptions or collections were ever made; yet from 1830 (when he married without any income whatever) he has lived, brought up a family, and established institutions which have steadily increased, till now 4,000 orphan children are educated and in part supported. It has happened hundreds of times that there has been no food in his house and no money to buy any, or no food or milk or sugar for the children. Yet he never took a loaf or any other article on credit even for a day; and during the thirty years over which his narrative extends, neither he nor the hundreds of children dependent upon him for their daily food have ever been without a regular meal! They have lived, literally, from hand to mouth; and his one and only resource has been secret prayer. Here is a case which has been going on in the midst of us for forty years, and is still going on; it has been published to the world for many years, yet a warm discussion is carried on by eminent men as to the fact of whether prayer is or is not answered, and not one of them exhibits the least knowledge of this most pertinent and illustrative phenomenon! The Spiritualist explains all this as a personal influence. The perfect simplicity, faith, boundless charity, and goodness of George Müller have enlisted in his cause beings of a like nature; and his mediumistic powers have enabled them to work for him by influencing others to send him money, food, clothes, &c., all arriving, as we should say, just in the nick of time. The numerous letters he received with these gifts, describing the sudden and uncontrollable impulse the donors felt to send him a certain definite sum at a certain fixed time, such being the exact sum he was in want of and had prayed for, strikingly illustrates the nature of the power at work. All this might be explained away if it were partial and discontinuous; but when it continued to supply the daily wants of a life of unexampled charity, *for which no provision in advance was ever made* (for that Müller considered would show want of trust in God), no such explanation can cover the facts.

9. Spiritualism enables us to comprehend and find a place for that long series of disturbances and occult phenomena of various kinds which occurred previous to what are termed the modern Spiritual manifestations. Robert Dale Owen's works give a rather full account of this class of phenomena, which are most accurately recorded and philosophically treated by him.

MORAL TEACHINGS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

These Mr. Wallace briefly outlines as follows:—

1. Man is a duality, consisting of an organized spiritual form, evolved coincidentally with and permeating the physical body, and having corresponding organs and development.
2. Death is the separation of this duality, and effects no change in the spirit, morally or intellectually.
3. Progressive evolution of the intellectual and moral nature is the destiny of

individuals; the knowledge, attainments and experience of earth-life forming the basis of spirit-life.

4. Spirits can communicate through properly-endowed mediums. They are attracted to those they love or sympathise with, and strive to warn, protect, and influence them for good, by mental impression when they cannot effect any more direct communication; but, as follows from clause (2), their communications will be fallible, and must be judged and tested just as we do those of our fellow-men."

Mr. Wallace then passes on to explain with some amount of detail how the theory leads to a pure system of morality with sanctions far more powerful and effective than any which either religious systems or philosophy have put forth.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND THE TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM CONCERNING THE FUTURE STATE.

All that Mr. Wallace says on this head is again so full of interest and of such deep importance that we quote the entire body of his remarks:—

This part of the subject cannot perhaps be better introduced than by referring to some remarks by Professor Huxley in a letter to the Committee of the Dialectical Society. He says: "But supposing the phenomena to be genuine, they do not interest me. If anybody would endow me with the faculty of listening to the chatter of old women and curates at the nearest cathedral town, I should decline the privilege, having better things to do. And if the folk in the spiritual world do not talk more wisely and sensibly than their friends report them to do, I put them in the same category." This passage, written with the caustic satire in which the kind-hearted Professor occasionally indulges, can hardly mean that if it were proved that men really continued to live after the death of the body that fact would not interest him merely because some of them talked twaddle? Many scientific men deny the spiritual source of the manifestations, on the ground that real, genuine spirits might reasonably be expected not to indulge in the commonplace trivialities which do undoubtedly form the staple of ordinary spiritual communications. But surely Professor Huxley, as a naturalist and philosopher, would not admit this to be a reasonable expectation. Does he not hold the doctrine that there can be no effect, mental or physical, without an adequate cause, and that mental states, faculties, and idiosyncrasies, that are the result of gradual development and life-long—or even ancestral—habit, cannot be suddenly changed by any known or imaginable cause? And if (as the Professor would probably admit) a very large majority of those who daily depart this life are persons addicted to twaddle, persons who spend much of their time in low or trivial pursuits, persons whose pleasures are sensual rather than intellectual,—whence is to come the transforming power which is suddenly, at the mere throwing off the physical body, to change these into beings able to appreciate and delight in high and intellectual pursuits? The thing would be a miracle, the greatest of miracles, and surely Professor Huxley is the last man to contemplate innumerable miracles as part of the order of nature; and all for what? Merely to save these people from the necessary consequences of their mis-spent lives. For the essential teaching of Spiritualism is, that we are, all of us, in every act and thought, helping to build up a "mental fabric," which will be and constitute ourselves more completely after the death of the body than it does now. Just as this fabric is well or ill built, so will our progress and happiness be aided or retarded. Just in proportion as we have developed our higher intellectual and moral nature, or starved it by disuse and by giving undue prominence to those faculties which secure us mere physical or selfish enjoyment, shall we be well or ill fitted for the new life we enter on. The noble teaching of Herbert Spencer, that men are best educated by being left to suffer the natural consequences of their actions, is the teaching of Spiritualism as regards the transition to another phase of life. There will be no imposed rewards

or punishments, but every one will suffer the natural and inevitable consequences of a well or ill-spent life. The well-spent life is that in which those faculties which regard our personal physical well-being are subordinated to those which regard our social and intellectual well-being and the well-being of others; and that inherent feeling—which is so universal and so difficult to account for—that these latter constitute our higher nature seems also to point to the conclusion that we are intended for a condition in which the former will be almost wholly unnecessary, and will gradually become rudimentary through disuse, while the latter will receive a corresponding development.

Although, therefore, the twaddle and triviality of so many of the communications is not one whit more interesting to sensible Spiritualists than it is to Professor Huxley, and is never voluntarily listened to, yet the fact that such poor stuff is talked (supposing it to come from spirits) is both a fact that might have been anticipated and a lesson of deep import. We must remember, too, the character of the *séances* at which these commonplace communications are received. A miscellaneous assemblance of believers of various grades and tastes, but mostly in search of an evening's amusement, and of sceptics who look upon all the others as either fools or knaves, is not likely to attract to itself the more elevated and refined denizens of the higher spheres, who may well be supposed to feel too much interest in their new and grand intellectual existence to waste their energies on either class. If the fact is proved that people continue to talk after they are dead with just as little sense as when alive, but that, being in a state in which sense, both common and uncommon, is of far greater importance to happiness than it is here (where fools pass very comfortable lives), they suffer the penalty of having neglected to cultivate their minds; and being so much out of their element in a world where all pleasures are mental, they endeavour to recall old times by gossiping with their former associates whenever they can find the means—Professor Huxley will not fail to see its vast importance as an incentive to that higher education which he is never weary of advocating. He would assuredly be interested in anything having a really practical bearing on the present as well as on the future condition of men; and it is evident that even these low and despised phenomena of Spiritualism, "if true," have this bearing, and, combined with its higher teachings, constitute a great moral agency which may yet regenerate the world.

For the Spiritualist who, by daily experience, gets absolute knowledge of these facts regarding the future state—who knows that, just in proportion as he indulges in passion, or selfishness, or the exclusive pursuit of wealth, and neglects to cultivate the affections and the varied powers of his mind, so does he inevitably prepare for himself misery in a world in which there are no physical wants to be provided for, no sensual enjoyments except those directly associated with the affections and sympathies, no occupations but those having for their object social and intellectual progress—is impelled towards a pure, a sympathetic, and an intellectual life by motives far stronger than any which either religion or philosophy can supply. He dreads to give way to passion or to falsehood, to selfishness or to a life of luxurious physical enjoyment, because he knows that the natural and inevitable consequences of such habits are future misery, necessitating a long and arduous struggle in order to develop anew the faculties, whose exercise long disuse has rendered painful to him. He will be deterred from crime by the knowledge that its unforeseen consequences may cause him ages of remorse; while the bad passions which it encourages will be a perpetual torment to himself in a state of being in which mental emotions can not be laid aside or forgotten amid the fierce struggles and sensual pleasures of a physical existence. It must be remembered that these beliefs (unlike those of theology) will have a living efficacy, because they depend on *facts* occurring again and again in the family circle, constantly reiterating the same truths as the result of personal knowledge, and thus bringing home to the mind even of the most obtuse, the absolute reality of that future existence in which our degree of happiness or misery will be directly dependent on the "mental fabric" we construct by our daily thoughts, and words, and actions here.

Contrast this system of natural and inevitable reward and retribution, dependent wholly on the proportionate development of our higher mental and

moral nature, with the arbitrary system of rewards and punishments dependent on stated acts and beliefs only, as set forth by all dogmatic religions; and who can fail to see that the former is in harmony with the whole order of nature—the latter opposed to it. Yet it is actually said that Spiritualism is altogether either imposture or delusion, and all its teachings but the product of “expectant attention” and unconscious cerebration!” If none of the long series of demonstrative facts which have been here sketched out existed, and its only product were this theory of a future state, that alone would negative such a supposition. And when it is considered that mediums of all grades, whether intelligent or ignorant, and having communications given through them in various direct and indirect ways, are absolutely in accord as to the main features of this theory, what becomes of the gross misstatement that nothing is given through mediums but what they know and believe themselves? The mediums have, almost all, been brought up in some of the usual orthodox beliefs. How is it, then, that the usual orthodox notions of heaven are *never* confirmed through them. In the scores of volumes and pamphlets of spiritual literature I have read, I have found no statement of a spirit describing “winged angels,” or “golden harps,” or the “throne of God”—to which the humblest orthodox Christian thinks he will be introduced if he goes to heaven at all. There is no more startling and radical opposition to be found between the most diverse religious creeds than that between the beliefs in which the majority of mediums have been brought up and the doctrines as to a future life that are delivered through them; there is nothing more marvellous in the history of the human mind than the fact that, whether in the back-woods of America or in country towns in England, ignorant men and women, having almost all been brought up in the usual sectarian notions of heaven and hell, should, the moment they become seized by the strange power of mediumship, give forth teachings on this subject which are philosophical rather than religious, and which differ wholly from what had been so deeply ingrained into their minds. And this statement is not affected by the fact that communications purport to come from Catholic or Protestant, Mahomedan or Hindoo spirits. Because, while such communications maintain special *dogmas* and *doctrines*, yet they confirm the *very facts* which really constitute the spiritual theory, and which in themselves contradict the theory of the sectarian spirits. The Roman Catholic spirit, for instance, does not describe himself as being in either the orthodox purgatory, heaven, or hell; the Evangelical Dissenter, who died in the firm conviction that he should certainly “go to Jesus,” never describes himself as being with Christ, or as ever having seen Him, and so on throughout. Nothing is more common than for religious people at *séances* to ask questions about God and Christ. In reply they never get more than opinions, or more frequently the statement that they, the spirits, have no more actual knowledge of those subjects than they had while on earth. So that the facts are all harmonious; and the very circumstance of there being sectarian spirits bears witness in two ways to the truth of the spiritual theory—it shows that the mind, with its ingrained beliefs, is not suddenly changed at death; and it shows that the communications are not the reflection of the mind of the medium, who is often of the same religion as the communicating spirit, and, because he does not get his own ideas confirmed, is obliged to call in the aid of “Satanic influence” to account for the anomaly.

The doctrine of a future state and of the proper preparation for it as here developed, is to be found in the works of all Spiritualists, in the utterances of all trance-speakers, in the communications through all mediums; and this could be proved, did space permit, by copious quotations. But it varies in form and detail in each; and just as the historian arrives at the opinions or beliefs of any age or nation, by collating the individual opinions of its best and most popular writers, so do Spiritualists collate the various statements on this subject. They know well that absolute dependence is to be placed on no individual communications. They know that these are received by a complex physical and mental process, both communicator and recipient influencing the result; and they accept the teachings as to the future state of man only so far as they are repeatedly confirmed in substance (though they may differ in detail) by communications obtained under the most varied circumstances through mediums of

the most different characters and acquirements, at different times, and in distant places. Fresh converts are apt to think, that, once satisfied the communications come from their deceased friends, they may implicitly trust to them, and apply them universally; as if the vast spiritual world was all moulded to one pattern, instead of being, as it almost certainly is, a thousand times more varied than human society on the earth is, or ever has been. The fact that the communications do not agree as to the condition, occupations, pleasures, and capacities, of individual spirits, so far from being a difficulty, as has been absurdly supposed, is what ought to have been expected; while the agreement on the essential features of what we have stated to be the spiritual theory of a future state of existence, is all the more striking, and tends to establish that theory as a fundamental truth.

The assertion, so often made, that Spiritualism is the survival or revival of old superstitions, is so utterly unfounded as to be hardly worth notice. A science of human nature which is founded on observed facts; which appeals only to facts and experiment; which takes no beliefs on trust; which inculcates investigation and self-reliance as the first duties of intelligent beings; which teaches that happiness in a future life can be secured by cultivating and developing to the utmost the higher faculties of our intellectual, and moral nature *and by no other method*,—is and must be the natural enemy of all superstition. Spiritualism is an experimental science, and affords the only sure foundation for a true philosophy and a pure religion. It abolishes the terms "supernatural" and "miracle" by an extension of the sphere of law and the realm of nature; and in doing so it takes up and explains whatever is true in the superstitions and so-called miracles of all ages. It, and it alone, is able to harmonise conflicting creeds; and it must ultimately lead to concord among mankind in the matter of religion, which has for so many ages been the source of unceasing discord and incalculable evil;—and it will be able to do this because it appeals to evidence instead of faith, and substitutes facts for opinions; and is thus able to demonstrate the source of much of the teaching that men have so often held to be divine.

It will thus be seen, that those who can form no higher conception of the uses of Spiritualism, "even if true," than to detect crime or to name in advance the winner of the Derby, not only prove their own ignorance of the whole subject, but exhibit in a marked degree that partial mental paralysis, the result of a century of materialistic thought, which renders so many men unable seriously to conceive the possibility of a natural continuation of human life after the death of the body. It will be seen also that Spiritualism is no mere "physiological" curiosity, no mere indication of some hitherto unknown "law of nature;" but that it is a science of vast extent, having the widest, the most important, and the most practical issues, and as such should enlist the sympathies alike of moralists, philosophers, and politicians, and of all who have at heart the improvement of society and the permanent elevation of human nature.

In concluding this necessarily imperfect though somewhat lengthy account of a subject about which so little is probably known to most of the readers of the *Fortnightly Review*, I would earnestly beg them not to satisfy themselves with a minute criticism of single facts, the evidence for which, in my brief survey, may be imperfect; but to weigh carefully the mass of evidence I have adduced, considering its wide range and various bearings. I would ask them to look rather at the results produced by the evidence than at the evidence itself as imperfectly stated by me; to consider the long roll of men of ability who, commencing the inquiry as sceptics left it as believers, and to give these men credit for not having overlooked, during years of patient inquiry, difficulties which at once occur to themselves. I would ask them to ponder well on the fact, that no earnest inquirer has ever come to a conclusion adverse to the reality of the phenomena; and that no Spiritualist has ever yet given them up as false. I would ask them, finally, to dwell upon the long series of facts in human history that Spiritualism explains, and on the noble and satisfying theory of a future life that it unfolds. If they will do this, I feel confident that the result I have alone aimed at will be attained; which is, to remove the prejudices and misconceptions with which the whole subject has been surrounded, and to

incite to unbiassed and persevering examination of the facts. For the cardinal maxim of Spiritualism is, that every one must find out the truth for himself. It makes no claim to be received on hearsay evidence; but, on the other hand, it demands that it be not rejected without patient, honest, and fearless inquiry.

We hope Mr. Wallace may be induced to extend and complete his survey of the subject in an independent work, and in which his pamphlet, *The Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural* (now out of print), and his *Essay on Miracles* (given in a former number of this Magazine), might usefully be incorporated. It would form a most valuable Hand-book of Spiritualism.

The *Spectator*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Academy*, *Echo*, and other journals, notice Mr. Wallace's article, but only to painfully illustrate their incompetency to adequately treat the subject of it; their want of practical knowledge being but thinly veiled by a superficial literary smartness, which may amuse but certainly does not instruct. Incidental questions and matters of opinion are considered, but the *facts*—a correct knowledge of which can alone make opinions of any real value—are evaded or ignored. Still it is felt that the old contemptuous tone can no longer be maintained, and even this is something, as it clears the way for reasonable discussion.

MATHEMATICS OF PSYCHOLOGY.

IN the spiritual nature of man, which is really unending *life*, is to be found the richest, ripest, rarest wisdom of him who considers *himself* in his THINKING;—the self-conscious πνεῦμα, as distinguished from νοῦς, λογος, σαρξ, σῶμα, καρδια, or ψυχή—since in the mathematics of psychology or the metaphysics of matter—whatever may be the refining fire of science and philosophy,—spirit *alone* is the imperishable gold that is yet to be separated from the dross of cosmic elements, the existing form that shall never cease to have being—as a jewel in the casket of earth, or a gem in the diadem of heaven. It is a significant fact and worthy of devout consideration, that if we revert to Jewish or Christian records, *e.g.*, no writer of Scripture has ever combined spirit and *blood*, as a unity of existence, in time or eternity, but always and emphatically, *soul* and blood, in short, mind and matter. Nevertheless, so far as the origin and destiny of mankind are concerned, the language of exclusive physicists may yet be truly expressed in the elegant lines of Catullus:—

“Soles occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est una perpetua dormienda.”—Lib. i. 5.

Are we bound in truth or justice to *accept* this dismal teaching

of naturalists, physiologists, and biologists, nay worse still, even certain anthropologists themselves, as the inevitable *ne plus ultra* of possible knowledge, in the mental, moral, and material constitution of the human race. Surely not! But for the facts of Modern Spiritualism, however, the prospect of suffering humanity were indeed most gloomy,—since in the British and Foreign “*Advancement*” of Science, we are encouraged to hope for nothing nobler, higher, or better, than a mortal slavery of fleshly soul, incomparably more abject, humiliating, and repellant, than the helotism of ancient Sparta

“Olli dura quies oculos, et ferreus urget
Somnus; in æternam clauduntur lumina noctem.”

Virgil, Æn. x., l. 745-6

In one and the same University of Saxe-Weimar (where, also, taught Schiller, Humboldt, Fichte, Schelling, Griesbach, and the Grimms, &c.), I have likewise been “taught” at one and the same time, that the whole world, living and not living, is the *sole* result of mutual interaction, according to definite fixed laws, inherent in the nature of matter, on the part of those chemico-physical forces possessed by molecules—from the primitive nebulousity of the universe to the higher vertebrata—man himself included in short, “*spontaneous*” generation is a necessary part of the doctrine of evolution (Haeckel). Yet the “carpenter’s son” spoke from the clouds of heaven to the sail-maker of Tarsus, as he journeyed to the capital of Syria—and that, too, in the direct living human voice (Rückert); nay more, the same Jesus has “*remained*” with us! (Hase). With humility I add, Spiritualism involves a revolution in Anthropology, not at Jena alone, but throughout the whole empire of science, where truth must eventually triumph. Meanwhile, full justice may be done to Kant, as the originator of that cosmic gas theory, and the critical philosophy of pure reason—since *it is impossible that spirit shall be separated from itself*. If the nervous matter of brain-protoplasm be the temporary organ of mind, whose essence is nevertheless *thinking*, self-consciousness is the faculty of each metaphysical observer, albeit the word Spirituality is not used in the Immaterialism of Descartes. The perfume of a rose is not dependent upon its name—neither is *cogito ergo sum*. The grandest phenomenon of existence, the offspring sole of a peculiar fatty substance, yclept cerebrie acid, in combination with soda, albumen, phosphorus, salts, and water—“*science*” notwithstanding. Upon no age does the sun of Spiritualism cease to shine in gorgeous splendour. Yet it is just mere fashion now to “doubt” of *that*, and everything! With every desire of the sincerest

truthseeker in physical science, or out of it, I have failed utterly to perceive why the holding of a "belief," akin to that expounded in the *Spiritual Magazine*, should fairly imply a smaller share of intelligence and honour than holding the scepticism of the *English Mechanic*. In this warfare of Materialism v. Spiritualism, depend upon it the sequel will show that it is neither more nor less than our ancient friend, Sir Oracle, in the modern guise. Physicists, the world over, have long been acting towards new truth—whether called Homœopathy, Vegetarianism, Hydropathy, Mesmerism, or what not, as though they very gratuitously credited themselves with a higher ideality of intellect, and a more profound rational wisdom, as well as incomparably greater conscientiousness of heart or soul, than the actual investigator of facts and fables, whose inexorable conviction is firmly based on adequate experience of the best quality, namely, sound philosophical judgment and extensive practical observation. Of those unequivocal certainties of Spiritualism in 1874, each of which I can plant my living hand upon from day to day,—surely it is lawful and right to feel, know, or say with Milton,

"If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness
And earth's base built on stubble."—*Comus*, l. 597.

In this analysis of the life called "*spirit*," as it lives again before us in mortal coil, we are really upon the true scientific experimental track in the domain of natural philosophy, not less than regarding with becoming homage the biblical theological record of Jew and Gentile, Heathen or Christian a course which, I think, must lead each lover of truth, whether in science or ethics, from a righteous beginning and by righteous means to a righteous end, spiritually and materially. Some spirits, have at least been honest enough individually to declare, "I can really give and tell you *nothing* that is not in you already," on which occasion another incorporeal visitant said to the astonished company, through the medium, "*Thy head is my library!*" In fact, examples of such deceptive ethereal intercourse abound in Switzerland, and elsewhere on the continent of Europe, amongst those spirits only, however, who turn away from the heavenly ladder of Jesus (John i. 51.), and know not Him in sincerity and truth. Other spiritual or non-material existences again protest that all kinds of spiritual intercourse with men, by means of table-rapping, psychography, machinery, or music, are grossly deceitful performances;—the mere psychic echo or mental reflection of persons themselves present!

In reference to these particular manifestations, or any similar phenomena, it may be truly observed by the spiritual

philosopher, that *such* "witchcraft" often belongs to the art of dark magic, or that questionable magnetic practice, to which mercenary soothsayers and professional necromancers resort for gain, and may fairly be represented only as a bad caricature of good Spiritualism, whether hailing from Europe or America. Suspicious double-goers and advertised deliberate mimicries, however clever may be the conjuror—mortal or immortal—carry with them, wheresoever and by whomsoever perpetrated, their own decisive relegation into the genial limbos of rotten mediocre nescience, or category diabolical for all wicked works. In any event, these are not such irruptions of one Psyche into the sphere of another soul as are cared for by Spiritualists, and I fail to learn that they have been deeply respected either in ancient or modern times. For the physical phenomena of table-tapping, &c., not associated with superstition and magic, we have Jewish testimonies, amongst a variety of others, as early as the seventeenth century. Thus Friedr. Breutz, in his *Jüdischen abgestreiften Schlangenbalg*, 1614, denounces those Jews, who were but the prototypes of Christians, as practising some sort of "devilish magic" in the name of Kischuph.

The Spiritualists of that day, notwithstanding, gave their opponents fact for "fiction," and turned the tables upon them effectively. Is it not absurdly untrue, therefore, to speak of the ADVENT of Modern Spiritualism as pertaining only to recent phenomena in Rochester, U. S., or the undoubted renewal of it at a house in Newark, 1848, *et seq.*? Spiritualists assure us from time to time in 1614, that "We make our table *dance* in playful seasons, and by whispering into one another's ears the names of familiar spirits—SCHEMOTH, SCHEL, SCHEDIM—the table springs from the floor at once, *even when laden with many hundred-weight*. We sing for spiritual things the most excellent spiritual songs (the hymns called Mismorim) especially one such commencing ADON OLAM JIGDAL, and surely there can be no works of the devil permitted when or where God only is devoutly remembered." The hymn in question is sublimely beautiful in English, likewise, Lord of the World, be thou exalted. Zalman Zebi, a very learned author, hastes to the rescue, or rather renders justice to truth in his age and generation, by an elaborate defence of these spiritual manifestations, protesting that "they are *not* accomplished by magic, superstition, or deceit, but by genuine practical holiness—as testified in Kabbala Maasith, and the power of God."—*Jüdischen Theirak*, 1615.

Verily, it is little short of a miracle, *ipso facto*, to be emphatically assured by an Oxford Professor of Divinity, for example, that the Witch of Endor, as a matter of historical fact, actually

did evoke the spirit of Samuel, but that the objective reality of spiritual agency recorded in No. 173, pp. 235-6, of the *Spiritual Magazine*—cannot be proved upon *any* testimony! Is not this an illustration of the mathematics of psychology, which needs the most rigid application of analysis to logic? Aberle, Barth, Gerhard, Herzog, Voet, Fischer, Schubert, Cahagnet, Beaux, Martius, and a host of the highest names in Literature, Science, and Philosophy, acknowledge with one accord not only that “*the soul of each magnetised person is wholly and absolutely in the power of each magnetiser,*” but furthermore, from Clairvoyance to Spiritualism is only a step, or *gradus*, during which is developed “*a real communion with the spirit-world, which allows itself to be seen in objective phenomena, evil spirits mingle with good spirits—force themselves forwards, mock each seer, and through the media, other people.*”

Thus could I fill page after page with the testimony of Non-Spiritualistic Theologians, Physicians, and Philosophers, ready to attest the facts in chief, as well as the hypothesis itself of Modern Spiritualism. Were not “faith” in the illuminations out of the invisible world based upon observation of the fact, again and again witnessed, of ANGELIC POWERS ACTIVE IN THE WELFARE OF HUMANITY—although upon these may occasionally lie in wait demoniacal agencies, and others,—Spiritualists themselves would lack the test of truth in things heavenly, and Spiritualism itself, moreover, could not have passed its fires of persecution unscathed, and remain to bless, dignify, and adorn the children of men. Reverting to the subject of mathematical expressions for hypothetical and disjunctive propositions, I would only add in conclusion, that from the general equation,

$$x = vy,$$

the following invincible conclusions may be drawn—in regard to the title of this brief paper; Mathematics of Psychology:—

- 1.—If $y = 0$, $x = 0$. If the consequent be false the antecedent *must* be false.
- 2.—If $x = 0$, it does not follow that $y = 0$. The falsehood of the antecedent does *not* prove the falsehood of the consequent.
- 3.—If x be not $= 0$, y is not $= 0$. If the antecedent be true, the consequent *must* be true.
- 4.—If y be not $= 0$, it does not follow that x is not $= 0$.

The truth of the consequent does *not* prove the truth of the antecedent; either in ancient Spiritualism or modern Tyndalism! Electricity is also largely concerned in mental physiology, and not impossibly in the science of spirit and soul generally. At least, there exists in the nervous structure of men and animals

—quite independently of all mechanical and chemical action in bodily organisation, or external to it, *a natural electricity*, circulating in closed currents from the central parts of the nerve fibres, which are in a — condition, to the surface of each body, which is in a + state,—in fact, in man himself, there is really *an electrical antagonism* between the transverse and vertical sections of each nerve, as well as in the muscular fibres of heart and vessels. In the scepticism of science, as in that of religion, I would fain hope that all doubters may speedily discover that a mere shake of the head will *not* pass with the people of England for ever as the synonym of profound wisdom, or as the truest, highest, and best indication of the noble order of that white soul in the groves of Academus,—

“Which sat beneath the laurels day by day,
And, fired with burning faith in God and Right,
Doubted men's doubts away.”

WILLIAM HITCHMAN, LL.D.

Liverpool; Ascension Day, 1874.

USEFUL ARTS AND OCCULT SCIENCES, KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS.

MODERN writers, by way of accounting for their dulness, explain frankly that the ancients stole all their best ideas from them; and though modern philosophers are slow to admit the same fact as regards themselves, they cannot hold out against proof. One by one, our new discoveries and original inventions have been shown to be thousands of years old. Telescopes must have been directed to the stars of the antique world, or its astronomy could not have existed;* Alexander's copy of the *Iliad* enclosed in a nut-shell could not have been written without the aid of the microscope; the gem through which Nero looked at the distant gladiators, was nothing else than an opera-glass; steam—railways—mesmerism—hydropathy—all were familiar to the long by-gone generations of the earth; guano was an object of ancient Peruvian trade; and Hobbs borrowed his lock from the tombs of Egypt. And we have much to do still in the way of rediscovery. The malleability of glass, for instance

* The Emperor Shan, 2,225 B.C., examining the instrument adorned with precious stones which represents the stars, and employing the moveable tube which is used to observe them, put in order what regards the seven planets.—*Ancient Chinese Chronicle*, quoted in Thornton's *History of China*.

—the indelibility of colours—and fifty other things of importance, dropped by the ancients into the stream of time, we have to fish up anew.

SPIRITUALISM IN CHINA AND THIBET.

Printing, the magnet, and the mariner's compass were in use in China centuries before they were rediscovered in Europe. As we have several times in these pages pointed out, many of the so-called modern manifestations of Spiritualism, as table-turning and direct spirit-writing, have been practised in China from time immemorial; they have been known in China at least from the days of Laou-tse, and he was an aged man when Confucius was a youth, between five and six centuries before the Christian era. Those who have read the travels in Thibet of the two Lazarite monks, Huc and Gabet, will recall many illustrations of Spiritualism from their pages, and here, too, as in China, these practices date from a very remote time. M. Tscherepanoff, published in 1855, at St. Petersburg, the results of his investigations with the Lamas in Thibet. He attests (having been a witness in one or two cases) "that the Lamas, when applied to for the recovery of stolen or hidden things, take a little table, put one hand on it, and after nearly half an hour the table is lifted up by an invisible power, and is (with the hand of the Lama always on it) carried to the place where the thing in question is to be found, whether in or out of doors, where it drops, generally indicating exactly the spot where the missing article is to be found."

MESMERISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE IN ANCIENT TIMES.

On this subject Dr. Spencer T. Hall remarks:—

"Mesmerism is not new. Amongst Egyptian sculptures are people in the various attitudes which mesmerism in modern times induces. The Hebrews knew something of this science, for Balaam manifestly consulted a clairvoyant; a man in a 'trance with his eyes open.' The Greeks also had a knowledge of it. In Taylor's *Plato* it is said a man appeared before Aristotle in the Lyceum, who could read on one side of a brazen shield what was written on the other. The Romans were not ignorant of it, for Plautus, in one of his plays, asks, 'What, and although I were, by my continued slow moving touch, to make him as if asleep.' Not only amongst ancient, but amongst the most simple and savage nations, it must have been known. At the house of Dr. Dick, 'The Christian Philosopher,' I met with Mr. Ducker, who had been travelling in Australia, who

was called out one night to see a fire lighted on the plain, round which a number of natives gathered. A seriously diseased woman was placed apart from the rest, and a kind of doctor or 'mystery man,' went from the fire and made passes from head to foot over her, until she was said to be perfectly rigid, and when relieved from that condition was 'discharged cured.' In our own country there has been no age in which healing by manipulation has not been practised. In the reign of Charles the Second, an Irish gentleman, named Greatrakes, had an impression, he could not tell whence, that he could cure ague by passes. He tried, and found he could, and was constantly occupied afterwards in laying hands upon thousands, many of whom he cured of various diseases."

THE TOMB-BUILDERS AND SPIRIT-WORSHIP.

The *Times* of March 28th, in a review of *Etruscan Researches*, by Isaac Taylor, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Twickenham (London: Macmillan & Co., 1874), has the following passages:—

"A generic and distinctive appellation of the whole Turanian race is the tomb-builders. A great tomb-building race preceded the Aryan and Semitic nations in their path across the earth. The latter have been great architects, but they have built almost exclusively for the living. It is the peculiarity of the Turanians to have built almost exclusively for the dead. Wherever we can track the Turanian race, there, according to Mr. Taylor, do we find their characteristic structures. 'In Poland, in Denmark, in Sweden, in Hanover, Britain, France, Spain, Algiers, India, we find tombs of the same type, alike in all essential particulars.' The tumuli of the Siberian steppes are repeated on the Wiltshire Downs, and the pyramid of Cheops and the tomb of Porsena are monuments of the same art which reared the mausoleum of Hyder Ali. The purpose which these sculptures were intended to serve was everywhere the same. They were literally the houses of the dead, and were built as much as possible to resemble the houses of the living. The spirit after death was supposed to inhabit them, and here every year came his surviving kindred to serve and to adore him. This was their only worship, and the tombs were their only temples. These were of two kinds, the tent tomb and the cave tomb, the former indicative of a nomad people dwelling in tents, the latter of more civilised communities which had learnt to use regular dwelling houses. The circle of stones which we still see round the base of the ancient tent sepulchres was placed there in imitation of the circle of stones used to fasten down

the skins of which the tent was built; and long after the origin of it was forgotten, and the tomb-builders had ceased to dwell in tents, the practice was continued. But it is in the cave tombs of the Etruscans that this Turanian spirit-worship may be traced with the most marvellous completeness. In the low cliffs which adjoin so many Tuscan cities whole towns and villages of tombs have been discovered to exist. These are hollowed out in the soft rock and formed into streets, lanes, and even squares of sepulchral residences. Inside they are divided into rooms, furnished and decorated in imitation of the dwellings of mortals. Like our own vaults, they are built for the reception of families, and each chamber where a corpse reposes is arranged as for a feast. The dead man lies on the triclinium. Wine jars are placed within his reach. His arms and his ornaments hang near him. On the walls are richly-coloured scenes representative of the banquet, the dance, and the song. His horses and his dogs—nay, even his slaves—were supposed to be as useful to the departed spirit as they had been to the living man. The skeleton of the house dog has been found with the skeleton of the infant whom it had protected in this world, and would continue to protect in the next. But Mr. Taylor does not tell us of any indications that horses or slaves have shared the same fate, though there is reason to suppose they did. However this may be, there is quite sufficient evidence to show that Virgil borrowed some of his description of the dead from Etruscan sources:—

“‘quæ gratia currûm
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repositos.’

“We now come to the religious history of the Etruscans, to which Mr. Taylor gives a chapter full of very curious learning and very interesting analogies. It is from China, he says, that we obtain the earliest, simplest, and purest standards of Turanian speech and Turanian belief. There are three main elements to be traced in the belief of the Ugric nations—the supreme heaven, the elemental powers, and the ancestral spirits. Such also was the creed of the Etruscans; and on ‘a magnificent marble sarcophagus, evidently the resting-place of a dame of high degree, discovered at Chissum in 1862,’ are carved two words, the Tuscanian origin of which Mr. Taylor holds himself to have demonstrated. On the side of the sarcophagus are 10 figures beautifully carved in *alto rilievo*, representing the parting of the soul and body, the mourning relatives of the deceased, and two attendant spirits waiting apparently for the moment of dissolution. One is Kulmu, the Angel of Death, the other Vanth, the Spirit of the Grave.”

Descending to comparatively modern times, we quote :—

SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS IN CASHMERE 217 YEARS AGO.

In the course of a discussion at a Meeting of the Anthropological Society, March 17, the President, Dr. R. S. Charnock, F.S.A., in the course of some observations on Spiritualism, remarked, "Spiritualism was known in Asia Minor long ago. Indeed, in one of the French Asiatic journals there was a long account of spiritual manifestations in Cashmere 217 years ago."

A CHARITABLE SOCIETY FOUNDED BY SPIRITS IN 1188.

At Bethune, in France, there is a Society, founded in 1188, by two gentlemen, to whom a spirit, calling himself Elias, appeared, when the town was visited by a pestilence. This spirit enjoined them to found a *Confrérie de Charitables*. Spiritual communications have continued from that time downwards. The Society at present consists of twenty-eight members, whose office it is to assist the poor under spirit-direction.

We quote from Dean Stanley's *Historical Memorials of Canterbury* (p. 103) the following

**CURIOUS INSTANCE OF UNEVOKED SPIRIT-MANIFESTATION BY
TABLE-TAPPING IN ENGLAND IN 1170.**

"It remains for us now to follow the fate of the murderers of A'Becket. On the night of the deed the four knights rode to Saltwood, leaving Robert de Broc in possession of the palace, whence, as we have seen, he brought or sent the threatening message to the monks on the morning of the 30th. They vaunted their deeds to each other, and it was then that Tracy claimed the glory of having wounded John of Salisbury. The next day they rode forty miles by the sea coast to South Malling, an archiepiscopal manor, near Lewes. On entering the house, they threw off their arms and trappings on the large dining-table which stood in the hall, and after supper gathered round the blazing hearth. Suddenly the table started back, and threw its burden on the ground. The attendants, roused by the crash, rushed in with lights and replaced the arms. But soon a second and still louder crash was heard, and the various articles were thrown still further off. Soldiers and servants, with torches, searched in vain under the solid table to find the cause of its convulsions, till one of the conscience-stricken knights suggested that it was indignantly refusing to bear the sacrilegious burden of their arms. So ran the popular story; and as late as the fourteenth century it was still known in the same place—the earliest and most incurable instance of a 'rapping,' 'leaping,' and 'turning,' table. From South Malling they pro-

ceeded to Knaresborough Castle, a royal fortress, then in possession of Hugh de Mereville, where they remained for a year. The local tradition still points out the hall where they fled for refuge, and the vaulted prison where they were confined after capture."

REVELATION BY VOICE AND VISION.

James Smith, M.A., in his work *The Coming Man* (Vol. II., p. 119), speaking of revelation by voice and vision, the influence it has exercised, and the power it still wields, as certainly one of the greatest which society contains, remarks:—

"It is the parent of civilization. The oracles were the school-masters of the ancient Greeks, the fathers of literature, they were the fountain-heads of poetry, literature, and the arts, and perhaps even of philosophy itself. Revelation by voice and vision gave birth to the Church, the greatest institution that has ever been reared since the foundation of human society. It is, therefore, a great power, this mystic power, however delusive it may be in its individual parts. Its collective influence, its combined result is magnificent. It carries the traditions of the world on its trail; and in majestic confidence of its own strength, it defies the world to recognise itself without its assistance. It is one of the powers that be, and it can neither be dethroned nor annihilated."

Such then are some—though a few only—of the waifs and strays—fragments from the Spiritualism of the past, which have drifted down to us. These fragments lie scattered all around, though much time and many minds will be required to collect and laboriously piece them all together. Probably it will never be wholly completed, but what has already been done presents ample evidence to show that Spiritualism is one of the primitive, essential, and permanent facts of our humanity.

BEGINNINGS.

THE stately spreading oak so tall and grand,
Was once a little acorn in the hand.
The man who fills the world with dire alarms,
A helpless babe lay in his mother's arms.
The Faith which sways the world from East to West
Was all concentrated in a single breast.
The tiniest seed when it has taken root,
May grow, and bud, and bear the richest fruit:
And so, the smaller seed of thought may grow
To noblest fruit—far richer than we know.
When a soul-child is born, angels in sooth
Watch o'er the cradle of the infant Truth.

T. S.

THE VOICE OF GOD IN DREAMS AND VISIONS.

WE present our readers with the following remarkable dream-parables, extracted from a small pamphlet, written in French, and bearing the title *La Voix de Dieu en Songes et Visions de nos Jour, par une Dame Anglaise*. It would appear as though the pamphlet were intended alone for private circulation, seeing that the title-page bears no name of a publisher nor yet of place of publication. The title-pages present us with these texts, in obedience to which, we presume, these dreams have been given to the world in this semi-private manner.

"And He said, Hear now my words; if there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a Vision, and will speak unto him in a Dream.—Numbers xii. 6.

"God speaketh once, yea twice; in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man in the slumbering upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction."—Job xxxiii. 14, 15, 16.

"And it shall come to pass in the last day sayeth God, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and upon your sons, and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.—Acts ii. 17."

The pamphlet contains certain dreams of a political and ecclesiastical nature. We, however, have preferred to present the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* with those which address themselves specially to the heart and conscience of individual man. At the same time, it will be observed that the teachings contained in these simple and graceful parables—not unfrequently reminding us of the inspired writing and parable-poems of that saintly woman Madame Guion—will be found universal in their application, and throughout inculcate one supreme truth.

This truth is the sublime fact of the "In-dwelling Christ"—the very "corner-stone" of the Temple of Mystical Christianity: the very core of the blessed fruit of the New Eden, plucked by the hand of the Spirit for her well-beloved children; the sweet kernels of which, filled with a new life, have made the heart of a St. Francis of Assisi, of a Catherine of Siena, of a Nicholas of Basle, of a Tauler, of a James Nayler, of a Madame Guion—yes, and of countless unnamed children of the Spirit, to rejoice with an exceeding joy—a joy not of this world. For in very truth they have found within themselves the fulfilment of the promise made to the first disciples of old, that the Father and the Son "would come unto them and make their abode with them." Lo! this Divine Presence is unveiled to them there, in the heart of hearts, with a "still small voice"—as guide, as teacher, as friend. Verily, they have found themselves become "The Friends of God."

With reference to the following simple parables of the Spirit, it may not be uninteresting to observe how invariably the dreamer of these dreams—as we are inclined to believe more or less is ever the case in mystical and prophetic teaching—is made the type of humanity, or the representation of the group or body of persons to be instructed. It is as though the prophet had to focus the Spirit, and thus become when illumined by the divine, internal Truth a lamp to give light to the footsteps of others.

FIRST VISION.

"In the month of August, 1860, at Karlsruhe, I dreamed that I was at a concert in a garden where was a crowd of people, and that it was for me to play the last piece on the piano. I did this with all my power, and the audience greatly applauded me, when rising from the instrument, I perceived a cloud of people in the sky, who also applauded me, having arms in their hands. 'Ah,' cried I, 'who would trouble themselves about the praises of men, when one can receive such applause as this.' Their arms, however, made me fear a war against France, but perceiving them reversed and in repose, I said to myself, 'No, these people have already fought. And their arms being of the colour of the rainbow, I conclude signifies peace.'

"Then I saw, extended before this cloud of people, an arm with a white and pendant sleeve, holding in the hand a crown with a ball and cross. 'Ah,' cried I, 'There is the Crown of Life, and it is for me!'

"Then I turned towards the gentleman who had just conducted me from the piano, and I saw that he was an ecclesiastic, wearing a white robe with the red scarf of his order. And I asked him if all this were true, or if my senses had deceived me.

"'Yes,' replied he, 'it is all true, and you may look again.' I did so, and all was there with the addition of a second hand holding an open book.

"'That is the Book of Life,' said I, 'and my name will be written therein.'

"Here I woke, to my great regret, for I was too happy in this beautiful dream."

EXPLANATION.

"God wishes to bring about harmony on the earth. He calls us all to bring our instruments to serve towards this purpose.* Woman must play there the last part, and the Crown of Life will be given her with her name written in the Book of Life."

* In Spiritual communications *Woman* may, we believe, be almost universally taken as a type of Spirit—or the *interior* life, as *Man* is a type of the natural or external life.

THIRD VISION.—DEATH ABOLISHED BY CHRIST.

"I saw Jesus once more, clothed in a white robe with but a very few followers—also clothed in white. It was a very gloomy day, and, raising his finger towards the clouds, he commanded the hand of Death to come to him. Trembling in secret, I cried to myself, 'What! does the Lord, who has given us life, now cause Death to come to us?'"

"'But,' said unto me his follower, 'look, and observe what shall happen!'"

"Then I looked and saw appear in the heavens a dark hand, and Jesus, advancing some steps, placed upon this hand a crown of white flowers without leaves, which hung upon the wrist like a bracelet. Then he threw over the hand, which paused, a white veil which entirely covered it.

"'Behold!' said his follower, 'these are the signs of joy with which Jesus Christ will abolish Death.'"

"'Signs of joy!' I cried to myself. 'Here are the crown and the veil of the Bridal.' 'Yes,' he replied to me; 'It is by the greatest joy that man can conceive of, that Jesus will remove Death from the earth.'"

REMARK.

"Death will cease when Jesus shall come to seek his bride the Church, or the Assembly of the Believing, drawn from all those sects which call themselves each one a Church."

FOURTH VISION.—THE MAN MADE OF LEAVES.

"I dreamed that I walked in the garden, and there I met a man made of the leaves which had fallen from the trees, and which appeared as if they had been sown together so as to make his body. Approaching me, this man opened his mouth and spoke.

"Filled with astonishment, I awoke, and the interior voice said to me, 'These dead leaves are all of you—dead in sin, but if you come to Jesus, he will pick you up and will place you in his body, and then he will put his Spirit within you, and he will speak by your mouth!'"

REMARK.

"The Lord said to the Prophet Jeremiah (i. 9.), 'Behold, I have put my words into thy mouth.' If then Jesus wishes to do this to-day—who shall hinder him?"

NINTH VISION.—CHILDREN AND THE CROSS.

"I dreamed that I saw children playing with the light in the garden—and they were making figures. I looked at what they were forming, and I saw a pedestal with a cross upon it, and

upon this cross was a woman. This, indeed, ought to have been myself, for from this time I had nothing but cross upon cross.

"In England a lady received a prophecy of the woman crucified in the affections.* The Spirit always speaks of itself as 'the Christ within us.'"[†]

FOURTEENTH VISION.—THE MORNING STAR.

"I dreamed that a gentleman asked me to see him magnetise a woman and listen to what she should say. After he had caused her to sleep—he caused her to speak, telling me to observe that in this state she believed herself capable of doing all things by herself.

"She cried, 'Ah! the beautiful star!' And I beheld the 'star,' which was very large and burned with a dazzling lustre. 'If I could only gain its light, I should use it to change the world. I would take nation ‡ after nation, and I would change them.' 'There is much truth in this,' said I to myself, 'because it is the light which will change them.'"

REMARK.

"Jesus is the 'Morning Star,' and if we have his light in us, it will render us able to do all things, even to change the world. To corroborate this dream the Spirit showed me the following verses (*Apocalypse* ii., 26, 27, 28):—

"'26. And he that overcometh and keepeth my works to the end, to him will I give power over the nations.

"'27. And he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers; even as I received of my Father.

"'28. And I will give him the morning star.

"'29. He that hath an ear let him hear what I say unto the Churches.'"

REMARK.

"One sees by this dream that God has a great design in giving us these visions, which is nothing less than to change the world by this 'light' which comes to us from Jesus Christ, the 'Morning Star.'"

* See Mrs. Crosland's remarkable little volume, entitled *Light in the Valley*.

† "The In-dwelling Christ" of the Mystics and Early Quakers.

‡ May not also much clearness be given to prophetic texts when, for the word *nation* the word *nature* is substituted? *Nation* and *nature* being in spirit-language interchangeable. A man may be said to have many *natures* within himself which the Spirit may indeed conquer and thus become their king and ruler. And, again, in one sense, is not each of these *natures* a *nation*—a congeries of spirits forming the man? In these things truly are arcana of mystery, but arcana which the Spirit invites us to enquire into.

FIFTEENTH VISION.

"I saw in a dream a fall of large flakes of snow, which we received in our hands, and which we exhibited one to the other, comparing their size. A little child appeared to have received the largest of all the flakes, when behold! with the snow fell also a necklace of pearls, which I caught in my hand. 'Oh!' I said, 'it snows pearls! real pearls!' And I awoke."

REMARK.

"God sends us these dreams and visions of pure truth from heaven, to one and to another according to their capacity, but those who become as little children receive the largest gifts, which are veritable 'pearls without price,' which must not be cast to the swine."

A. M. H. W.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

THERE is a light which streams within
 From brighter sun and fairer skies;
 Another world lies all around,
 Invisible to human eyes.

But through the folds that swathe us round,
 And hide it from our mortal sense,
 A ray from that bright orb can pierce,
 And then we see with clairvoyance.

And ever more this world seems like
 A dream—a fleeting phantasy;
 And that diviner world becomes
 The only true reality.

E'en as I pace the busy street
 Far other scenes before me rise;
 I move amid the radiant forms,
 I hear the birds of Paradise.

And a sweet fragrance fills the air
 From verdant meads and flowery dells,
 Where little feet go pattering
 Among the golden asphodels.

T. S.

SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAUNTINGS.

THAT particular persons and places are specially haunted by the denizens of another world is a very ancient and general belief, and a large array of evidence might be cited in favour of its truth. Perhaps no form of spirit-manifestation has been, in all ages, so widely prevalent; and, with all the ridicule and scorn that has been heaped on this belief, and all our learned theories of hallucination, optical delusion, and past ideas renovated to explain away the facts on which it is based, it still retains its hold on the common mind; and many who still whistle these old dry tunes, to keep their courage up—now, as in the days of Dr. Johnson—though they deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears.

All the evidence seems to point to the conclusion that these hauntings, and the disturbances that usually accompany them, more commonly occur, and are more marked and violent, in the places and in the presence of objects associated with deeds of darkness, of vice and crime, and especially where the spirit has suddenly and by violent hands been expelled from the house of life and sent to the dread account with all its imperfections on its head, or where it has rushed unbidden and unprepared into the spirit-world; and that they occur with marked accession of force in the presence of persons of mediumistic nature.

Not only persons and places, but books, pictures, clothing, furniture, anything that has belonged to the person of the spirit, that it has worn, or used, or come into frequent personal contact with during its earth-life, and thus become permeated with its magnetism, seems to facilitate its operations, and serve as a means and base of connection, or the fulcrum on which it may rest, whatever power of leverage over physical bodies it may possess.*

* Thus, a lock of hair or scrap of handwriting, held in the hand, or placed against the forehead, will enable the psychometrist to give a full and accurate delineation of the character of the wearer or writer. A bone, a fossil, or, indeed, any object, it would seem, may yield its revelations in like manner—strange and incredible as this may seem. In a former volume we quoted the numerous experiments of Professor Denton with different persons possessing this faculty, the reality of which was fully tested by him, as related in his book *The Soul of Things*. The Rev. J. M. Spear, when in England, gave many remarkable psychometric delineations. Dr. Newton, Mrs. Hardinge, Mrs. Everitt, and others, have also given striking illustrations of this power. We quote the following recent experiments, not as the most striking that might be given, but because they will be new to the great majority of our readers.

The Baroness Adelman de Vay, writing, from Gavobitz in Styria, to the

These spirits are sometimes so low and gross as to be almost material, and, indeed, are often readily perceptible to the bodily senses; hence they can with such facility act on common matter, and under favourable conditions, like those referred to, their power over it is extraordinary and constant. They delight to obsess, and, if possible, obtain possession and control of those low and vicious, like themselves, that they may thus return to the life of the senses, and get a gust of the old sensual delights, for which they alone crave. They will even possess themselves of the lower forms of animal life, and haunt or inhabit inorganic bodies, especially as a means of approach to those whom they wish to reach. In illustration of this, we cite the following narrative from a recent number of the *Spiritualist*. It is written by the daughter of Mr. George Thompson, formerly Member of Parliament for the Tower Hamlets, and widely known for his eloquent appeals on behalf of the natives of

Revue Spirite, on Psychometry, gives the following account of some of her experiments:—

"*First Experiment.*—My mother-in-law gave me a tortoise-shell case, that she had received in remembrance of a deceased friend. It was unknown to me, and was rolled up in paper, and put into a handkerchief, with which they bandaged my forehead. I shut my eyes and attentively analysed all my sensations. My inner or spiritual sight perceived distinct pictures. At times they were confused; sympathetic persons giving me confidence and courage; sceptics rendering all success impossible. I felt a pain in my chest, and saw an old lady in profile; a river with sandy banks; a ship; an eye-glass; and a tortoise. By spirit-writing I obtained the following explanation (still without having seen the object). You felt the disease that carried off the old lady, whose side face you perceived. She gave the case to your mother. It was cut from the shell of a tortoise found on the banks of the Nile by a merchant vessel. The eye-glass was cut from the same shell.

"*Second Experiment.*—My mother placed some bones, found in a cavern in Hungary, in my hand. I saw, first, a gentleman in a hat; then a half-naked savage amongst large forest trees, near the borders of a wide river; some unknown animals; and workmen excavating. I received this explanation. The man you saw, gave the bones of the primitive man to your mother. They were found in excavating an old cavern full of antediluvian skeletons.

"*Third Experiment.*—My sister, the Baroness Banhidz, placed her wedding-ring on my head, well wrapped up. I saw her husband, and described a house and country that is unknown to me, so that it was recognised. It was the house in which the bride had lived.

"*Fourth Experiment.*—With the wedding-ring of my sister-in-law, Matilde de B—, in my hand, I saw her husband, and felt a pain in my chest. I had a fit of coughing, corresponding to the illness of the lady at that period whose ring I held.

"*Fifth Experiment.*—My father gave me a snuff-box (which I had never seen), wrapped up in a handkerchief, that had been given him by a lady to whom he was much attached. It had her portrait on the lid and her initials in diamonds; also the date 1814. I saw a lady of the time of the first Napoleon, dressed in a short-waisted gown. I felt an inclination to sneeze, and a wish to take a pinch of snuff. I felt as if I had snuff in my nose; it seemed to tickle me; I involuntarily made the gesture of taking a pinch. I then saw a tobacco plantation and a beautiful town—the inhabitants were all dressed in the fashion of 1814. A person held a snuff-box, upon which were the features of a beau-

British India, for his advocacy of free trade, and still more, as one of the foremost orators in the anti-slavery cause. We may incidentally remark that, like his friend and *confère*, William Lloyd Garrison, George Thompson is a Spiritualist, and sometimes attended the London Spiritual Conferences in Gower Street:—

“HAUNTED FURNITURE.

“I have been requested to publish the particulars of some incidents that have happened in my family, which have led us to the conclusion that pieces of furniture may be haunted although removed from house to house.

“Ten years ago, whilst residing in Manchester, I bought from what appeared to me a gentleman’s residence a handsome dressing-table; I was under the impression that the owner had died, and his or her effects were being sold by auction. After

tiful woman. I then perceived a cavern; men were digging, and in the ashes they gathered I recognised the mineral to which the diamond is attached.

“*Sixth Experiment.*—My husband placed a bandage on my forehead, in which he had concealed a letter from a comrade, a Captain of Hussars whom I did not know. I saw a tall large man, who appeared to me to be a hussar. ‘Holla!’ I exclaimed, striking the table with my fist, ‘I must speak Hungarian; my moustache is splendid,’ I then imitated all the gestures of his friend until my husband, astonished and bewildered, hastened to remove the bandage. With the letter of any person placed on my forehead it seems that I imitate all their gestures.

“*Seventh Experiment.*—One of my cousins, a member of the Anthropological Society of Gratz, the Count G. G. . . . folded up carefully several objects that I had never seen, amongst them a photograph of his affianced bride, in a leather case, bought at Vienna in the Kahl Market. It had on it the initials of his father-in-law, A. D., who had given it to him. He was a fair man. I felt a warm lip upon my lips; the object wrapped up had certainly been kissed; I saw the letters A. D. and a fair gentleman in the Kahl Market at Vienna (the leather case was bought there). G. W. then gave me a little Roman urn (lachrymatory) dug up in Italy. I felt sorrowful, my heart oppressed, and a tear stole down my cheek. I saw men occupied excavating, they dug up bones, and little pots of a form unknown to me. I wished to draw them, the design I drew is the same as that upon the urns; I heard men talking in a soft and melodious language, it is not Italian—the men were strong brown athletics.

“3.—G. W. gave me a little poignard with a sharp fine pointed blade of the sixteenth century:—He had carefully wrapped it up in several silk handkerchiefs. I saw a boat at sea, off the Italian coast, the rowers were gay, draped in the costume of the sixteenth century—with scarfs round their waists, and little daggers artfully concealed. The scene faded away, and suddenly I felt a sharp pain in the right side of my throat. It appeared to me that I felt a hole made by a poignard, that the blade had pierced the throat and severed the windpipe. I was suffocated, I wanted air, I was gently dying! I was in an apartment furnished in the fashion of the sixteenth century, lying on a support bed, carved in oak, hung with red velvet curtains, I see a beautiful patient woman extended upon the bed with a wound in her throat on the right side, caused by a dagger. One drop of blood alone is upon her ear; by her side is a man draped in the fashion of the century—a long velvet mantle, a caret of the same. He glides away and opens the door. It is horrible,—I am alarmed, and fling the object from me.”

the table had been brought home and installed in a spare bedroom, I was somewhat annoyed to learn from a friend that the house from which I had purchased it was of questionable reputation, being one of the many establishments kept by a very wealthy but very dissolute man, whose recent suicide had created quite a sensation. Although vexed to think I had bought an article from such a place, I yet decided that there could be no reasonable objection to it, therefore it was suffered to remain in the house.

"Ten years have elapsed since that purchase, and we have since removed to Birkenhead. During the whole period I recall that from time to time I have had complaints from the various occupiers of the bedroom furnished by that table; ladies have complained to me that they were disturbed by raps, taps, and creakings in the table; one young lady was so much disturbed that she refused to sleep alone in the room. I should here note that these persons were my visitors from a distance, and each of them was unaware that any other had had similar experience.

"Circumstances then occurred making it necessary that my husband should occupy the room. He invariably felt extremely uncomfortable in it, for it was rarely free of raps, taps, and creaking proceeding from the table. He affirms that once he felt a figure stretch itself on the bed beside him, and a sensation of horror crept over him which he never can forget. I treated all complaints made to me with uniform indifference, attributing them entirely to the imagination of the parties; it never occurred to me as possible that a noise of any sort could be made without an earthly cause.

"About nine months ago, in consequence of being thrown into the Society of a very firm believer in Spiritualism, I determined to investigate for myself. I therefore formed a circle at home, and we began almost in jest to sit round a table, or to join hands in a circle; very soon we became convinced of the power; three mediums sprung up in our family, the most striking my little daughter, aged ten. Through this child (Beatrice) I have had some beautiful communications both in writing and trance-speaking, and through her myself and husband are convinced that there is a power coming to us from invisible influences, by which mortals are made to say and do things of which in a normal state they are incapable. Yet we are not Spiritualists in the full sense of the word: we call ourselves 'investigators.'

"Four months ago I took up my abode for a time in the room containing the table of which I have spoken, having quite forgotten all previous complaints of the noises of which friends

had spoken. On my second night there I was seized about midnight with spasmodic jerkings of the limbs; I tried every position, every effort of will-power, but in vain, I could not keep quiet many moments. My limbs jerked in spite of me; at the same time I became sensible of a suffocating oppression in the air of the room, and a general sensation of unbearable restlessness and misery. After bearing it for what seemed to me an hour, but turned out to be only about twenty minutes, I sprang quite frantically from my bed, and took refuge in another room, where, after lying down, I waited for more misery, hardly daring to hope that what I regarded as the beginning of some nervous disease of the St. Vitus's dance kind, was to pass off with a change of bed. But strange to say, a refreshing sleep quickly took possession of me; the nervous system, which had appeared strung up to the last tension of wretchedness, grew calm and placid almost the instant I changed my room.

"Next morning my child, Beatrice, was entranced by a child spirit, much younger than herself, who told me in the lisping language of a mere infant, that 'Last night she visited me to soothe me to sleep, but found me under the influence of black spirits, so that she could not approach me.' I inquired, 'What have I done? how sinned, to attract such influences to me?' She answered, 'I know not, but you inquire of older spirits.' By the end of the day a second control took place, and then by the lips of my child, Beatrice, I learned that the room in which I had been sleeping contained a piece of 'inhabited,' or haunted furniture, namely, THE TABLE. That dark and low spirits to whom it had belonged in their earth-life now visited it, and took a pleasure in tormenting any one they could annoy by their mischievous influence; that, I being mediumistic, they had been enabled to produce the jerkings and troubles of the previous night. The spirit who visited me had been unable to approach me till I reached another room, and then she had soothed me to sleep. I can scarcely describe the strange feelings I had when I recalled the circumstances connected with the purchase of my table—circumstances which I had never communicated to a human being, much less to my little child, only then just born. All the complaints of other persons were now remembered, and a different significance attached to them. I pondered hours over this strange revelation from (to me) the unimpeachable lips of my truthful and simple child. I debated with my husband on the future destiny of the table. He was in favour of selling it, but to this I could not reconcile myself. While we were at issue on this point, I advocating the destruction of the 'inhabited' article, he condemning such a reckless waste of property, another control of our little Beatrice occurred;

it was that of a man. With commanding manner and solemnity of voice, he said, 'I am the brother of the wretched man to whom your table once belonged; he is a very low spirit indeed; he inhabits the first sphere, he was a *suicide*.' In a prolonged speech the spirit then implored us to destroy the table *at once*; and to the unbounded astonishment of my husband and myself, he proceeded by the lips of our pure and infant-like Beatrice to describe to us the relations existing between his suicidal brother and the dissolute female who lived with him in the house of our table. With tears streaming down the cheeks of the little medium, we were told that this bad spirit works untold misery in other houses to which other pieces of his furniture have been conveyed; it was explained that these things, being charged with his psychological influences, he could approach them thereby. We were also told that the woman who had used that table in the earth-life of this man, was now dead, and that her spirit was generally the one by which we had been disturbed. She was spoken of by the control as 'one of his wives.'

"These revelations from lips so pure, so artless as those of Beatrice, have been accepted by us. Our little girl was an infant a few months old when that table first came into our possession, and I can solemnly affirm that we never communicated its previous history to a single ear; in fact, we had ourselves ceased to recollect whence we had it.

"A little difficulty occurred to us as we contemplated the destruction of so large an article as what we now looked on as our haunted table. We could hardly ask our servants to assist in what would doubtless appear to them such an absurdity, and did not care to make confidants of them; so, with some trouble, and the assistance of hatchets and tools, we demolished the table between us, and conveyed its fragments to the coal cellar, which is situated immediately under the kitchen. I directed my cook to use the wood for firewood. Two days after this my maid came to me in consternation and tribulation; she had been ironing a dress, and had hung it at night before the fire to air; next morning she found the skirt cut, as with a knife, in long crossway slits. She brought me her dress, which, on examination, I found cut as she described. Greatly puzzled, I held a consultation with her and the other servants, but without clearing up the mystery. Suddenly it occurred to me to ask for a minute description of the state of the kitchen on the night when the dress was cut. I then found that it hung on a chair close to the fender, while on the fender was a large bundle of the wood of the table ready for lighting fires in the morning. I took possession of the injured dress, and presenting it to our medium child, I asked her if one of her friends in the spirit-

world could give me any light in this strange affair. Immediately the child became entranced, and after manipulating the dress, she said, 'The wearer of this dress is a powerful medium; she is frivolous and silly, and her dress is charged with her influence; had it been the dress of any of your other servants it could not have been injured, but being *hers*, the spirits of the table have been able to approach it. They are very much enraged that you have destroyed one of their favourite articles, and finding this dress so close to some of the wood which is still charged with their influence, they got power enough to cut it.' I asked, 'Did they use a knife to cut it?' 'No,' was the answer; 'such low spirits are almost material; they have long nails sharp as knives, and these, I think, they have used to cut this dress.'

"You may easily believe I now became very anxious for the perfect annihilation of the table by fire, but as the article had been a large one, and of very fanciful design, this took some weeks, for we could not conveniently make a bonfire of it. One day complaints were made to me that there had been loud noises in the coal-cellar, as of the chopping of wood, and that no one had been found on searching the whole basement floor.

"For weeks we continued to use the wood of the table as firewood, and as the weather became warmer some of it remained in the drawing-room grate unburnt, as the fire was laid ready to light, but not wanted. I regarded it, I confess, with some misgivings, and at length directed the servant having the care of the room to remove it all, and clean the grate for the summer. While she was doing this a very large Chinese vase of great weight and thickness was shattered into a hundred pieces whilst standing on the floor by her side; I heard the crash and rushed at once to the room, where I found the girl on her knees, rubbing the grate, which is steel, with a leather; the vase, which was in the place it has occupied for years, was lying in fragments at her side. I am quite confident that such a vase could never have been broken by rolling over on the floor; if it had fallen from a height, I doubt if it could have been shattered in such a manner; but my servant assured me that to her knowledge she had not touched it. I should add that the fender, fire-irons, and all paraphernalia had been moved into the kitchen to be cleaned, and no article hard enough to break such a vase was near; the girl herself seemed to regard the event as something quite supernatural; and, coupling it with the cutting of her dress, asserted that she was evidently under some evil luck.

"I consulted Beatrice on this mishap, and got from her this explanation, 'Your maid is a medium, and being very frivolous,

she herself is much *en rapport* with the spirits who still haunt that wood; they collected enough force from the girl and the wood which had been in the grate to strike a blow which broke one of your favourite ornaments.'

"Since then I have changed this servant for another, and we have burnt every atom of the wood. Without attempting to draw a single inference from these incidents, I leave the story in your hands to be published, if you think it likely to be useful, and pledging myself solemnly that it is faithfully told and entirely free from exaggeration, I give my real name and address.

"E. LOUISA S. NOSWORTHY.

"Avon Lea, Claughton, Birkenhead,

"August 28th, 1873."

WHAT IS DEATH?*

By JUDGE EDMONDS.

THE erroneous ideas on this subject which have for so long a time been inculcated by the theology of the day, and the consequently false opinions which have prevailed among men, will evidently require much time and many teachings to correct. Such teachings, however, are now and for a quarter of a century have been coming with increasing frequency, and it seems to me to be the manifest duty of those who receive them to give them to the world.

Acting under that impression, I have already made public much on the subject, and now add to the number the following, which I have lately received from one of the victims of the late collision at sea between the steamer *Ville du Havre* and a British sailing vessel.

Judge Peckham was a member of the Court of Appeals of New York—the highest Court in the State—and had acquired a high reputation as a jurist. He took passage with his wife in the steamer, and died in the bloom of his manhood and in the full vigour of his intellect, so that he was fully competent to comprehend and relate all that occurred around him. His spirit came to me lately, and identifying himself to my satisfaction, gave me the following communication, which I now transcribe in the precise language in which I received it.

New York, Feb. 14th, 1874.

J. W. EDMONDS.

* This we believe was the last article written by Judge Edmonds.

"My dear Friend,—I shall waive all ceremony with you, and enter upon this, our interview, not assuming, but knowing that you are aware of my presence almost as tangibly as when I last met you in Albany, in the Court Room, where you and I had listened and tried to be still, out of respect to the majesty of the law. You left the Court Room in advance of me. I tried to see you again, but you left that evening. We meet again here under different circumstances. I will not say I am from the Higher Court to-day, for as yet I have found no court or sphere into which your thoughts, which represent your spirit, do not come. Hence there are no severed links in our friendship, when we still sit in council with those we knew and loved.

"Had I have chosen the manner of my departure from the body, I should not have selected the one to which I was obliged to succumb. However, I find no fault, now that I realise the life which has opened before me so suddenly, so strangely.

"In the dying moments I lived my life all over. Every scene, every act passed before me as vividly as if written on my brain with living light. Not a friend that I had known in early or later life was forgotten. I saw, as I sank, with my wife folded to my heart, my mother and father. The former lifted me out of the wave with a strength which I can at this moment feel, and I have no recollection of suffering.

"From the moment that I knew the waves would engulf us, I had no sensation of fear, of cold, or of suffocation. I did not hear the waves break. I parted with that which was my body, and, with my wife still in my arms, followed my mother whither she led me.

"The first sad thought was for my dear brother. This my mother saw and felt, and at once said, 'Your brother will soon be with you!' From that moment sorrow seemed to fade away, and I sat down to look about upon the scene through which I had so recently passed. I felt solicitude for my fellow-passengers; looked for them and saw them being lifted out of the waves in precisely the same manner that your strong arm, nerved by love, would lift your drowning child from the great waves which would swallow him up.

"For a time this appeared so real; that had it not have been for the presence of those whom I knew to be dead, I should have believed myself acting as rescuer with the spirits.

"I write plainly to you, hoping that you will send words of comfort to those who imagine that their friends suffered mortal agony in drowning. There was a fulfilment of that glorious triumph of faith, and the shadow of death became an illumination, which enabled so many to say that death's waves were

swallowed up in the victory which love hath brought to light in the ministry of angels and spirits.

"I need not tell you the greetings which awaited me when the many, whom you and I knew and loved, welcomed me to the realms of the life immortal. Not having been sick or suffering, I was ready at once to accept facts, and to move forward to the attractions which, if on earth's plane, have the power to charm away sorrow, how much more enchanting here, where the scene has changed so quickly, so gloriously, that we do not murmur at the haste, nor think that it is disappointment or accident that summoned us unceremoniously hither!

"I am aware that many will ask, if we could be helped to pass out of the body without pain, why could not the accident have been prevented? In our investigations we have learned this fact, namely, that the officer in charge was so entirely deceived in regard to the distance between the *Loch Earn* and his own vessel, that no power on earth, or that which the spirit-world could bring to bear, could have prevented it. Hence the collision was inevitable. There are conditions of sight, particularly on the water, when the water will seem to possess a power of deception almost marvellous and past belief. The ablest and best are liable to these conditions, particularly at just the position that these vessels must have been in. Hence there should be no blame attached to that man. It is done, and the survivors most need sympathy, and I know of no way to give it more direct than to assure them that their loved friends are not slumbering in the caverns of the deep awaiting the final trump to sound, but that at all times they await and look for the proper channels through which to echo the unmistakable evidence of life immortal.

"My thanks are due to our mutual friends, Tallmadge, Van Buren, Hill,* and many others, for this delightful reunion with you; nor can I end it without thanking you for a faith which, although silent between us, made me to respect you the more. I have come now into that nearer circle of friendship which I shall cherish, as I know you will—sacred as the love which makes us to rejoice in our Great and All-wise Father, who doeth all things well.

"Craving pardon for the length of my letter, I promise you and myself still further intercourse with your friend,

"RUFUS W. PECKHAM."

* "The allusion here is to N. P. Tallmadge, U.S. Senator, President Van Buren, and Nicholas Hill, formerly an eminent lawyer at Albany, all of whom have frequently communed with me. "J. W. E."

LUTHER AS A MEDIUM: WITH REMARKS ON MEDIUMSHIP.

By J. W. FARQUHAR.

IN considering the leading incidents of the public career of Luther as they may be found in any life of him, or in his work, *The Reformation in Germany*, we have glimpses of a power working in and through him, of which he may be called, as indeed he regarded himself, merely the medium. In himself he was truly one of the weak things of this world. Frightened at a thunder-storm, terrified by the gruff sound of a friendly voice, in spite of, nay, perhaps, partly because of such nervous sensitiveness, he became a power that made kings and priests tremble. He was a spirit finely touched to fine issues. It is, perhaps, too early for us to say what kind of physical and psychical nature is most mediumistic, whether in the inner or outer degree—the unconscious, common in a greater or less extent to all; and the rarer conscious or open mediumship. Yet I think experience will so far confirm the observation, that the most susceptible of spiritual influences are the “poor in spirit,”—not the poor spirited, a very different class of men altogether. Luther was poor in spirit, but very far from being poor spirited. “The poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven”—those who constitutionally are almost nervously distrustful of their own strength or ability, very sensitive to the judgment of others, and who, until they have attained sure foothold on the rock of principle, are apt to be influenced rather by impulse or affection than by reason. Assuredly we cannot draw a hard and fast line of certainty between one class of natures and another, for everyone partakes of human nature in all its conditions; but, generally speaking, I think such distinction will hold good. Genius, as distinguished from talent, is the inner and higher mediumship. A man can receive *nothing* except it be given him from *above*. Every original thought, every germ of invention or discovery, is born from above in fruitful minds. “Thoughts beyond their thoughts, to such high souls are given.” How frequently do we find that when someone has made a discovery in science or art, substantially the same discovery has been made by another about the same time in a different locality. The new truth, it is usually said, was in the air, truly in the spiritual atmosphere, waiting to be born on earth. Every new thought is thus a revelation, an inspiration from the source of all thought. Doubtless it passes through intermediate intelligences,

serving each spiritual rank and order in its own dominion, and through successive transmission becomes more and more adapted to the form and wants of various stages of progress, from archangelic down to earthly humanity. No positive idea can be wholly false, because every idea has its origin in the fountain of truth. Error is imperfect truth; men seize through selfishness or ignorance one aspect merely of a truth, to the neglect of the others. Men gradually cast off this one-sided way of looking, which is the source of error, and, as they advance in growth from natural to spiritual thought, they attain to a new degree of discernment, and perceive the same truths in a higher and purer light. No truth can ascend to Heaven, but what has come down from Heaven, because in its essence it is in Heaven. This is the rational explanation of the spiritual, celestial, and divine senses of truth which Swedenborg says are contained within the natural degree. When the Jewish Tabernacle was to be furnished after a heavenly pattern, the chief artists, Bezaleel and Aholiab, were mediums, chosen because they were "wise-hearted men," and "filled with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship in gold, and silver, and brass."

Everyone, to the extent in which he loves and seeks the truth, is a medium for spiritual intelligences, not the less because he may be unconscious of outward impressions. Yet when I adduce Luther as a spiritual medium, I mean to show that he was not merely what every earnest, truth-loving man or woman is and must be, a medium of spiritual truth and goodness to the world, but also in what has become in our day the ordinary sense of the term, one who has sensible intercourse with spiritual intelligences.

Between the two there is an intermediate degree, of which most of us have some personal experience. Sometimes in a condition between sleeping and waking, at others when wide awake, a suggestion, having no apparent connection with the subject of our thoughts comes into the mind, or is heard audibly by the inward ear; or a strong impression, as of a power in and yet higher than ourselves, urges to right action, from which through weakness or indolence we would otherwise have turned aside. To such an intermediate stage we may attribute the courageous bearing of Luther before the diets of Augsburg and Worms. "God hurries and drives me," he said; "I am not master of myself. I wish to be quiet, and am hurried into the midst of tumult;" and at the latter diet he said, "Here I am, I can do no otherwise; God help me." To this intermediate stage belongs also that inward voice which made Luther flee with horror from Pilate's staircase at St. Peter's; "The just shall

live by faith." A spiritual statement, not original certainly; wholly original thoughts are rare, and still more rarely are they better than what lies ready to our hands, when we are able to grasp them. Luther had read this statement both in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, perhaps frequently, but the thought, to use a common expression, had not struck him till now. A stone is nothing new as it lies on the road, but when thrown at us with sure aim by a strong hand, we realise its force in a different way. Some may be thinking that the proposition is neither new nor true; it was merely the cause of that great Protestant heresy—justification by faith-alone. To such we say, just consider the proposition as it stands in the book from which the spirit took it to give to Luther, and you will find, whatever you may think of that book as a whole, that this proposition is undoubtedly true. It is to be found first in the Prophet Habakuk in these words, "Behold, his soul which is lifted up, is not upright in him: but the just shall live by his faith." A man, say, believes in money with his whole heart and soul, and his mind and strength are consequently daily exercised in acquiring and hoarding—he lives by his faith. Another says he believes in integrity and in purity, but his life is contrary to his profession; evidently he is not a just man, for the just man lives by his faith. A man who believes in righteousness lives righteously—that is, he lives by his faith. In very deed, every man lives by his faith, for the life evidences the faith, and not the faith the life. Nothing can be simpler and more reasonable. But did not Luther somewhat misunderstand the proposition, and put mere profession or opinion for faith? Not so much, I think, as is supposed. The Church, in its dotage, had come to suppose that heaven might be gained by repeating so many prayers, by a pilgrimage to this or that shrine, by climbing up on hands and knees some stone steps; and the old voice returns to this son of the Church, whose ears are open to hear, and whose heart is ready to receive the truth, and cries, "The just man shall live by none of this thing, but by his faith in a righteous God, who will be satisfied only with right thought and action"—if Luther added "not by works," he meant such idle works as the Church esteemed meritorious. If others have changed the original truth into falsity, the blame is theirs. Faith means real spiritual life, not opinion. Any man can live even by faith alone, though the "alone" is not a scriptural word, but the contrary; but no man can live the true life by doctrine or opinion, whether alone or by any addition he may choose to make.

One great mistake he did undoubtedly make, and for this he suffered all his lifetime, from a mental blindness which gives a

sad tone to his outward spiritual experiences. In his abhorrence of the sale of indulgences and remission of the pains of purgatory, he denied the reality on which the erroneous teaching and shameful traffic was based. He denied the existence of Hades, or the world of spirits. To him there was only Heaven for the good and Gehenna for the evil, and so, following him, our translators have abolished Hades from the New Testament. To this fact, more perhaps than we imagine, is owing the reluctance of the religious world to believe in spiritual phenomena. All men, as they have been taught, go either to heaven or to hell, and the inhabitants of the one are too happy to care to return, even if they could, while those of the other realm are too securely bound to obtain such a privilege, though, strange enough, the prince of that region has liberty to come and go at will. But Hades will not be ignored. It asserted its existence in Luther's case very strongly, and to a great extent ineffectually. He had a fixed persuasion that the kingdom of darkness was nearer, to him at least, than the kingdom of light. The Prince of Ill, as he regarded him, was his constant attendant night and day. The Reformer never saw any visible appearance, but he heard plenty of noises, and had frequent conversations and discussions with the spirits, not merely as regards himself, but in the case of others; no matter in what kind of form the spirit appeared, or what the nature of the communications, to his mind they could only be from one source, and by one agency. A gentleman, whose wife appeared to him after her decease, asked who she was, and she replied, "I am your wife." "My wife," said he, "is dead." "True," she answered, "by reason of your swearing and sin I died, but if you will abstain from swearing I will continue to visit you." This she did for some time, but on one occasion he broke his promise, and he saw her no more. "Thus," says Luther, "did the devil; he can transform himself into the shape of man or woman." A citizen whose child had died heard it every night, and wrote to Luther asking his advice. He replied that his correspondent might rest assured it was merely some device of the devil, and recommended that they should jeer and ridicule the evil spirit. This advice was acted on, and the spirit left off troubling them—"because," said Luther, "he is a proud spirit, and not able to bear contempt."

Luther, in one incident which came under his observation, was forced to admit the fact of angelic ministrations. "In a place," he writes, "not far from Zwicku, in Franconia, where I lay at the time, it happened that a child (which scarcely could walk or speak) in winter time lost itself in a wood, and was constrained to remain in the wood three nights and two days, in which time there fell a great snow, insomuch that the child was

covered therewith. But every day there came a man and brought it something to eat and to drink, and went away again. On the third the man came and brought meat, and led the child from the place where it lay into the roadway, by which means it got home, and told its parents plainly what had happened; I heard, myself, the child relate it as significantly (which neither before nor in three years' space after that time spake any word that might be understood) as I myself could have related the same." "This man," said Luther, "that attended on the child was an angel." An angel, undoubtedly, but like that angel who spake to John at Patmos—one of our brethren and fellow servants, one, probably, who while in the flesh had loved children and ministered to them.

The time and circumstances of the first instance of outward spiritual phenomena in Luther's case cannot, with certainty, be ascertained, but probably the following letter to Melancthon marks the beginning of it:—"Since," he wrote, "I departed from Worms and was taken captive at Eisanach, and since I inhabited the castle of Wartburg—my Patmos—I have seen no one; only two little boys attend me, who bring me my victuals twice a day. They purchased a bag of hazel nuts for me, which I placed in a chest. At night, when I entered my bedroom, I fell into a kind of sleep, the nuts all appeared to move, and to be thrown against my bed; I did not, however, feel disquieted. When I awoke, I heard a loud noise on the staircase, yet I knew that it was closed with chains and protected by an iron gate, and that it was impossible any person could enter; yet I arose to see what it was. 'Who art thou?' I asked. No answer. Ah, well, be it so. I commended myself to Christ, of whom it is written in the 8th Psalm, 'Thou hast subdued all things under his feet,' and I returned to my bed. At that time the wife of John of Berblitz had come to Eisanach. She conjectured I was in the castle, and she wished to see me; but it was impossible. I had been removed into another part of the castle, and the lady of Berblitz had been consigned to the chamber which I had occupied. She heard that night such a noise as induced her to believe it was caused by ten thousand devils."

After this his experience in what he regarded as diabolism became so common that he ceased to write of them specially. Once, as the tradition goes, he hurled his inkstand at the disturber; and I believe what is said to be the mark of that token of defiance is shown on the wall of his room to this day. I am, however, inclined to think, notwithstanding the visible testimony of Luther's mark, that the story is true in the spiritual sense only; undoubtedly he did hurl an inkstand, with very

great effect, at the real enemy of truth and goodness, the mark of which does remain to this day, and cannot be erased by any detergent yet discovered. The literal story is merely traditional, but the spiritual fact is, as the children say, truer than true. It is its own verification. It is one of the many instances in which a tradition may embody a large amount of spiritual verity. Though, as I said, Luther's favourite method of exorcism—contempt—may be very successful against one class of spirits—the good—it cannot drive away the lower class; nor can it, we are thankful to believe, so affront the very highest as to make them cease to love and serve us. They are willing to be contemned, so long as they can minister, even indirectly, to the object of their care. They are willing to be misunderstood as to character and motives. If you regard an angel of light as the prince of darkness, no matter, if he can even in that character render you any service. Luther had one powerful attraction for good spirits, which would neutralise to them many repelling qualities. He was thoroughly honest; he had an intense love of truth, and would receive it from any quarter—from the Pope—yea, even from the father of lies—if he could be convinced that it was the truth. This is unquestionable, since he actually did give up opinions and practices which he believed to be right, when convinced by the superior reasoning of an invisible spirit whom he believed to be the father of lies. It was only by slow degrees that what is now called Lutheranism developed in Luther's mind. For some time after denouncing the sale of indulgences, he was loyal to the Pope, and still longer to the Papal Church. The part of its ritual last given up was the celebration of private mass, which is still a part of the Roman Catholic ritual. The priest reads the sacramental service, and partakes of the communion supper alone. This Luther continued to do after he had broken off from the Church, until in one of his many controversies with, as he believed, the enemy of all truth and righteousness, he became convinced of the unreasonableness of the practice. The incident, and indeed the whole of the controversy between him and his antagonist, is related by himself, and is to be found in the complete German edition of his works. "Awaking from a sound sleep a few nights ago, the devil, who, I can assure you, has made me pass many an uneasy night, began to speak to me as follows:—'Listen to me, O learned man; do you know that for these fifteen years you have been in the daily habit of saying private masses? Now, what if all this time you have committed daily acts of idolatry, and instead of the body and blood of Christ, you have adored, and have exhibited to others to adore, nothing but plain bread and wine?'"

Luther asserts his priestly capacity and sincerity, and is

answered that the Turks and heathen have as good reasons for their faith and practice; that the Lord's Supper was meant to be a communion, and there could be no communion where one man only partook of the elements. At one part of the controversy Luther says, "My heart began to beat, and the cold sweat to ooze out from every pore. The devil put forth his whole argumentative force, and he has a deep and powerful tone of voice. Nor," he continues, "can such an altercation continue long; on the contrary, question and answer last but an instant. It was then I plainly perceived how it does sometimes happen that people are found in the morning dead in their beds. He can destroy the human frame when and where he chooses; nay, so oppress the soul as to force it from the body, as he has often nearly done mine, so that I am convinced that both the Emperor and Ucolampadius were killed in the same manner, for no human being unassisted by God can withstand it. And on this occasion, however, he got the upper hand of me; but still I listened to what he had to say." The result was, Luther was brought over to his antagonist's opinion, and is not ashamed to confess the change, nor the agent of his conversion. Than this defeat, and the frankness of its acknowledgment—I know of nothing more noble, and I have read of nothing in all history which more clearly manifests a genuine love of truth for its own sake. True, it was very illogical to suppose that a spirit wholly confirmed in evil could possibly be interested in the promotion of truth. "Whoever," said Luther at another time, "wishes to see a true picture of the devil, let him place before his eyes an ungodly, haughty, insolent, and blasphemous man or woman, whose heart and thoughts are totally directed against God, and who takes delight in doing people mischief; there he will perceive the real devil in actual form." Very true—quite a photographic portrait; but it is difficult, if not impossible, to imagine such an one, whether as man or spirit, having the ability to distinguish clearly between truth and error, and to be anxious for the promotion of truth. Nevertheless, the Reformer's honesty shines forth even more clearly than if he had been strictly logical in his estimate of diabolical character.

On entering the spiritual world, all such dimness of vision as to the character of his ministering friends, we may well suppose, would pass away. We are not, indeed, left to conjecture merely in his case. A greater seer—Emanuel Swedenborg—to whom the spiritual world was, for the last twenty or thirty years of his earthly life, more real than the natural, says he had about one hundred interviews with Luther, whom he found in a state of advancement far beyond other of the Reformers, and that the Reformer told him an angel had tried to persuade him while on

earth of the truth of what Swedenborg was discussing, *viz.*, that love was greater than faith. He had in his own awkward way entertained angels unawares, and all mistakes made in the hour of darkness were forgotten amid the fulness of light and peace into which he had entered, because he loved and sought after the light. As in boyhood he ran from those who brought him bread, and said in his riper years, "Thus we often run away with terror from some angel of God who brings only blessings with him," so, if in his manhood he ran from spiritual bread-bringers, it was not so fast nor so far as to prevent the heavenly strength of the messengers from overtaking him. And when, the veil having been lifted by another messenger—whom, in our hour of dimness, we call Death, but whose true name is the Angel of the Resurrection—the scales fell from his eyes, he found in his supposed antagonist none other than his angelic teacher and guardian—

"Not a fiend, a brother more."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FACT AND THEORY.

MR. SERJEANT COX, in his last work, *What am I?* tells us:—

"I have heard an uneducated barman, when in a state of trance, maintain a dialogue with a party of philosophers on 'Reason and Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,' and hold his own against them. I have put to him the most difficult questions in psychology, and received answers, always thoughtful, often full of wisdom, and invariably conveyed in choice and elegant language. Nevertheless a quarter of an hour afterwards, when released from the trance, he was unable to answer the simplest query on a philosophical subject, and was even at a loss for sufficient language to express a commonplace idea."

Mr. Wallace, after quoting this passage in his article in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, says:—"That this is not over-rated I can myself testify, from repeated observation of the same medium. And from other trance-speakers—such as Mrs. Hardinge, Mrs. Tappan, and Mr. Peebles—I have heard discourses which, for high and sustained eloquence, noble thoughts, and high moral purpose, surpassed the best efforts of any preacher or lecturer within my experience."

We would ask Mr. Serjeant Cox how all this comports with his assumption that the intelligence in all cases is none

other than that of the Psychic? If, however, theorists sometimes fail to perceive the significance of their own facts, facts in their turn go on their way, and tell their own tale with brutal disregard to theory.

"NEVER BEEN TO A SEANCE, AND NEVER MEAN TO GO."

A long article against Spiritualism recently appeared in the *Examiner*, but as the writer admits he has never been to a *seance* and says that he never means to go to one, the value of his opinions may be inferred. Following this line of examination, we may shortly expect an article in the *Examiner* from a disciple of "Paralax" attacking the Newtonian astronomy, coupled with the avowal that he has never looked through a telescope, and never means to. Another gifted scribe may favour us with an essay "On the Genius of Shakspeare," declaring that he has never read a play of Shakspeare's, never witnessed the performance of one, and never means to. If this line of criticism should spread to the Continent, we may look for an article in a distinguished foreign journal reviewing English journalism, and containing a paragraph to this effect:—

"The *Examiner* is so called by way of paradox: it gives judgment, but regards examination as superfluous. We are disposed to follow this eminent example, as it saves the over-taxed journalist a great deal of trouble. The *Examiner* is said to be edited by Mrs. Grundy, a lady well known in good society, but rather an old fogey; and this may account for the twaddle which sometimes appears in the columns of the *Examiner*. But for our own part we have never read a line of that journal, and we never mean to."

Seriously, we would ask:—Is personal investigation and practical knowledge to be regarded a qualification for writing on every subject, *Spiritualism alone excepted*?

MRS. TAPPAN AT BRIGHTON AND AT LIVERPOOL.

Mrs. Tappan delivered an oration under spirit-influence, May 23rd, at the Pavilion, Brighton, on "The Advantages of Spiritualism to the Present and Future Life." The *Sussex Daily News* says the address was listened to with respectful attention by an audience of from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons.

Mrs. Tappan's lecturing tour in the Northern and Midland Counties has been even more successful than was anticipated. In Liverpool she is reported to have addressed audiences of two thousand persons.

M. BUGUET IN LONDON.

M. Buguet, who has been so successful in obtaining spirit-photographs in Paris, is now in London for a short time. He brings testimonials from French *savans*, and from well-known English Spiritualists, who have thoroughly tested him, and obtained recognised portraits of friends in spirit-life. Some good spirit-portraits have been obtained at his studio, 33, Baker Street. He expects to return to Paris in a few days. In a note from Mr. Ivimey, 64, Portman Square, June 25th, he writes, "I have had a spirit-portrait taken by M. Buguet that I recognize."

AN AMERICAN MEDIUM FOR PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS
IN LONDON.

Mrs. Annie E. Fay, an American medium, has arrived in London, and is giving *séances* at her residence, 2, Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square, W.C. The manifestations are of the same general type as the Davenports', but different in detail. No cabinet or dark room is employed.

FOUR PERSONS BURNED ALIVE IN MEXICO ON THE CHARGE
OF SORCERY.

The following paragraph is from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (Chicago) of June 6th, 1874:—

"City of Mexico, May 18th, *via* Havana.

"Senor Castilla, Alcalde of Jacoba, in the State of Sinaloa, has officially reported to the Prefect of his district, that on April 4th he arrested, tried, and burned alive, José Maria Bonilla and his wife Diega, for sorcery, it having been proven that they had bewitched one Silvestre Zacarias. The day before the execution, Citizen Porras, as a final test, made Zacarias take three swallows of blessed water, whereupon the latter vomited fragments of blanket and bunches of hair. The Alcalde states that the people were exasperated against sorcerers, and demanded that they be burned, and the sentence was executed with his approval. He adds, that he has his eye on other sorcerers, against whom complaint has been made by the citizens.

"The *Official Diario*, of this city, confirms the report of the outrage, and says that several families in the town have since compelled the officer to burn another old woman and her son for the same cause. The General Government has asked the authorities of Sinaloa to send a detailed report of these proceedings, and to take measures to protect the lives of persons threatened with similar violence."

MANIFESTATIONS IN PARIS.—THE MEDIUM AND THE SPIRITS
SEEN AT THE SAME TIME.—ATTEMPT TO GRASP A SPIRIT.
—SPIRIT-DRAPERY.

Mr. Williams, the medium, has been giving a series of twenty-two *séances* on consecutive evenings in Paris. They seem to have been very successful and to have attracted much attention, not only among the Spiritualists and Spiritists, but also of outsiders and the press. Mr. Gledstones writes that at one of these *séances* he distinctly saw the medium and two spirit-forms—one that of John King—at the same time. At the last *séance*, held at the house of Mr. Chinnery, 52, Rue de Rome, when this spirit with his wonderful lamp was seen, a young man rushed forward to seize the spirit, who eluded his grasp, leaving only in his hand a small portion of the drapery which covered the form. A light was struck, and the medium was found in his chair entranced. On returning to consciousness, and being informed of what had happened, he insisted on being searched; this was at once done, but nothing in the slightest degree suspicious was found. Mr. Williams was very ill for some time afterwards, and twice fell down from weakness before reaching home, but at the cost of some suffering his *bona fides* was completely vindicated. The fragment of drapery seized was found to be of ordinary muslin.

In some instances, as in the experiences recorded by Mr. Livermore, the spirit-drapery, as well as flowers brought to the *séance*, though quite substantial, soon dissolve; but in the majority of cases the drapery, on examination, is found of ordinary textile fabric—just as the flowers, fruit, &c., are perfectly natural. Whence this drapery is obtained, and whither it instantly disappears, are very puzzling with our notions of the fixity of the laws which govern matter, and our limited knowledge; but the true laws which govern these are probably the same as those by which flowers, fruit, snow, feathers, and all sorts of articles are introduced into closed rooms, and are sometimes as mysteriously removed. What these laws are is a new field for science to explore. The passage from matter to spirit is at least as worthy of exploration as the passage to the North Pole; yet for the one we incur great suffering and peril, and we sacrifice years and treasure and precious lives; for the other few men of science will even incur the risk of losing a little reputation, or sacrifice a few months or even hours.

INFLUENCE OF THE BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

We have received a letter from Mr. Newton Crosland, correcting the misapprehensions of and in reply to the P.S. to Mr. Atkinson's letter in our last number; but we have space

only for the following passage, which is of more general interest:—

“ Mr. Atkinson asserts that belief in the immortality of the soul never did or could elevate mankind. Mere apathetic belief in anything is not likely to do any good; but when belief is vitalised into an influence and a principle of action by the quickening power of God’s Holy Spirit, it may then become something of transcendent importance in promoting the elevation of humanity. Belief is a mental frame-work which ought to be filled up with teaching and practice.”

RELATION OF THE PRESENT AND FUTURE LIFE.

The Rev. John Pulford, in one of a series of articles in the *Christian World*, thus refers to the relation of the present and future life: “ But this land of deep shadows is a narrow strip, a solemn, silent boundary between two human homes. We cross the boundary, and find the delightful stir of human life, in a new form; we hear human voices, see old faces beaming with a new gladness, and with the sense of a great welcome we glide into old friendships, renewed now for ever.”

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

A SUMMER MORNING.

As the bird soareth
 From meadow and tree,
 To the blue vault of Heaven,
 On wing light and free;
 Singing for very joy:
 Even to be,
 In the warmth and the sunshine,
 Inspires it with glee.
 So would our souls aspire,
 Gladsome and free;
 Singing a song of praise
 Lord, unto Thee!
 Hopefully, joyfully,
 Ever would we
 On wing of desire
 Mount nearer to Thee!

T. S.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

AUGUST, 1874.

MATERIALISATION OF SPIRIT-FORMS.

THIS latest and most wonderful phase of spirit-manifestation—so convincing to those who have experience of it, and which so effectually dissipates “unconscious cerebration,” “psychic force,” “nerve aura,” and other *pseudo-scientific* crotchets, invented to evade the plain issue of the facts—is now becoming as wide spread as those phases of spirit-manifestation which preceded it; and this class of facts, however startling on their first presentation, so completely carries with it its own evidence that its recognition by all who properly inform themselves concerning it cannot be doubted. From the spirit-hands, so often seen at the Davenport *séances*—and, indeed, soon after the advent of Modern Spiritualism and the spirit-faces at Moravia—the materialisation of spirit-forms has gone on in an orderly, progressive development until now, when the full form of the materialised spirit is seen, mixing freely with the company, shaking hands and talking with them sometimes for an hour together, or even longer. We shall not here quote the testimony of Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., who, in his own laboratory, has walked with the medium on one side and the materialised spirit on the other, as we think it best to wait his forthcoming volume, in which all the facts and evidence will appear in their proper order; but from other and fugitive sources we present some scattered illustrations, which it may be useful to bring together.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and the *Banner of Light* record many similar and even more startling manifestations, as occurring in the United States, especially through the mediumship of the brothers William and Horatio Eddy. At their *séances* the materialized spirits deliver set discourses for a quarter of an hour together; play musical instruments, con-

verse freely, shake hands, and pray with their mortal friends, and some are recognized by them. We quote the following, not as the most striking example, but on account of the well-known names and high character of the witnesses.

In the *Banner of Light*, of May 16th, Mr. Anthony Higgins gives the following account of a *séance* with Mrs. Mary Hardy, of Boston, U.S.A.:—

SPIRIT-MATERIALISATIONS IN BOSTON, U.S.A., IN PRESENCE OF
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, ROBERT DALE OWEN, AND
OTHERS.

"On the evening of April 23rd, in response to the invitation of Mrs. Hardy, a number of ladies and gentlemen attended a private *séance* at 4, Concord Square, Boston. The company consisted of William Lloyd Garrison, Robert Dale Owen, Moses A. Dow, Eben Jackson, W. F. Jamieson, Dr. J. H. Dewey, William Kendall, Anthony Higgins, jun., Mr. Howell (of the *Atlantic Monthly*), Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Amsden, Mrs. Gilbert, and Mrs. Plunkett. Wendell Phillips was expected, but did not attend. The *séance* was held in the dining-room, where I have often enjoyed the hospitality of my kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, and I can assure you that I have had both time and opportunity to find the 'mare's nest,' if it existed. My explorations in this direction may be summed up by saying that I have seldom found two such thoroughly honest persons as Mr. and Mrs. Hardy.

"Take an ordinary dining-room table and remove a leaf from the middle of it; take a 24 by 15-inch pine box, open on one side and at the bottom, and place it on the opening in the table, covering the side of the table between top and floor, and the open space on each side of the box, with cloth, to form a dark cabinet under one half of the table, and you have the whole apparatus. Being seated in front of the box and semi-circled round the table, the company joined hands; the light was lowered for a few seconds, and, at the request of the spirit-operators, then rapped on again, so that the gas jet was about half full, and in about sixty seconds the fingers of a hand to the first joint appeared and disappeared at the opening in the box. By the query, 'Is it for me?' and the assenting or dissenting motion of the hand, the company communicated with it until the right person was found, then the hand appeared in full, moving backward and forward rapidly, as if delighted at the recognition.

"Hands appeared every minute or two, giving signals to nearly every person present. Some of the party asked the privilege of touching the hands, which feat some could accom-

plish while others could not. No matter how anxiously the hand beckoned a friend or relative to come to the opening in the box, in many cases it seemed to involuntarily recede from their approach. William Lloyd Garrison, Robert Dale Owen and Mrs. Brigham were more fortunate. Mr. Garrison shook the hand of what purported to be the representative of his brother James, and received a vigorous and hearty shake from a large negro hand, manipulated by the spirit of Big Dick.

"Moses A. Dow, publisher of the *Waverly Magazine*, felt and played with perfect freedom with the hand of apparently a very dear friend, and placed a well-known ring on one of the fingers. This hand (that of a female) wore a ruffled sleeve, laced at the wrist, as real in texture as material of the same kind worn by the ladies present. Mrs. Brigham, who sat nearest the box opposite Mrs. Hardy, spread the sleeve—or rather part of it—on the table, and fondled the delicate white fingers with perfect freedom. One hand pulled so hard on Mr. Owen's that he cried out, 'That's about as much as I can stand!' With a slight reduction of the light, Mr. Owen was patted and playfully slapped on the cheek, and his hair pulled with such unmistakable meaning that he exclaimed, 'What energy they display!' At my suggestion, the box was removed, and a plain stool placed over the opening in the table. This arrangement allowed the hands to be seen from all parts of the room, and, forming a circle instead of a semi-circle round the table, we had more light and a better view of the spirit-hands.

"I asked the spirits if they could materialise an infant hand; and in a few moments a baby-like, plump, taper-fingered hand appeared and moved about with that unconsciousness of movement observable in the play of an infant's hand. It was no larger than one of from six to twelve months' old, very white, wax-like, and apparently *boneless*. The little fingers would catch in the cut cloth nailed to the bottom of the stool, and in freeing themselves from entanglement would bend and spring with the elasticity of rubber. But the most remarkable change went on in the baby-hand; it slowly *enlarged* in every part, always keeping perfect proportion, until it represented a child's hand of from eight to twelve years' old. Close watch is needed to perceive the change, as it appears and disappears very often. This contraction and expansion of the spirit-hand, though more noticeable in the infant's, is common to all the hands I have seen at Mrs. Hardy's circles. It led me to infer that the difference in size, shape and colour, was more an evidence of the *skill* of one operating spirit, than it was of promiscuous hand-making by friends and relatives. Willie, one of the spirit control of Mrs. Hardy, sustains this theory, and further

says that not one spirit in every thousand can materialise a hand; that it needs a spirit-artist with genius for the work, similar in kind to that which we recognise among the gifted leaders of science and art."

SPIRIT-FORMS SHAPE AND DISSIPATE THEMSELVES IN PRESENCE
OF THIRTEEN PERSONS.

Mr. J. J. Morse, in a letter, dated 89, High Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne, June 20th, writes:—

"On Friday, the 19th inst., I was the guest of Mr. Mould, 12, St. Thomas Crescent, Newcastle, for the purpose of being present at a *séance* with the Newcastle mediums, the Misses Wood and Fairlamb. An ordinary dark *séance* was held, but it was quite barren of any result. After a recess a *séance* for spirit-forms was arranged, Miss Fairlamb in the cabinet, simply a curtained alcove, fronted by a large screen. Gas low, but sufficient to disclose every sitter and the furniture of the room. After the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes, a faint hazy strip of light appeared at the side of the screen, the leaf having swung open, door-like. Floating and undulating, it grew before our eyes—thirteen pairs—and at last, after repeated efforts, came out a full form, at least 5 feet 4 inches in height! It walked with graceful carriage; and, on leaving us, it evaporated in our sight—falling like a fleecy cloud at the entrance to the cabinet! Two other forms—of children—also appeared—came bodily out into our midst; sometimes bright and light, again dull and opaque; and sometimes appearing sharp and real, and anon melting and in part transparent; the heads, busts, and feet of the forms being always brightest. No illusion of sense. The gaslight at the same height throughout. And yet these forms swelled and grew before us, then melted and were lost to view! Miss Fairlamb is a buxom lass, too real to melt into thin air; too short for the tall figures, yet not short enough to personify gracefully the child-forms that flitted so airily before us. Spirit-tests are ever the best. This was one. A ghost that forms before your eyes, and melts as it disappears, is convincing proof that flesh and blood (*i.e.*, the medium) is not 'acting spirit,' and at the same time it shows us our loved are not lost; for one gentleman in Gateshead, who is my host, recognised his mother in one of the forms that appeared to us! In the process of formation detached portions of the form appeared; they united; the form was then complete. Afterwards it melted before our eyes! If thirteen of us could be simultaneously the victims of an illusion, and all in the same direction,

I might say, with Dominie Samson, 'Prodigious!' And so it would be, considering it is not a question of feeling, but one of fact."

TESTIMONY OF T. P. BARKAS, F.G.S.

Mr. T. P. Barkas, F.G.S., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, writes to the *Daily Chronicle* of that town a very circumstantial account of apparently the same *séance*. With nearly all who were present Mr. Barkas says he was personally acquainted. The *séance* was held in the drawing-room of a respectable merchant at Newcastle, June 19th. We omit his account of the first part of the *séance*, at which nothing very remarkable occurred. "But," says Mr. Barkas, "the second portion of the *séance* was as remarkable as the first was uneventful.

"In this second part of the proceedings an arc or curve, consisting of eight chairs, intended for eight sitters, was formed across the drawing-room; the chairs faced the fire-place, and the distance of the centre chairs from the fire-place was about 10 feet. The stove forming the fire-place was black, and was surrounded by a broad white marble mantel-piece. On the mantel-piece was a very large mirror. At each side of the mantel-piece is a recess, such as is commonly seen in modern drawing-rooms. Speaking from the position of a spectator facing the mantel-piece, there was a square table in the left-hand recess, and the right-hand recess was draped with long dark curtains. In front of the recess and curtains there was a four-folding screen, the third leaf of which was placed upon a book in order that the fourth leaf next the mantel-piece might move freely as a door on its hinges. An arm-chair was placed in the recess, and Miss F. was invited to enter the recess, and place herself upon the chair.

"Prior to the lady entering this extemporised cabinet, I went in and examined the place carefully, and found an entire absence of anything except the chair, curtains, and smooth surface of the screen. Miss F. is a lady apparently about seventeen years of age, of middle stature, probably 5 feet high, She was dressed in an ordinary close-fitting grey dress.

"When Miss F. had taken her position in the recess the eight front chairs were accepted by two ladies, six gentlemen, and the little girl sat on the knee of the gentleman on my left. I sat on the fourth chair from the right-hand wall of the room, and, of course, on the fifth from the left-hand wall, there being eight chairs in the curve. My chair was immediately under the chandelier, and the curve of eight chairs equally divided the room. The remaining seven visitors occupied a row of

chairs behind the first row. The entrance to the room was behind all the sitters, and was kept locked during the whole proceedings.

"Arrangements being complete, and each sitter being in position, a complete chain was formed by each person grasping and holding during the whole *séance* the hands of his neighbours. The gas was then turned down, so that it merely gave a glimmering light, but sufficient to enable any person present to distinguish the objects that were before and about him. These preliminary arrangements having been made, some of the popular Revival melodies were again sung, and the startling phenomena of the evening began to present themselves.

"My readers must please to bear in mind that Miss F., the lady in the recess and behind the screen, was the only person in the room who was not held, and certainly was the only person behind the screen. She is a young lady about 5 feet high, and had on her a tight-fitting grey dress.

"The light in the room being rendered dim by the gas being lowered, the company sang, for about five minutes, some of the popular melodies of the day, when the free leaf of the screen was seen to move, and a very faintly defined nebulous-looking small figure glided from behind the screen and presented itself in front of the fire-place; the motion of the figure was very timid, and it speedily retired. Shortly after the door of the screen was again opened, and on this occasion a tall semi-luminous figure, draped from head to foot as a female, in a luminous gauze-like garb, glided out. The apparition was very tall, and I had an excellent opportunity of forming an estimate of its height. I sat opposite the large mantel-piece mirror, and saw the reflection of the single gaslight that was burning in the room. The figure glided past the mirror, and I noticed that when the lower part of the face and upper part of the neck of the figure crossed the reflection of the gaslight, the reflection became invisible, proving the opacity of the figure to the passage of rays of light, and affording me the means of measuring its height, which I did at the close of the *séance*, by requesting a gentleman present, who was about 5 feet 6 inches high, to stand before the glass, when I found, by such comparison, that the spectral figure was taller than he, and, therefore, at least 6 inches taller than Miss F., the medium. Several remarkable peculiarities were manifest in the tall female figure. She or it glided, and did not appear to walk, but rather to slide noiselessly across the floor. The figure, when standing immediately before me, was asked if she were related to any one present, and by three knocks indication was given that she was. Eventually the figure intimated, by a slow

bowing of the head, in reply to questions that she was related to Mr. R., the gentleman who sat on my extreme left. She was asked by him to come across the room and speak to him. The figure immediately glided across to where he sat, and stooping or reclining where he sat, according to the testimony of Mr. R., mentioned to him the name of his wife. The lady next to Mr. R. heard the whisper, but did not catch the name. The figure again rose, and stood opposite to where I sat. She (the figure) was then asked to give some token to each one present. The figure stooped down and picked up a tray of biscuits, and, sliding cautiously forward, tray in hand, presented one to each of the persons in the front circle, each of whom removed one from the tray. I took one in each hand, and at the present time have in my possession the biscuit I took with my right hand. The figure then glided backwards, and before departing behind the screen displayed the skirts of her dress, which formed a train on the carpet extending 2 feet from her person. During the five or ten minutes that this apparition was before us, it frequently altered the brilliancy of its semi-luminous apparel, the upper and lower parts of which were at all times the most luminous. The bright nebulous-looking skirts extended from the form a distance of 2 feet, and gracefully swept the floor during the time the figure moved about.

"After an interval of about two minutes another form appeared from behind the screen. On this occasion it was the form of a female child, about 4 feet high, the head being visible just above the level of the mantel-piece. This form glided about in the open space between the sitters and the mantel-piece, and speedily re-entered the space behind the screen. In a very brief period another form appeared, and on this occasion the figure was not the height of the mantel-piece, being little more than 3 feet high. The form was not so distinctly visible as was that of the tall figure, but, nevertheless, was easily recognizable. This figure seemed to draw open the breast of its dress or covering, and revealed, apparently, a brownish-black body. The child-like form was asked to dance, and a pair of small hazy black feet, visible beneath the white skirts of its garments, moved rapidly in the act of dancing on the floor, and I heard a kind of rhythmical beat on the floor, but whether the noise was produced by the figure or by some in the room beating time, I cannot positively say.

"This figure having retired, another female figure of ordinary stature, apparently about 5 feet in height, made its appearance, and cautiously moved about the space in front of us. This figure, on being interrogated, intimated, by knocks and by bowing the head, that it was related to some one present. The

question, 'Are you related to me?' was asked by each sitter, commencing with Mr. R. on my extreme left and passed along the circle with negative answers until it reached Mr. H., who sat two to my right, when the answer was 'Yes.' He said, 'Are you my mother?' and the figure bowed in affirmation. He said, 'Will you please to shake hands with me, mother?' The figure glided across to him, extended its arm, took his hand and grasped it; finally it raised his hand to its lips and impressed on it a very audible kiss. The figure then glided backward and passed behind the screen. After this a masculine Scottish voice was heard behind the screen, the gas was turned fully on, the screen was thrown open, and Miss F. was found, in her ordinary costume, sitting in the arm-chair in a condition of trance, out of which in the course of a few minutes she came, and this remarkable *séance* terminated.

"Permit me, in conclusion, to say that I have not the slightest doubt of the objective reality of the phenomena described, and that they were not and could not be produced by any person visibly present in the room."

TESTIMONY OF MR. DUNPHY IN "LONDON SOCIETY."—THE SPIRIT AND THE MEDIUM SEEN TOGETHER.—SPIRIT DRAPERY.

The July number of *London Society* has a second article by Mr. H. M. Dunphy on "Modern Miracles," giving experiences of much interest, though little that will be new to the majority of our readers; but we quote his testimony on a subject on which there has lately been much controversy.

"As Mrs. and Miss Showers were to leave town the following day, and knowing the importance of getting the crucial test on that occasion, I said to Florence, 'I want you particularly to give me a test that must satisfy everybody.' She replied, 'I will, if I can.' I then said, 'I want to see you and the medium together, as you know it is said you are so like the medium that you must be one and the same person.' Her answer was, 'I will try.' No condition of any kind was imposed. Florence then went behind the curtain, and a minute or two afterwards re-appeared, and, beckoning me forward, said, 'Come and see her.' I responded immediately, and crossing the room, stood beside the figure. She was then, I should add, taller than the medium, and to my view had a certain angularity of form which I had never observed in Miss Showers. She then drew aside the curtain with her left hand, and, pointing with her right, said, 'Look.' There, seated in the chair as we had left her, but with her head thrown over her left shoulder, and the right

side of her face visible, was unquestionably the immobile and unconscious form of Miss Showers! There could be no mistake about it. It was no delusion. She was there, beyond all possibility of doubt. Having satisfied myself on this point, I returned to my seat; but on the re-appearance of Florence immediately afterwards, I said, 'Will you give me one more test to satisfy me?' The answer was as before, 'I will if I can; but what is it?' I replied, 'I want this crowning test: I want to follow you instantly behind the curtain, and I wish to place the light so that I can see well into the room.' Florence at once acceded. She made no stipulation beyond this: 'Come when I call you, and come quickly.' The latter part of the injunction was quite unnecessary. I then placed a small benzine lamp on the sofa, about 3 feet from the curtain, and sat down. I was then so near the sliding doors that I could have reached them with my left hand without rising to my feet. I had not been seated more than a few seconds when Florence, partly opening the curtain, extended her hand and said, 'Come now.' I sprang up, and throwing aside the curtain which I held wide back with my left hand, stood inside, and could see—nothing, except Miss Showers still in a trance in the arm-chair. 'Where are you, Florence?' I exclaimed; but there was no answer. I strained my eyes to see any moving object, but failed. The figure in white that I had seen a second before had absolutely vanished into air. Still holding back the curtain, that I might get as much light as possible, I repeated the question, 'Florence, where are you?' Then there came from the corner of the room immediately behind the medium the well remembered voice of Florence, 'Oh, I am here; do you not see me?' I could see nothing. 'I cannot see you,' I said, 'but if you are there, touch me, and let me touch the medium at the same time.' I then extended my right arm until it rested on the head of the medium. Immediately on doing so my fingers were grasped by an invisible hand. The touch was rather cold, and in all respects similar to that of the apparition whose hands I had felt several times while she was in the front drawing room talking with us."

Of only less interest than the materialisation of spirit-forms is the question of spirit drapery. On this point Mr. Dunphy gives the following curious relation:—

"I must not forget to relate what appeared to me one of the most convincing proofs of Katie's more than natural power, namely, that when she had cut, before our eyes, twelve or fifteen different pieces of cloth from the front of her white tunic as *souvenirs* for her friends, there was not a hole to be seen in it, examine it which way you would. It was the same with her veil, and I have seen her do the same thing several times.

"I may add that I have seen the pieces of cloth cut from the tunic. Another eye-witness tells me that fifteen or sixteen pieces were cut in his presence and that the front of the skirt 'looked like a cullender,' but that all Katie did to restore it to its original shape was to bring the folds together with her hands, and then shake them out again, when the skirt was found to be whole and entire as before!"

In his concluding observations, Mr. Dunphy remarks:—

"I advance no theories of my own to explain or account for what I have seen. All I lay claim to is critical accuracy for my description of experiences, acquired in many cases under circumstances which would have given me especial facilities for the detection and exposure of fraud. I found none."

This phase of manifestation is of such engrossing interest, and our materials are so abundant that we shall probably return to it in our next.

A PSALM OF PENITENCE.

THROUGH waters deep my soul has gone,
Through waters of affliction;
With tears my wrongful deeds I own
And duty's dereliction.

Yet not in fear my hands I spread
To fabled Deity,
Whose vengeance heaped upon my head,
Outlasts eternity.

Oh, no! Some pitying pow'r looks down
On mortals' vain career;
Heaven wears no everlasting frown;
Its wrath is but a tear.

And sins avenge themselves; my heart
Has learnt that truth full well:
For mine has been the pang, the smart
Of self-inflicted hell.

But o'er the darkness dawn will break,
Deep peace succeed to sorrow;
And though to-day man's heart may ache,
'Twill throb with joy to-morrow.

ST. GEORGE STOCK.

LOUISA LATEAU.

“MR. MAJUNKE, a Catholic priest, and editor of the leading Ultramontane organ in Prussia, the *Germania*, has just published a narrative of some curious experiences he has recently undergone in Belgium, in the way of miraculous physical phenomena, which narrative I have translated, and transmit for publication in your columns, convinced that it cannot but be fraught with interest to many of your readers:—

“The manifestation at Bois d'Haine is nothing new in the history of the Church, which affords from 50 to 60 instances in the course of past centuries of persons in whom the same miracle and especial condescension of God have been recognised. By stigmatisation, we understand that peculiar appearance presented by persons who on Fridays exhibit upon their bodies the five chief wounds inflicted upon our Saviour, and bleed from them. In Louisa Lateau's case, the bleeding begins at midnight of the Thursday, and ends at midnight of the Friday. First the forehead bleeds, as though the pointed thorns of the crown were sticking into the skin; the blood runs out from under the hair, bubbles up in little rills, and streams down the cheeks towards the point of the nose; then the hands, the side, and the feet begin to bleed above and below. I have seen Louisa three times; on Friday morning, Friday afternoon, and Saturday morning. Many of these Blessed of the Lord have been gifted with the grace of ecstasy, or spiritual spasms, as well as with stigmatisation. The spirit is then removed far away from the body, and the soul is transferred to a supernatural, superterrestrial realm, which we cannot perceive with our bodily eyes. Louisa Lateau possesses the gift of ecstasy. It begins on Friday afternoons at precisely two o'clock, and lasts till about half-past four. Her body is for that time entirely insensible to the outer world and to exterior impressions, however painful in nature; the eyes are glazed and fixed upon the sky, and the hands spread out as if in prayer. The physical organisation is not disturbed in its functions, for one can hear her breathing; but one can recognise the supernatural as well as the natural life—namely, the spasms in God. Louisa is a very simple maiden; she has been very little amongst human beings, and has spent the greatest part of her life in a solitary country hovel. This hovel reminds one of the stable at Bethlehem; in the same manner as kings from far-distant lands were drawn thither, so do princes, counts, ministers, exalted and learned men—with the exception of Professor Virchow, who

appears to be afraid of miracles—make pilgrimage to Bois d'Haine, to contemplate the wonders of God. There I met Bishop Mermillod, exiled from liberal Switzerland; also Lefebvre, Professor of Medical Science at the University of Louvain. These persons desired to test the extraordinary manifestations, and to make experiments in order to verify its authenticity, and convince themselves that they verily had to do with supernatural matters. I will now plainly and simply relate the whole business as I saw it with my own eyes.

“Louisa receives the Holy Communion daily, it is her only nourishment, for she has not for the last two years eaten or drunk anything else. If she does not communicate she becomes wearied to death; in consequence of which it is permitted to her to enjoy the Body of the Lord even on Good Friday. Every morning, at six o'clock, she visits the church, which is a good long way off; only on Fridays she does not do so, the Holy “*Wegzehrung*” being brought to her on those days. This was done last Friday by the highly worthy Bishop in person, and I officiated. We found everything prepared as though for an ordinary patient suffering from a grave malady; in the little brick-floored room Louisa was kneeling before the table, all streaming with blood. She took the Holy Communion with passionate desire, almost greedily. At two o'clock p.m. she fell into an ecstasy. The Lord Bishop went to her a little time before to see if, perhaps, she would pass the appointed time in conversation. But no; exactly at two o'clock she became silent, her eyes glazed. The priest of the place declared that Louisa beheld several sorts of apparitions during her ecstasy. First, she sees God in His glory; then the sufferings of Christ, especially the last stages of the same. At a little before three Louisa falls down; at three she spreads out her hands. What is very remarkable in these spasms is, that, although the spirit is transferred to other regions, it lives also for the immediate surroundings of the body. For instance, when a consecrated object or article is brought near Louisa it produces a soft smile upon her countenance. She also smiles when prayer is going on. At particular moments—we were fourteen in all, and the priests were praying the Breviary—as, for instance, at the “*Gloria Patri*,” at the words “*Misericordia*” and “*Misericors*,” she smiled in a quite peculiar and remarkable manner, whether the prayer was read in French, German, or Hebrew. In her ecstasy she understood all languages. She could perfectly distinguish between consecrated and unconsecrated articles. Professor Lefebvre convinced us that she was exempted from all the laws of the natural world-order, by throwing his sharp-pointed penknife at her outstretched hand. The hand did not

shrink, nor did any blood appear on the place where it had been pierced through. The speaker reminded those present that the well-known Bernadette, of Lourdes, had held a taper in her hand, that its flames had played about her fingers, and not in the least damaged them—a fact insisted upon by thousands. When, during prayers, the names of Jesus and Mary were mentioned, Louisa raised the upper part of her body from the ground; but this raising was all of a piece, not by degrees, as usually happens; she floated upwards all at once. As the Lord Bishop spoke the words, "O! my Jesus, I fall on my knee," she twisted herself round so hastily, and fell on her knee, before the Bishop, that both I and the Lord Bishop were quite startled, for I was afraid she was going to throw herself out of window. By chance the episcopal cross got into the way of her hands, and she took hold of it. As soon as prayers were over she fell down again—that is to say, she did not *fall* down, for if she had she must have hurt herself on the bricks, but she floated down. There is no fitting descriptive word in our language for the appearance of her downfall.

"Next morning, at six, Louisa was again in church, although she had lost so much blood on Friday; her feet were again enabled to carry her. I visited her again. As I came in I found her busy sewing with her sisters; she offered me a chair, and was considerably reserved. Her face was somewhat pale, as though enlightened. I told her I was a priest from Germany, where the Church has to suffer so much just now; that she should pray for the Catholics in Germany and for me; I would also be mindful of her during the holy sacrifice of mass. She said, "*Je vous remercie, Monsieur.*" Father Majunke concludes: 'It pleases God to reveal his Being through such manifestations, and to show that He does not forget us; and exactly at such moments as those in which his bride, the Church, is most vehemently persecuted. Thus we find the stigmatised ones in the first, sixteenth, and in this century. God, who can work such miracles, can also smash up his enemies. The manifestation in Bois d'Haine has strengthened and fortified me for all the storms that I have still to fight out; and if my testimony has helped to prop up your belief in the marvellous ways of God and in His power, I esteem myself doubly happy.'

"I have endeavoured as far as it is possible in translation, to preserve the quaint *naïveté* of phraseology that characterises Father Majunke's narrative, which is, in style, more like a production of the fifteenth than of the nineteenth century. No one, on reading it in the original German, would believe it to emanate from the editor of a leading political newspaper, pub-

lished in the German capital. With respect to the subject of the narrative, I forbear from making any comments upon it and from reproducing any of the hotly-ferocious or coldly-contemptuous criticisms it has elicited from the organs of the intelligent classes here of all political *nuances*—confining myself to the simple statement that Conservatives, Liberals, Democrats, and Socialists are all unanimous concerning the mental condition of those human beings who can be brought to place the least faith in such ‘*Märchen*.’ Mr. Majunke must be indeed a sanguine man if he expects credence to be accorded to the stigmatisation of Louisa Lateau in a city where Protestantism is so tremendously developed as it is in Berlin.” —“*Daily Telegraph*,” June 27.

[The foregoing account confirms the narrative of this case given in a former volume of this Magazine. As was then pointed out the remarkable phenomena it exhibits were fully tested, and their genuine character established by experienced and sceptical physicians. The Rationalist critics who sneer at them, the Evangelicals who regard them as Satanic wonders, and the Romanists who esteem them as special marks of Divine favour in attestation of the Roman Church, are equally far from a correct appreciation of these psychological manifestations. In Spiritualism alone we have the key to unlock these mysteries. Trance, ecstasy, spiritual vision, levitation and marks on the body by invisible power, are now familiar to us. The stigmata, so long a stumbling-block to Protestants and Rationalists, is only another form of the manifestation of writing names of departed friends, or producing other marks on the skin, of which we have given so many examples. No doubt they may be the work of Roman Catholic fanatics in the other world acting through their sensitive mediums; but they no more evidence the truth of Romanist pretensions than do the spiritual manifestations among Mormons, Shakers and Swedenborgians evidence the truth of the claims put forth by these several sects. Knowledge is power; and when the facts of Spiritualism are more fully and better known, it will be seen how little support they yield to priestly or any form of exclusive sectarian pretensions. As an example of Spiritualism among ultra-Protestants we give the story of Isabel Vincent on another page.—ED. S. M.]

EVANGELICAL HONESTY IN ITALY.

THE Evangelical Protestants are everywhere alike; they all think they discover the cloven foot under the robe of Spiritualism, but none of them see that it peeps unquestionably from beneath their own robe. It is the case of the beam and the mote in the pious eye. One would not so much mind the religious sects accusing Spiritualists of trickery if they would only be honest themselves.

Some time ago I sent you an account of a disputation betwixt the Spiritists, Kardechians, and certain Protestant ministers in Rome, in which the Kardechians were said to have come off most deplorably. These worthy ministers pride themselves on doing battle for the truth in the very face of the Pope and the Vatican, against the errors of Rome, and fall themselves into the error of confounding all Spiritualists with Kardechians, *i.e.*, Reincarnationists. They have now come forth flamingly in the *Corriere Evangelico* on Spiritualism at large, telling their readers, who of course know nothing of these matters, that Maskelyne and Cook are re-producing in London all the phenomena of Spiritualism. They say, "Now the light breaks in. All know what a stir the so-called Spiritists, or spirit-mediums, have made both in Europe and America with their marvellous phenomena. Everybody has been astounded by these accounts, and some, believing these things really supernatural, have made a religion of them; whilst others, equally believing them supernatural, and only possible through the agency of spirits, have held them to be the work of evil ones, and have, therefore, condemned and denounced them. Both these classes of persons have proved themselves to be people of wretched judgment and petty and feeble intellect; in fact, Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook are now every day in London re-producing all these boasted phenomena without any pretensions of being aided by good or bad spirits. In a word, it is a mere matter of machinery and a skilful legerdemain. We will detail the proceedings of these clever artists, and then our readers will see that there is nothing supernatural in them at all."

They then describe at length the cabinet scenes, the tying and untying, the playing of the instruments, the entrance of a Signor Baldo into the cabinet in which Maskelyne and Cook are fast bound, and his assurance, on coming out again, that these gentlemen never moved the whole time of the various phenomena. In a word, it is the whole programme of the Davenports, with the succeeding dark *séance* in which the musical instruments, rubbed with phosphoric oil to make them

visible, fly about the room. Having given the details, they add, "As we have said, our readers can now form their own judgment of these phenomena."

Yes truly, my pious Protestant Evangelical ministers of Rome, but they could have formed a much more correct judgment of them, had you told them the whole truth. If you had told them that Dr. Sexton and others had publicly, over and over, exposed the whole of the operations of these gentlemen conjurors, and had challenged them, on terms most advantageous to them, to perform their feats as the spiritual mediums do, that is, without confederates and machinery. That the £1,000 offered them for doing them under the same conditions under which the spirit-mediums do them—a most tempting premium—to this day remains unsought after by them, though these clever fellows do all their tricks for money and money only.

Now these Evangelical expositors of Spiritualism in the *Corriere Evangelico* must have known, or their informant in England must have known one side of the story just as well as the other, yet they give the falsehood and omit the truth! If this Signor Baldo be an Italian, and not a mere *nom de guerre*, he is probably their informant; a choice correspondent! And these writers in the *Corriere Evangelico* are the promulgators of Gospel truth in priest-ridden Italy. These are the champions of Protestantism against the queen of all spiritual sorcerers sitting on the beast who utters lying blasphemies against God and His Christ, and who fills the whole earth with her lies and filthiness. Alas, poor Italy! if these be her regenerators, what is to become of her if her very Protestant redeemers learn the false tricks of the old synagogue of Satan, and seek to win the people so long dosed with poisonous fictions only to new deceits?

All the sects of Protestantism now in Italy will henceforth believe that Spiritualism is a mere juggle and a cheat, and who will contradict them? Waldensians, Evangelicals, Methodists and Baptists will sing the same chorus of delusion; they will preach Spiritualism as a grand hoax, while the real hoaxers will be these religious ministers and journals. Certainly—

Satan finds some mischief still
For holy hands to do.

The spectacle is edifying, and shows that Truth is still at the bottom of her well. When does she mean to come up? Perhaps when she finds a really sound, trustworthy bucket let down to her. At present the buckets are all too clerical and rotten, and would not bear so solid and weighty a personage as TRUTH!

W. H.

SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE TWO CENTURIES AGO.

THE STORY OF ISABEL VINCENT, FROM THE PASTORAL LETTERS OF THE REVEREND AND LEARNED MONSIEUR JURIEU.*

"You may perhaps think it very strange, my brethren, that being accustomed to entertain you with all such extraordinary matters as relate to religion, we have not yet acquainted you with what hath happened in Dauphiné; where God (for so many months past) hath made use of the ministry of a simple shepherdess that can neither write nor read (a child of about 15 or 16 years of age), to declare His marvels and to publish His truth. The occasion of our so long silence, hath been the time and care we have taken to be fully informed of the reality of the fact, that so we might not build our reflections upon false grounds. After all the assurances imaginable, we have found the matter-of-fact in short to be thus:—

"She is but a young girl of about 15 or 16 years of age; her name is Isabel Vincent, a countryman's daughter near Saou, within two leagues of Crêt, in Dauphiné, by profession a shepherdess, dwelling with her uncle, having been born of a father, who (several years before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes) had left his religion in consideration of money. She fell into an ecstasy upon the 12th day of this present February. Her ecstasy did not seem at first to be anything else but a sort of apoplexy, or natural lethargy, into which she fell without any appearance of a violent motion; she returned out of it again after having been in it some hours, her health not being in the least impaired by it. In this first fit she neither said nor did anything extraordinary. Upon the following night, which was that of the 13th or 14th of February, she fell again into those fits, that have held her ever since that time. They did not seem to be anything but a kind of a profound sleep, out of which it was not possible to fetch her; they pulled her, they thrust her, they called her, they pricked her till the blood came,

* "The Reflections of the Reverend and Learned Monsieur Jurieu, upon the strange and Miraculous Extasies of Isabel Vincent, the Shepherdess of Saou in Dauphiné; who ever since February last has Sung Psalms, Frayed, Preached, and Prophesied about the Present Times in her Trances, as also upon the Wonderful and Portentious Trumpetings and Singing of Psalms, that were heard by thousands in the air (in many parts of France) in the year 1686: taken out of the Pastoral Letters of the 1st and 15th October last. To which is added a Letter of a Gentleman in Dauphiné to a friend of his in Geneva, containing the Discourses and Prophetesies of the Shepherdess. All faithfully Translated out of the French copies, for publick information. *Discite Justitiam moniti, & non temnere Divos.*" London: Printed for RICHARD BALDWIN in the Old Bailey, 1689.

they pinched her, they burnt her, yet nothing would awake her, so that she was in an entire and absolute privation of all sense, which is the true character of an ecstasy. In this condition she spoke and uttered many excellent and Divine matters. She can neither write nor read; she had never learnt any other prayer in her life but her Pater Noster and Credo; she could speak no other language but the vulgar one of her own country, which hath nothing of French in it. The first five weeks she spoke (during the time of her ecstasies) no other language but that of her own country, because she had no other auditors but the country people of her own village—for by all the relations that we have seen it is apparent that she speaks according to her hearers. After these first five weeks, the noise of this miracle being spread abroad, there came people that could speak and understand French; then she fell a speaking of French, and that in as an exact and correct a dialect as if she had been brought up at Paris, and that in one of the families where they speak French best. The subject of her discourses is always about religion, and therein she uses to follow very near the order and manner of our Divine Service; and though she never in her life learnt one psalm, nor ever understood one tune, yet, notwithstanding this, she sings them without missing one syllable or one note; yea, she sings them very sweetly and agreeably too, and for the most part quite thorough. And here it is that she ordinarily begins. After this she makes prayers, which are very admirable and excellent ones. Oftentimes she names certain texts of Scripture, which she takes for the subject of her discourses. She explains them, and speaks upon them, and that not after the manner of preachers, or in a set method, but in a manner very singular, and always full of good sense; and it being out of the ordinary rules of method, it gives the greater character of divinity to what she saith, for we do not find that inspired persons use to follow human methods in their discourses. Her expressions are always very vigorous and touching. She is quick in her reprehensions, which she addresses above all others to such as through baseness have changed their religion for interest, and so have sold their souls for money. She very often addresses herself to the Converters (as they call them) calling them merchants and truckers for souls. She endeavours to make them see the foulness of their conduct, and of the means they use to make their conversions by. If there be any one among her auditors that is found to be distinguished by any baseness of this kind, she never fails to direct her discourse to him. Her own father confessed that coming one night into her chamber she cried out aloud as he was coming in, without ever seeing him, that they would take away that wretched Judas,

who had sold Jesus Christ for money. Sometimes she handles the controversies betwixt us and the Papists, and she handles them with a great deal of strength, though without any method, and with reasonings (as it were) broken and unjoined, but such as are always very just, and principally by applying several passages out of the Holy Scriptures. After having encountered against the sacrifice of the Mass, she concluded one day with these words—'In one word, there can be no sacrifice where there is no remission of sin.' Another time she would condemn the idolatry of the Church of Rome, by such texts of Scripture as appoint the worshipping of one God only. Sometimes she repeats a part of the Mass, or of the office in Latin; and then refutes it, by shewing the abominations contained in it. She pronounces the Latin she speaks very truly, and very intelligibly. Her motions in delivery are not at all violent, neither does she use any strong agitation of her body; she puts her arms out of bed, and with them forms certain graceful and well ordered gestures. Her voice is clear and intelligible, but without any affectation; she moves her lips, but it is but slowly, and without any appearance of a convulsion. There have been some physicians to view and examine her in this condition, but they could observe nothing in her that savoured of any sickness or bodily infirmity. Among the many menaces which she makes against the wicked, she mixes also promises to the faithful, and to such as shall repent. And her promises are not only general and indeterminate ones, but it is very certain that she hath made some very particular predictions also; but as the wise men of that country do not think it proper at present to say anything of her predictions, I shall say nothing either.

"This much is most certain: that she hath promised the Church a very sudden deliverance. When she is come out of her ecstasies she remembers nothing at all of what hath passed, nor of what herself hath said. She affirms that she hath slept very well, and seems not at all tired, after having talked sometimes three, four and five hours together—for her fits are of no less continuance. True it is that she speaks but by fits all this time, and her discourses are not always connected; and although the motions and actions which the Holy Spirit of God causes in her make not any impression on her imagination and memory (since she remembers nothing of them), yet it is notwithstanding certain that her natural sense becomes thereby more clear and refined. For in the beginning she was observed after her waking to return to her natural simplicity, and to the ignorance of a poor shepherdess, and of a country girl without any education and whose instruction hath been wholly neglected, but it is now apparent, by several relations, that her sentiment is become solid

—nay, that she hath something in her that even sparkles; which hath been more especially noted since her falling into the hands of our enemies. She was apprehended upon the beginning of the month of June, and carried to Crêt, and examined three several times, both at Crêt and at Grenoble. It is very easy to imagine that there hath been nothing omitted to lay her open and to find her a counterfeit, and to induce her to discover her pretended accomplices; but she hath still answered all these interrogatives with so much justness and discretion, and with so many marks of sincerity, that the most able advocate in the kingdom could not form a better reply after 15 days' study upon the interrogatives. These are the very words of our relations, and of the officers of justice that have examined her. She answers to everything they ask her, with very good sense, and not without quickness of wit; she renders a reason for her faith, and easily confounds all such as come to pose her with questions. She hath been removed from place to place; first to Crêt, then to the hospital at Grenoble, and then to a convent of nuns near Grenoble. In all which places she continues to fall into her trances and to discourse in her fits. They have shaved her head and taken away all the clothes and linen she had—pretending she might have some charm hid somewhere about her; nay, some priests came and exorcised her with holy water, as though she had been possessed with some evil spirit; but to no purpose at all—she is still the same. Sometimes they have given way to some of the new converts to approach her in the daytime while she was in prison, or in the hospital of Grenoble; but they would never give leave to any of them to pass the night in her company, nor to be witnesses of what she said when she fell into her ecstacy. The last letters say, that the rage of the false devotees was so great against her that she could not be thought secure of her life, but for certain persons of the first note in that country, who gave orders about her. All I have here said is the naked truth; but it is not all the truth; for we give you no particulars of what she hath either said or done. There are some discreet, able and unprejudiced persons of that country who labour to make an exact collection of all that is certain and well-proved about her; and we have most assured hopes that the time is now coming in which it will be both safe and free to see it.

“The long time for which we have deferred to speak of this miraculous event, hath given us opportunity to understand the different judgments of other men about her, and to make our own reflections upon these different judgments. It is no marvel at all, if from the side of the *espîrit forts* (or strong heads) there have proceeded an infinity of things in which sense

and reason can never give men any better satisfaction than religion can; since even from the side of those that are truly good, and that have a great sense of religion on their minds, there have come to us many things that have very much startled us, so terrible they appeared to us. To speak in general: As incredulity was never seen to be pushed to that height, nor (with respect to the present matter) to fall into so great an excess—from which even discreet and wise persons have not been preserved—so the Papists have certainly nothing at all to apprehend on our part, nor have they any reason to be afraid, lest our reformed should get any advantage hereby against them, for they do all they can possibly do to disparage and ruin the story. This is such a sort of ingratitude against the providence and goodness of God, that it ought not to be any longer endured. We must, therefore, at length plead the cause of God, and let these incredulous spirits understand into what a danger they throw themselves; either while they deny a matter of fact so apparent, or while they turn this story into ridicule, when they even allow of the verity of the fact. Jesus Christ accused the Pharisees of sinning against the Holy Ghost, because they attributed to Beelzebub (Prince of the Devils) those miraculous actions which He had produced by the Spirit of God. In very deed, this makes me tremble for these mockers, who at this day laugh at this great and wonderful accident; I wonder they do not consider, that if peradventure this should come from God, they do despite to the Spirit of Grace, by attributing its works either to human contrivance or fraud, or else to a diabolical spirit, as some do. It is indeed a mark of great discretion not to believe anything lightly, and, therefore, anyone may very lawfully suspend his judgment, if he find not the proofs of fact sufficiently convincing; but a good man, much less a Christian, ought never to run the risk of doing despite to God's Blessed Spirit, by attributing to impure spirits the works that appertain to Him. Some there are that have gone so far as to say, that, allowing the fact to be true and that the work, moreover, did proceed from God, yet it should not be divulged, by reason of the hurt it may do. Certainly, one knows not how to christen such extravagances as these. This is no other than to raise oneself above the wisdom of God; that is to say, that He does certain extraordinary works, which not only do no good at all, but a great deal of hurt. In one word, it is as much as to say that God had done wiser to have let them alone; for it is very plain that wisdom requires that one should omit the doing of such actions, as when they are done ought to be suppressed and kept silent. And, since we have employed ourselves so long time in hearing the opinions of other people, we hope it will not be

imputed to us as a fault if we give our own, and offer our reflections upon these different sentiments.

"In the first place, there are some people who support themselves upon the falsity of the matter of fact; and this, perhaps, is the greater number. And it may be also, that this is the best retrenchment that our bold wits can shelter themselves in; and yet, notwithstanding, it is good for nothing at all; for I cannot imagine how they can call in question a fact of so great notoriety as this is—a fact, whereof there is an infinite number of witnesses; a fact, that hath continued for so many months together; a fact, whereof our very enemies are at this day witnesses, and the truth of which they have sufficiently convinced us of by their own conduct.

"It is now three whole months that this girl hath been in their hands; since which time she is altogether inaccessible to all such as are styled New Converts. If the matter of fact be fabulous, ought they not to call together all the people of Dauphiné, to let them see this girl sleeping quietly, like another person, without talking? Or, if she doth talk, that they may see she talks nothing but extravagances and matters of no connection or coherence; as has been given out by some people? Would the Papists have failed to have sent for the New Converts, that they might take notice of these extravagances; and that they might see how they have been imposed upon hitherto? Instead of this, what instance soever an infinite number of New Catholics have at any time made to be present at this girl's sleep, they would never grant it to any one of them. Here we declare to the enemies of the truth, that, as long as they shall persist in this conduct, they will still the more persuade us that this girl continues to talk against their religion, and to confound them. Besides this proof, which alone is capable to convince people as to the reality of the fact, we have several others that are positive ones;—that is, so many declarations and relations of discreet persons, who are enlightened, knowing, and intelligent; and not at all superstitious, or pre-engaged by any prejudice, who were present upon the places, and who have seen and heard with their own eyes and ears.

"An account of all hath been written, in Dauphiné, by very considerable persons of that country, who have addressed themselves to men of letters, both wise and knowing; and that after having examined the girl very carefully in their own persons and with their own eyes. Several questions have been sent them, and they have returned back the letter, together with the questions that were sent them, with their answer subjoined to them; by which it appeared plainly that the things were very true as they were at first represented, except certain

little circumstances, which made no change or alteration in the miraculous part of this accident. After all this, they who are not willing to give credit to these relations, may furnish themselves with what other assurances they shall think fit. They will not fail to say that this pretended public notoriety, and that these testimonies of discreet and worthy people, is not without some danger of illusion; for that we have an hundred experiences of facts, that have passed for notorious and certain, which, notwithstanding, have been found false. To which we answer, that what they suppose, neither is nor can be true—that a matter of fact of equal notoriety with this should ever be found false. It is true that this sometimes happens in such transient facts as happen but once only, and which are of no long continuance. A great company of people may possibly suffer as great an illusion as two or three persons; and thus, an accident which appears surprising, may deceive an infinite number of spectators, and so make a false notoriety, when it is of no continuance, and when people have neither leisure nor liberty enough to examine it. But an accident that continues for the space of eight months, and that all the world hath had the liberty carefully to examine, and that without any suspicion of prejudice;—such an accident, I say, never yet produced a false notoriety; and I challenge any one to give me an example of it.

“Some, indeed, have produced several letters that have either called in question the matter of fact, or else extenuated it; some of them urge that this girl says nothing that hath any connection in it; others, that she hath spoken but very little, and that she hath not spoken above two or three times in all. All these suppositions are not only false, but notoriously so; for the contrary of all this is notoriously true. However, ought it to be any matter of astonishment that there are such various accounts about it in letters? Are there not, in all places, a sort of spirits that value themselves much upon calling in question, yea, and ridiculing all such events as seem to bear an extraordinary character? Who can doubt at all, but that there are in that very province a sufficient number of this sort of spirits, who do all that ever they can to call in question what they themselves have a mind to doubt of? If some do but see a letter from one of these gentlemen, that alone will be sufficient to ruin the attestations of any hundred grave and intelligent persons, that shall say, we have seen and heard it. Besides all this, we should examine well from what side the stories of miracles come, in order to judge of their truth. When they come to us from people whose trade and profession it is to forge fables, it must be confessed that all ought to be

suspected. Popery hath lost all shame upon this chapter: it is an inexhaustible fountain of lies. So that whatever comes from that side, ought to have a thousand and a thousand irreproachable testimonies before it be believed. But since we of the reformed religion, have never yet been reproached with having contrived any pious romances, we are therefore to be looked upon as people in a quite opposite extreme; for we would have nothing at all believed, that is not within the rules of Nature. Last of all, the doctrine taught ought to be to us an infallible touch-stone to judge of miracles. For we believe, and have good reason to believe, that miracles are not designed to prove the truth, but only to awaken men's spirits, and to render them attentive to the truth; and, therefore, when they tell us a miraculous story, to maintain the idolatries of Popery, how well proved soever it may appear; we ought to be sure that there is some illusion in it, from what side soever it may come. But the spirit of the devil never makes any illusions to encounter against superstition, idolatry, and error, which are the only props of his empire. One cannot be sufficiently astonished at the opposition that is made by men, to those receiving the truth of this story. And this hath given me occasion to study carefully the several tempers of men's spirits; and the several reasons that induce them to this strange incredulity. I have found that there is a great number, that are thus disposed by a certain peculiar character of an *esprit fort* (or bold spirit, as they call it). This I confess is the name they use to give to certain persons that do not believe overmuch in God. But it is none of my design, to accuse the persons whereof I now speak of the crime of Atheism or irreligion. But the vulgar sort of mankind, and even of the learned part, have a false idea of providence; and this same false idea is one branch of that they call *esprit fort*, and an effect of the little devotion which we find in most people. They who are replenished and enspirited with God, look for Him everywhere, and find Him everywhere. But the irreligious neither look for Him, nor find Him anywhere. They believe one God, and one providence, and that ~~bona fide~~ in some sense; but, according to the idea which they have formed themselves of this Providence, God is always confined to the machine. It is He that hath given laws unto it, it is true; but He always follows them, and is—as it were—a slave to them by confining Himself never to depart from them, or to act without them. Every thing hath its natural causes, according to these gentlemen; and whatever hath not such, is false, fabulous, and impossible. I shall omit, at present, to say how mischievous, how false, and of how dangerous a consequence such a disposition of spirit is; for it may bring one to

anything. The truth is, that God, in the most part of His actions, hides Himself, as it were, behind His creatures; and yet, notwithstanding this, He acts both in His creatures and by His creatures; and that almost as immediately as if He acted without His creatures; for He is in such a manner the soul of the whole machine, that it cannot advance one line without Him. It is He that determines their motions, and makes them all to tend to His ends. He makes the laws of Nature, but yet sometimes He quits them when He sees good. There are an hundred and an hundred accidents, where one thinks that one sees nothing at all above Nature, where, notwithstanding, it is very certain that God comes in freely, and by a special dispensation. Those souls that are touched by God perceive this, though others feel it not; but think they see nothing but human and natural efforts in all. It cannot be denied, but that this holy disposition of mind, that finds God in every thing, doth sometimes degenerate into fond superstition; and that there are certain tempers that receive everything for truth that they hear, and that fancy with themselves that they see a miracle everywhere. This is a vicious extremity; but the other is infinitely worse. The wise will take the middle way betwixt these two extremes, and so will neither be credulous nor superstitious. They will examine, with a great deal of care, such facts as are extraordinary; they will not give ear to all persons, nor believe the first reports that are made unto them; but, when a fact is attested by a great number of witnesses of all sorts, and that after a most careful and severe examination, then to value oneself upon being incredulous, is, in my opinion—to speak my mind freely—to value oneself upon a temper of mind that has—to say no worse of it—very little of reason in it. I have but one question to ask of these gentlemen, who with so much disdain look upon us of another sentiment, as poor little mean spirits. My question is this—Is God able to work this miracle, or no? It may be they believe He is not, and that He has been long ago too old to do such great and extraordinary things as these are. Yet I believe they will rather choose to say, that He is able, but not willing; and then I will entreat them to tell me, where God hath said that He will no more do any extraordinary thing?

“These gentlemen whereof we speak being overwhelmed by the many proofs of fact that have been given them, to acquit themselves of the business, are fain at last to retreat themselves into places where there is not so much as a shadow of sense or reason. Some there are that say, that it is very possible that this young shepherdess having heard certain sermons in times past, had retained something of them; and that so her imagi-

nation being heated, it brought them again to her remembrance in time of sleep. This is well thought, that a child of 15 years of age, that perhaps never heard any sermons in her life, and that could not possibly hear any, but about the age of 10 or 12, should three or four years after repeat them in her sleep; besides, what she says cannot possibly pass for a repetition, or an effect of memory, for her way of delivery hath nothing in it of the nature of sermons; she speaks things that are very singular, and in a manner as singular, it bearing no resemblance with the discourses or ways of preachers. Is it by the help of her memory that she so often speaks Latin, and that she mixes it with her French so appositely? Is it by the help of her memory that she treats of matters of controversy? By what lucky hit comes it that all her images, whereof not the least footstep appears in her brain when she is awake, yet appears so exact and distinct while she sleeps? Whence did she learn this correct French which she speaks in the night, and of which she cannot speak one word by day? Yet these gentlemen will not yield for all this; they say, there are so many effects in Nature for which we can give no reason at all, and of which for all that, the machine is the only cause. And hereupon they tell us the story which Monsieur la Motte le Vager gives us in part, of a certain countryman that at certain times spoke all sorts of languages, of which at other times he understood not one word. They also add the history of the countryman of Burgundy, who in his sleep heard a certain verse repeated out of *Homer*, which he remembered very well, though he could not understand it. This countryman applied himself to a learned man, whose name is still alive; and will for ever live in the commonwealth of learning; he told him his dream, or rather his vision, together with the words, which he still remembered. This learned man found that it was a verse out of *Homer*, which foretold him that his house should fall in a little time, which did not fail to happen accordingly. 'Behold,' say they, 'a thing no less miraculous than your shepherdess.' We are not bound to grant that these two facts were as miraculous as that whereof we treat, but the examining of this is not necessary. It is sufficient to maintain to these two gentlemen that these two facts did not happen by natural causes. Whether indeed it was the Holy Ghost or the wicked spirit that possessed them, that is the only question; but it can be no doubt to any reasonable mind whether the machine alone either did, or was able to do this thing. And it is still much more certain that our miracle could not be performed by the machine, for it is much more miraculous to talk whole nights, to speak what one never knew, and to speak things Divine and heavenly too, and that in very good order and sense, than to hear

something one time in a dream, or to pronounce certain words formed as by another's tongue. The wicked spirit might produce this, but it could never inspire into a single soul the wonderful things of God.

"In the meantime, it is certain that the fact related by Monsieur la Motte le Vager, and such others like it, are not done by natural causes. But, say they, how know you how far the powers of Nature may go? Wretched objection! We know it by experience; we know it by the use of reason. It is true that Nature doth an hundred things mechanically, whereof we can give no reason; but it does them always, and always alike; if it varies sometimes it is no surprising thing, if, while we know not the causes, we are ignorant of the principle of these variations. When extraordinary accidents consist but in corporeal motions, one may then, with less injustice, refer their causes to the machine; at least, it will be more difficult to persuade the incredulous in this case than in others; although many times they have no more truth and reason on their side here than elsewhere. But to reason and discourse divinely, without having learnt anything at all, and without having so much as the images of what one says impressed upon the machine of the brain—this, I say, is entirely beyond the powers and action of the machine. Moreover, this wicked solution of theirs may be justly looked upon as an open way to the most criminal of all incredulities; for we may then, with the same freedom, say of the miracles of Jesus Christ and of his Apostles, that we cannot determine whether they are true miracles or no; for that one does not know how far the operations of Nature may go."

SINGING AND MUSIC IN THE AIR.

In a subsequent letter, after replying with much force to objections against what he calls "The Miracle of Dauphiné"—as that the age of miracles has ceased, &c.—he concludes by referring to a previous letter, in which he says:—

"I have given the certificates of Monsieur Maupoey, Monsieur Bergeret, Monsieur de la Bordette, Mademoiselle de Formalagues; Monsieur de Vallesseure, a gentleman of the Cevennes, who said he heard sung in the air five or six of the verses of the Fifth Psalm; since which I have received and have in my custody the testimony of Monsieur de la Bastide of Tourtelon, son to the said Vallesseure, who attests the same thing with his father. I have also reported the testimony of Mademoiselle de Vebron, who assures me that she has distinguished in these miraculous singings above thirty of our Psalms. I have—besides all this—the attestation of Monsieur de la

to what extent, or even the nature of them, she did not know. She was terribly frightened at the *denouement*, for she knew that Foster did now know who she was, nor who her father might have been, and when the communication came in so remarkable a way, the effect upon the whole party may be better imagined than described.

Mr. De Long had just enough faith in the correctness of Mrs. De Long's communication to want to see what there was in it, anyway. So the next day he called on Mr. Madden, at the Occidental Hotel. Without saying what especial reason he had for asking the question, he asked Mr. Madden if there was not yet some unsettled business between himself and the estate of the late Mr. Vineyard. Mr. Madden thought for a moment, and then he said there was. He said several years ago he and Mr. Vineyard had purchased a tract of land together, and their interest was yet undivided. The land had increased and was still increasing enormously in value, and he supposed Mr. Vineyard's daughter desired to let her interest lie untouched, which was the reason why the matter had never been settled up. Besides, she had been absent for a long time from the country, and was not here to have the matter settled. When informed that Mrs. De Long had only just learned of this investment of her father's, Mr. Madden expressed much surprise. He said he supposed she and her husband and the executors knew all about it, but were simply letting the matter rest for the property to increase in value. Mr. Madden then said that he was ready to make a settlement at any time. This was readily assented to by Mr. De Long, and accordingly, on Saturday last, Mr. Madden transferred a deed for 625 acres of the land to Mrs. De Long, her heirs and assigns for ever. Having done this, Mr. Madden offered the lady eighteen thousand dollars for the property, but having been informed that it is worth at least twenty-five thousand dollars, she declined to sell.

Meanwhile, Foster is over-run with people anxious to interview their deceased parents, for the purpose of finding out if the old folks are quite sure that their estates have been fully and properly settled.—“*San Francisco Chronicle*,” January 22nd.

We strongly deprecate any habitual resort to spirits for information concerning missing deeds, lost wills, and the recovery of property. Those who trust to information so obtained are likely to be sent on many a fool's errand, until they learn wisdom by bitter experience, and discover that such temporalities are not the proper province of spiritual communion. But there are many instances like the foregoing to show that correct information of this kind is sometimes given; as in the evidence

of Lord Lindsay, and of Mr. Manuel Eyre before the Committee of the Dialectical Society, which will be found in its published report.

Our contributor "A. M. H. W.," furnishes us with another example, reported in a letter to her from a lady relative. We subjoin the passage :—

"A month or two since, a lady of our acquaintance, Mrs. B., asked us if we knew any *clairvoyante* who would be likely to obtain information for a friend of hers, Mr. X., about some lost leases. They were connected with the property of his late father, and very important it was to him to discover the missing documents. Mr. X. was no Spiritualist, but was anxious as a last resource for the finding of the lost leases, to try what could be done by occult means. He sent to Mrs. B. (as a clue to be given to the medium or *clairvoyante*) a seal which had belonged to his late father. We ourselves were not very sanguine as to the result of the enquiry, and felt all the less hopeful about it, as the offer of £100 from Mr. X. to the medium who should be the means of recovering the leases, we thought might tend rather to frustrate, than to lead to a successful issue. Mrs. B. mentioned to us that a friend of hers, Mrs. R., knew a Mr. Rowse, who though not a professional medium, seemed to have much power, and whom she knew to be a respectable intelligent man.

"Last evening (June 28th, 1872), we received from Mrs. B. the following particulars. She says:—

"I took Mr. X.'s seal to her (Mrs. R.), and the first communication received was, "*We will try to find them; a line will suffice. Signed, WM. CATRY.*" After this, at another *séance*, where Mr. Rowse was very much shaken and convulsed, was written, "*Try in Exeter.*" I sent this also to Mr. X., and at first he thought it sheer nonsense, but he afterwards remembered that there was a Mr. Z., an old friend of his father's, living in Exeter, and he wrote to him, and in reply was told that he had a bundle of parchments left in his care by Mr. X.'s father. Finally, the parcel being opened, *the lost leases were recovered*, and Mr. X. has sent the promised reward of £100 to Mrs. R. for Mr. Rowse. Who the spirit "Wm. Catry," was, has not been revealed. Is not this marvellous? Mr. X., who is not a Spiritualist, attributes it to some occult science or clairvoyance. The same day that Mr. X. got my letter, with "*Try in Exeter,*" he got one from his lawyers, saying they must give up all chance of recovering the leases and commence a suit in Chancery."

"The names cannot be given, unfortunately, and the initials have been altered."

A correspondent of the *New York World* describes some incidents of a remarkable trial that has recently been occupying the attention of the Circuit Court in Caroline County, Maryland.

Two years ago Sylvester Sudler, a wealthy farmer residing in that vicinity, died. Just before his death Sudler sent for his brother, Emory Sudler, and requested him to write his will, which was duly executed in the presence of three witnesses. After Sylvester's death the will was opened, when it was found that neither the wife nor child of the deceased Sudler were mentioned, and that Emory Sudler was recognized as his universal and only heir. The widow and witnesses present declared that the document read was not Sylvester Sudler's will, and measures were at once taken to prove it a forgery. Before the case came up for trial, and one year after Sylvester Sudler's death, it was announced that the widow had discovered the will which she all along claimed her husband had executed. The two wills were brought into Court, and a large number of witnesses were called by each side to testify as to their genuineness. The evidence was very conflicting and unsatisfactory, until a lank and bony youth named Kite Stinson was called to testify in the widow's behalf. Kite told the Court a startling ghost story, the substance of which was that he had met and conversed with the spirit of the departed testator, and had learned from him that Emory Sudler had forged the will which he was now seeking to have probated. The spirit, Kite said, pointed out the place where the genuine will was hidden, and when Kite told the story to the widow, she followed his directions and found the will, which she now claimed to be the genuine document. Upon learning this evidence, Emory Sudler fainted in Court. The case was given to the jury, who agreed upon a verdict for the widow from the moment of Kite Stinson's dramatic testimony.

"THAT WOMAN'S CERTAINLY A WITCH."

THE following is from an article by the Special Commissioner of the Glasgow *Daily News*, published in that journal of March 16th:—

"Fortunate, perhaps, beyond most, I have no near relatives who have passed on into the other world, and Annie seemed instinctively to divine this, for she appeared for a time at a loss to bring anyone forward to speak to me except herself. This

of itself was a very strange thing, for I had told my friend before entering the hotel that one reason I had for contemning Spiritualism, so called, was that I had not a single relative in the other world with whose spirit I cared to hold communion. Strangely enough, then, and in total ignorance of this, the medium—who ‘conjures up spirits’ fast enough for most of her devotees, and deals largely and decidedly in fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and children—was mute before me. And here again accrues a marvellous incident in the interview. Though there was no relative about whose spirit I cared to hear, I had previously informed my friend that there was one, not that of a relative, with whom above all things I should like to hold communion; and when Annie could not get beyond myself and my own worldly affairs, I mentally resolved to *assume* for the moment that Spiritualism was a reality, and to desire intently the presence of the spirit in question. This I did in silence, and without a word to Miss Fowler on that or any other subject. Judge then of my confusion, and almost of my horror, when the spirit came! Annie described the appearance, the age, the time of death, and the general characteristics of the being of whom alone I was anxious to hear. But this chapter of the marvellous has still more of the marvellous. The friend *par excellence* of my youth—a young man who died when a little over 30 years of age, and who from early life was distinguished by a manly and unaffected piety, and who afterwards entered Holy Orders in the Catholic Apostolic Church—was, as his Church teaches, fully convinced that Spiritualism was the work of the Devil, and used frequently and energetically to warn me against trifling with it even in the way of sceptical inquiry. There are many of our circle who remember the fervour of his appeals to myself never to have anything to do with it; and for this reason, that he was already convinced of its being a reality and a work of the Devil, while I, thinking it imposture, or a development perhaps of animal magnetism, would be certain sooner or later to be convinced of its genuineness, and so become a believer in it. Well, intent on conversing with the spirit already conjured up, and wonderingly watching every word to detect imposture, or account for what I thought the medium’s lucky guessing, I must confess to being strangely affected when ‘Annie’ suddenly became for a short time dumb, and then in a hard rasping, irritated tone, as if she were forced to make the confession against her will:—‘Annie—Annie—cannot—tell—you—more. There—is—another—spirit—standing—beside—your—chair—and—keeps—Annie—from—speaking. He—is—a—clergyman—with—a—long—robe—and—he—is—watching—over—you. Annie—can—reveal—no—more—till—he—is—gone!’ And

so, with a gasp, the 'spirits'—I use the word simply for the sake of description—again subsided into silence. Startled from my critical mood in spite of myself, I put a number of inquiries as to the appearance of the clergyman, and was answered in a manner which photographed my deceased friend upon my mind so as to leave no doubt they were his characteristics she was describing. She further gave his age as a very little over thirty, but said he looked much older than he was, and that he was not originally trained for the Church, but was nearly all his life in business, the whole of which was perfectly correct."

"Startled beyond measure, and far more than I cared to acknowledge to the medium, I knew that in the Apostolic Church there is sometimes vouchsafed the 'gift of tongues,' which is held to be a 'sign to them that believe not.' I then framed the thought in my own mind that it would be an almost overwhelming sign of spiritual presence were the medium to speak in the unknown tongue. Now I know that what I am about to relate will be set down as the hallucination of insanity, or, at the very least, be scouted as the acme of silliness and absurdity. Yet I relate the simple truth as it occurred. Hardly had I formulated the wish to hear such a sign than the medium fell back in her chair and burst into a torrent of what to my friend appeared gibberish, but which I at once recognised as the 'unknown tongue,' similar to that I had occasionally heard in the Apostolic Church! I may just state that on the following Sunday I induced my friend to go with me to the Apostolic Church in this city; and, after I had introduced him to one of the clergy, he quietly said, 'That minister is wearing a robe similar to the one described to us by Miss Fowler.'

"She then busied herself with what I thought trifles; and, among other things, said to my friend, 'Annie sees a long table, beautifully laid out, with glittering plate and glasses, and also flowers. It is a feast. You will be there to-morrow, and you will make a speech!' Again I thought the medium was simply fooling us for the sake of saying something, or had gone wrong in the head, when, to my astonishment, my friend left off his hold of my hand, dived it into his coat pocket, and drew out an ornamental dinner-card for a private entertainment next day! Of this I was totally ignorant, and it was utterly impossible that Miss Fowler, scarcely a day in Glasgow, could have been informed of such a circumstance. My friend, of course, went to the 'feast,' and, as it turned out, did actually make a speech!

"After enjoying a hearty laugh at the dinner episode—Annie herself joining in it—the medium turned her attention to me; and, commencing with family matters, did certainly

proceed on their track with such general correctness as a neighbour or a friend of the family might have exhibited. One circumstance she mentioned was peculiarly striking. Flatly addressing me, without the slightest hesitation, she said, 'Your —— (naming a near relative) had a brother who was drowned in the sea—which was perfectly true. Telling me I was not born in Glasgow, but in the North, she described the place and its surroundings, so that, had I seen the description in print, I could have had no hesitation in identifying it as the place of my nativity. She then touched upon several leading events in my life, notably an important lawsuit, the course of which, some of the characters who figured in it, and its results, she accurately depicted. She gave a very good guess at the period I had been in Glasgow, and delivered herself of sage advice as to future conduct.

"I lay down no theory upon this subject; I ask no one to believe in 'Spiritualism,' for, notwithstanding all that has passed, I cannot say I do so myself; I only present in print the facts as they happened on the occasion of my visit, and leave the reader to form his own opinion. The concluding incidents I shall now mention, although, like those of the 'feast' and 'speech' in my friend's case, they were certainly, in my mind, unworthy the dignity of the spirits to notice. Just as I quietly took out my watch to see the time, 'Annie' suddenly said, 'It is either twenty minutes past nine or twenty minutes to ten.' It was *twenty minutes past nine!* Then, as I prepared to go, the 'spirit' said, 'Have you got a blue letter?—a letter in a blue envelope?—it is important, and if you have not got it, you will get it speedily.' The medium now ceased to hold my hands, and sat impassive for a space; then the same series of convulsive spasms with which she had entered the trance were repeated, and in about three or four minutes she awoke as from a sweet sleep, passed her hands across her eyes, and smilingly asked us what the spirits had been saying, as she was ignorant of all that had happened. Having, after some conversation, bidden her 'Adieu' my friend and myself walked back to the office I had left, when at the door I found—what never happened to me before—a special messenger from my residence, who, to my utter astonishment, and the wonder of my friend, held out to me as I entered *a document in blue post!* It was a letter informing me that I had, by not filling up my house-tax paper (I may explain I have not been long resident in Glasgow) rendered myself liable to a fine of £20 and double duty! Turning to my friend, I tossed the note to him, and, utterly nonplussed, exclaimed, 'Well, that woman's certainly a witch! There's the *important blue letter* after all!'"

[We had a *seance* with Miss Fowler, May 11 (the only one we have had with her), and for upwards of an hour received from her, while entranced, a series of most satisfactory and striking tests; but as these were of a strictly personal and family nature a detailed description of them would have little interest for the reader. No questions were asked; no cue was given, yet the leading incidents and circumstances of our life—some of long bygone years—were recalled to mind; relatives long passed from earth were minutely and accurately described—with the place and circumstances of death—their age at the time, and the nature and duration of their disease, and in one instance the very words in which our relative spoke of her sufferings before her departure were repeated. The spirit, who spoke through Miss Fowler, professed to be a little German girl, by whom she is usually controlled. She spoke with much child-like vivacity, she said the spirits she described, with others who did not communicate, were present; she repeated what they told her, and related what she saw. On returning to her normal state Miss Fowler said she had no recollection of what had passed, and that she could have obtained a knowledge of all these facts by natural means is simply impossible.—ED. S. M.]

MRS. TAPPAN'S INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSES.

ONE of the most interesting and instructive phases of mediumship is inspirational speaking, as exemplified in the discourses given by Mrs. Tappan. The subjects of these discourses are often chosen for her by a committee from the audience. Her addresses are chaste and simple in style, and contain many passages of singular eloquence and beauty. Take the following examples out of many that might be given:—

THERE IS NO DEATH.

One of Mrs. Tappan's recent discourses at the Royal Music Hall was founded on the text in the Apocalypse—"And there shall be no more death." We give the peroration:—

"There is no death. That law that provides for the changes in material substances also provides for the garnering up of every thought. Thought never perishes, it abides for ever, builds the temples of the future, erects your homes, clothes your spirits, and paves the way to higher stages of existence of which you have no knowledge. The science of spiritual life is brought home to your consciousness. Instead of the dim grovelling of

the outward senses, you have the illumined scroll of the spirit held down to your view, in which you behold, with the eye of vision mentioned in the Apocalypse, the wonderful Jerusalem that is to come. It is not a temporal city; it is not an external power; it is not simply a building up to the outward senses; but it is a new condition of mind and life on earth. It shall not revel alone in the external, but shall build in the eternal, and clothe your souls for the habitation of the future world. This is the day when there is no death. Your friend hidden from sight is only caught up into the atmosphere. You do not see him, but you may perceive him with the spiritual vision. The mother mourns her child as dead, and looks into the grave for the object of her care, and builds up a snowy monument over the body there. But she must not think the child is there. The spirit, like a white dove, hovers around her; and the spirit of the child is waiting at the door that you all may enter. There is no death! Mother earth consumes the body, and that which you bury this year will bloom into flowers in Spring; but the buds of your spirits are transplanted, and blossom in the midst of eternal life, and the little feet trip among the asphodels in the green meadows of the spirit-land. This is the lost chain of life; this is the golden stone that philosophers have sought for in vain in times past; this is the nectar, the nepenthe, that ancient sorcerers sought that life might be for ever prolonged. You cast away your bodies as you would a worn-out or imperfect garment. There are new raiments waiting for you; there is a new habitation ready for you. Your feet will not rest upon strange soil, but friends will gather around you. It is as clear to the eye of the spirit as are the names of the constellations to the astronomer; and though you dwell in the garments of the flesh, you still see beyond, and perceive how in all the great world of matter and spirit there is no room for death to abide; for he has gone out utterly with ignorance and darkness, and the prejudices of the past, and life, only life, remains as your inheritance."

SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

"Among the truths that Modern Spiritualism has revealed to man, none is more beautiful, none more comprehensive in its eternal signification, than the word 'Growth,' as applied to the spiritual nature.

"Everything in the material universe unfolds from the germ; from within, the golden grain remains silent in the sod for a season, then bursts its outside covering, and, responsive to the breath of air, sunlight, moisture, adorns itself in verdure, and at last ripens into fruition.

"The germ of the flower, folded and hidden as are its petals from night, waits for the darkness to strengthen its tender shoots until they can bear the light, then it buds and blooms, shedding abroad its fragrance and beauty.

"All things must have time for growth and fruition.

"The spirit of man, impatient of time and sense, would fain burst the barriers that sever it from absolute knowledge, and plunge at once into the most secret mysteries of the universe.

"This may not be. Immortal in essence, eternal in destiny, possessing the germs of transcendent knowledge, the mind must be content to grow, allowing each tiny shoot of thought, each tender bulb of knowledge, full and perfect time for fitting development.

"While the world groped in darkness and ignorance of the laws concerning man's spiritual existence, even doubting the fact of future life, it was not strange that, alternating between doubt and fear, belief and scepticism, then mere spasmodic glimpses of true knowledge, shrouded by intense darkness, and that anything promising absolute knowledge and security was eagerly sought after. And the world, prone to rest on the mere empiricism of authority, has not understood the vast element of spiritual life within its grasp.

"Spiritualism reveals the law of eternal progression, of endless growth, and teaches the mind to prize every atom of knowledge, every small grain of truth, and to patiently, earnestly take each successive step in its onward and endless journey.

"How perfect is the harmony existing in the universe—how simple and gradual are the paths of ascent by which the soul is led up the mountain of knowledge! Step by step—thought by thought we enter into the supreme communion with wisdom—all heights are attainable, all eternity for their attainment; and the humblest leaf of the forest, the smallest pebble upon the shores of time, contains a lesson, if one will but pause and read, while the soul is at once a volume, and a universe in which we may find the ever-unfolding germs of truth."

Lastly, we cite the following beautiful exposition of—

THE NATURE OF A PERFECT THOUGHT.

"The saviours of mankind—they who have done the greatest work for the world—are those that have left upon the pages of history a complete and perfect thought, a thought that, like mathematics, will stand all tests; a thought that, like the colours of the harmonious prism, will bear all analysis; a

thought that, like the combinations of melody, the more they are perfected and studied, the more beautiful do they become. It is said of Michael Angelo that in his master-work, St. Peter's, he had a thought so grand and perfect, that had it been completed it must needs have left its records upon the pages of all history, even when the cathedral should have crumbled to the dust. The dome was not completed after his plan. He intended that it should be builded until it seemed suspended from the heavens, so that, like the very presence of the Infinite, it might brood for ever there, shedding light upon the structure below, as upon the ways of man, the embodiment of his soul's life. But that thought went with him to the world of spirits; and if you could but see the St. Peter's of his creation, fashioned to his thought, made the image he intended should be there, you would know that though the present edifice shall crumble, that image shall not pass from the earth; and to the eye of the seers over other temples this beautiful and perfect ideal dome will be suspended, that all spiritual eyes may see it. It is said of Raphael, that divine and inspired artist, that of all the pictures he painted there was a poem that was outwrought from the life of his own soul—one poem, no more. You would give more to read that poem than to see all his pictures; since it was guarded from the eye of man, made sacred, and held a sweet place in the heart of one whom he loved. That was his ideal work. He cares no more for his paintings that the world adores than he does for the cast-off toys and playthings of his youth; but for the one perfect creation of his life all eternity praises him, since all exalted souls are aware of its existence and the perfection of his life.

“So with every soul that has had a perfect thought, it remains though the external form crumbles and fades into dust. Through time, and the decay of matter, and the revolutions of earth, all nations, and the loftiest works of human genius pass away. Thought, the perfect thought that has once had its abode in a living soul, remains the possession of the world; and they that are endowed with the gift of the spirit can see and behold it. Few indeed have been these shining marks; few indeed have been the absolute perfections of history. Mathematics itself forms one of those perfections. Poetry, art—all forms of art have some time seen perfect expressions in the human mind—but chiefest those sublime and perfect truths that form the spiritual cyclopædia of nations, wherein prophet and seer and sage have set down as with shining vibrations the absolute truths of the infinite world, and have made the pages of material history sparkle and glisten as though they were precious stones set in the golden sheen of life. Oh, you may pray for riches, you may ask for material power; you may

seek to build St. Peter's, and to paint the dear Madonna, but rather seek for a perfect thought. A single pure aspiration is more enduring and more valuable than all the shining obelisks ever graven, or than the snowy statues that grace the secret halls and corridors of past ages. Every heart has its secret aspirations and prayers, and it is said in the language of a coarse theology that Gehenna is paved with the resolutions unfulfilled of men; but rather is your pathway thus paved in life with those aspirations that have faded and fallen because they have not been perfect. God does not take account of failures. In nature the overblown tree sheds young blossoms, early fruit on the ground, but enriches the soil; and you that lament the overblown flowers of life, remember that though nature try a hundred or a thousand times and fails, she takes no note of these, but only of those which succeed. The highest type, the most perfect form of being, is that which greets the eye of day, not the failures. The man of science does not consider his time wholly misspent, that nine hundred and ninety-nine times he has striven to find the ultimatum of a problem, for the success of the thousandth time has crowned his life with glory, and henceforth he becomes perfected in that sublime and perfect gift. Every aspiration that has its birth and origin in a pure and perfect thought, though you fail in its achievement a thousand times, still that time that you do succeed creates a vibration through all the world of souls that are in harmony, even as a note upon a harp at random thrills through all the chords and makes them vibrate symphonious to its tone. The spiritual world is composed of successful aspirations. The stages of spiritual growth are counted by every deed and every thought that ennobles and elevates your lives; and when you pass from that clouded and shadowy intermediate state that constitutes your first admission to the spiritual world, you will gain the joys of spiritual life only by success. Even as sometimes upon the earth you seem to date your existence from a particular glory, from some halo of love, some new-born desire or successful ambition; so in spiritual life are the years and cycles counted by each step and advancement in truth, each new knowledge that is added, each new vibration that aids in strength and fervour, each new perfection, and when these perfections become the possession of the spirit, how rounded and glorious seem the cycles and years; and the small space of time that was spent in the shadow and doubt of earthly life and materialism fades and sinks, even as the valleys fade before the advancing traveller as he mounts up the height and sees new glories all about him. . . .

"It is said in matter that not one vibration is lost; that if you

drop a pebble in the wave it undulates until it reaches the shore ; it then moves a tiny grain of sand ; the sand moves other substances, until the motion reaches the uttermost verge of matter. So in the spiritual life : one full grain of love—one full aspiration dropped into the great sea of life, vibrates until all souls are agitated by its undulations, and moved as with the waves of perfect and celestial harmony."

SPIRITS, SPIRITUALISTS, AND THE GOVERNMENTS OF FRANCE.

PART III.

EUGENE VINTRAS.

IN 1839, the saviours of Louis XVII., who had filled the almanacks for the year 1840 with prophecies, calculated that if every one expected a revolution, this revolution could not fail to arrive. These saviours of Louis XVII. having no longer their prophet Martin, resolved to have another. Several of their most zealous agents were in Normandy, the country of which the false Louis XVII. pretended to be Duke. They cast their eyes upon a pious workman, of an exalted imagination and of weak head, and this is the scheme which they adopted. They composed a letter addressed to this pretended Louis XVII., filled this letter with emphatic promises of his future reign, joined with mystical expressions adapted to make an impression upon his susceptible nature, and caused this letter to fall into the hands of a workman named Eugene Vintras.

He himself has given the following account of his reception of this letter :—

"*August 6th, 1839.*—About nine o'clock I was occupied in writing, when there came a knock at the door of the chamber. Believing that this was a workman who had business with me I called out somewhat roughly, 'Come in!' In place of the workman I was surprised to see a ragged old man. I asked him what he wanted. He replied, very quietly, 'Do not trouble yourself, Pierre-Michel' (names which no one ever makes use of in addressing me, and indeed, which I, in signing my name, never use ; being always called Eugène). This reply of the old man's caused me to feel a certain peculiar sensation, which increased when he said, 'I am much fatigued ; wherever I present myself people look upon me with suspicion, as if I were a thief.' These last words terrified me much, although spoken with an unhappy and melancholy air. I rose, and did not take

copper, but a piece of ten sous, which I placed in his hand, saying, 'I do not regard you with suspicion, my good fellow,' and saying this, I made him see that I wished him to retire. He asked nothing more, but turned his back with a chagrined air. Scarcely had he set his foot upon the last step, when I drew back the door, and shut it with the key. Not hearing him descend, I called to a workman, and told him to come up to my room. There, under pretext of business, I got him to hunt with me through every place where I thought it possible my old man could have concealed himself, since I had not seen him depart. This workman ascended to my room; I went out with him, locking the door with my key, and I searched every hole and corner, but saw nothing.

"I was just going into the factory, when suddenly I heard the bell ringing for Mass. I thought with pleasure, that spite of this little disturbance with my old man, that I, nevertheless, could hear a Mass. Then I ran to my room to fetch a prayer-book. I found at the place where I had been writing, a letter addressed to Madame Generès at London. This letter was written and signed by M. Paul de Montfleury of Caen, and contained a refutation of heresy, and a profession of orthodox faith. This letter, although addressed to Madame de Generès, was intended to come under the notice of the Duc de Normandie, and contained the greatest truths of our holy religion, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. Upon the letter was placed the piece of ten sous which I had given to my old man."

From this time Vintras became devoted to Louis XVII., and became a visionary for the rest of his life, for the image of the old beggar never again left him. To him this beggar had become St. Michael, since he had called him Pierre-Michel, and this, through an association of ideas, such as is frequent in dreams. The sect of Louis XVII. had divined the precise moment when it was needful to convert Vintras into their illuminated medium and prophet.

This sect was composed specially of ancient servants of the legitimist Royalty, and thus Vintras became their *medium*, the faithful reflex of their imaginations full of chivalrous memories, and ancient mysticism. There are everywhere in the visions of this new prophet, lilies bathed in blood, angels in the costumes of knights, and saints disguised as troubadours. There were visions of the Host appearing upon blue silk; Vintras sweated blood, and his blood appeared upon the Host; or he made designs of hearts, accompanied by legends in the writing and autography of Vintras; cups appeared suddenly filled with wine, and then, wherever the wine dropped, appeared stains of blood. The initiated believed that they heard delicious music,

and breathed unknown perfumes. The priests called upon to bear witness to these prodigies, were borne along in the current of enthusiasm.

A Curé of the diocese of Tours, an old and venerable ecclesiastic quitted his cure and followed the prophet. "We have seen this priest," continues Levi, "and he has related to us the marvels of Vintras with an accent of most perfect conviction. He has shown to us the holy wafer injected with blood in an inexplicable manner, he has communicated to us the depositions of above fifty witnesses, all honourable persons, and of position in the world, artists, physicians, lawyers, a Chevalier de Razac, a Duchess d'Armaillé. The physicians have analysed the scarlet fluid which flowed in the wafer, and have recognised that it was veritably human blood; even the enemies of Vintras—and he had cruel ones—never contested the miracles, simply attributing them to the influence of the Devil." "But only imagine the possibility," said the Abbé Charvoz, then curé of Touraine, of whom we speak, "only imagine the devil falsifying the blood of Jesus Christ upon the truly consecrated Host?" "For the Abbé Charvoz was a true priest, and these signs also produced themselves upon the wafers consecrated by himself."

Vintras amongst his disciples had more than one Judas, who brought terrible infamy upon their prophet and his sect by the violence and immorality of their conduct. The Pope, Gregory XVI., formally condemned in 1843 the sect of Vintras. Condemned by the Pope, the sect in their turn condemned him, and made Vintras their sovereign pontiff. The fashion of his sacerdotal vestments, it seems, were revealed to him by inspiration, and they appear—from the account given by Levi—to have contained symbols of an Oriental and Pagan character. The end of this unhappy enthusiast, and as we should be inclined to term him, "medium, possessed by enthusiastic spirits," was very sad—hallucination, which was little less than positive insanity.

It will be interesting to our readers, possibly, to see a specimen of the spiritual communications given through the writing mediumship of Vintras. He thus himself speaks of his writings, and declares himself irresponsible for them:—"Oh, if my own mind were in any portion of these writings which are condemned, I should bow my head and fear would enter into my soul. But they are not my work—I have not co-operated in their productions either by seeking for them, nor yet by my desire. I am calm; my couch is not visited by sleeplessness; no long watchings have fatigued my eyelids; my sleep is as pure as when God created it; I can say to my God

with a free heart, *Custodi animam meam et erue me; non erubescam, gnomiam speravi in te.*"

Here is a specimen of the writing:—

"Sleep, sleep, indolent mortals; rest, rest upon your soft couches; smile in your dreams of festivals and of grandeur; the Angel of Alliance has descended upon your mountains; he has written his name even in the cups of your flowers; he has touched the rings which ornament his feet; the rivers which make your pride, and your hope; the oaks of your forests have taken the glory of his brow for a new aurora; the sea with a voluptuous bound has saluted him. Elias has preceded him. Bow yourselves towards earth, but do not alarm yourselves by the active sound amidst the tombs. Sleep, sleep still; I have looked towards the East: he has engraved his name upon inaccessible mountains; he cried to time to hasten his bark, and I have seen him smile, the most aged of aged men. Sleep, sleep still: Elias at the West places a cross at the gates of the Temple: he has sealed it with fire, and with the steel of a dagger."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF NAPLES.

A SOCIETY under the above title has recently been formed at Naples. It consists of about seventy members, chiefly professional men, or otherwise occupying good social position, including half-a-dozen Professors in different branches of knowledge, one of whom is the mathematician, Nicolai Trudio; it has also as many military officers, among them General Giordano Orsini, twice Minister of War under Garibaldi. One of its members is a priest, who is spoken of as a well-known Liberal and learned theologian. Signor Damiani, well known to many of our readers, has been elected President. The Society has an excellent test and clairvoyant medium. A place in the central part of the town has been taken for its meetings, and a library of Spiritual literature in different languages is being collected.

A PAINFUL CONTROVERSY.

A painful correspondence has appeared in some of our contemporaries in relation to the incidents of a *séance* recently held at the house of Mr. Serjeant Cox. The essential point in it is this. Mr. Serjeant Cox states that at this *séance*, at which Miss Showers was the medium, his daughter, Mrs. Edwards (who was ignorant of the conditions), opened the curtain, behind which the form of "Florence" was exhibiting her

face, when there was seen by all not a form in front, and a lady in the chair; but the chair empty, and the lady herself at the curtain, wearing the ghost head-dress, and dressed in her own black gown! Nor was she lying on the ground, as some had surmised. In reply, Mrs. Showers states that though the chair was seen empty, it was affirmed by the spirit that the medium was in the cabinet, entranced on the floor; and that no attempt was made to disprove this statement, or to go into the cabinet, the aperture was never opened, and she expresses astonishment on reading of a displaced head-dress, &c., Mrs. Showers protests with much warmth that as her social position is the same as that of Mr. Cox, at whose house she and her daughter were invited guests, they could have no other object than the truth; and that she has come forward at much trouble, expense, and annoyance to herself to bear testimony to an unpopular truth. It should be said that Sergeant Cox distinctly repudiates making any charge of imposture: his explanation being simply "unconscious somnambulism."

Without expressing any opinion on this case, we may remark that it, and the many conflicting testimonies—published and unpublished—of those who have been present at *séances* for this form of spirit-manifestation illustrates the importance of those simple, obvious, and conclusive tests, on which we insisted in our April number, and which sooner or later will certainly be applied, no matter what conditions to the contrary may be imposed; such conditions place medium and investigators in a false position, prejudicial alike to both, and to the placing the facts themselves on the basis of clear, absolute demonstration. The tests we referred to have in some cases been successfully adopted; and if there are genuine mediums for spirit materialisation with whom these tests cannot be applied with success or safety, it would be better for their friends to refrain from giving publicity to their *séances* till there are further developments which admit of full and conclusive verification.

MANIFESTATIONS IN ST. PETERSBURGH, ATTESTED BY
PROFESSOR BUTLEROW.

M. Butlerow, Professor of Chemistry at the University of St. Petersburg, and a Member of the Imperial Russian Academy of Sciences, in *Psychic Studies*, published at Leipzig, gives an account of manifestations witnessed by him at St. Petersburg, in his own house, through the mediumship of Mr. D. D. Home. Among other incidents of the *séance*, he tells us, that, in his own well-lighted study, "A large arm-chair, on four castors, which stood at a distance of from one and a half

to two mètres from the table at which we were seated, suddenly moved; the two fore legs of the chair raised themselves without contact with any living being, and in this inclined position rolled up to our table; and then made several irregular movements.

"A little later on Mr. Home took a hand-bell, which had been placed on the table we were seated at, and held the bell close to the edge and on a level with the table—both the bell and Mr. Home's hands were clearly visible by the light of the candles. After a few seconds the bell left Mr. Home's hand, and remained suspended in space without coming into contact with the table, the woollen cloth, or the arm-chair. The gentleman sitting next the arm-chair was able to observe the bell closely as it remained suspended in space. I may state that this gentleman is a man advanced in years, and well known as a Russian author. He only made Mr. Home's acquaintance a short time previously, being anxious to avail himself of the opportunity of witnessing these singular phenomena.

"I was seated at the time on the opposite side of the table. Whilst the bell was thus suspended, I stood up and saw the upper portion of the bell as it rested suspended without contact, in space. After a short pause the bell lowered itself down upon Mr. Home's knee, remaining for a short time motionless; it then rose in the air a second time, finally settling down upon the arm of the arm-chair. During the whole of the time the bell remained within the area of the well-lighted space near the table. While all this was taking place, Mr. Home's hands were at some distance from the bell, and the bell was not touched by anybody."

EXPERIENCES OF A RED-COATED GENTLEMAN.

From an article in *Belgravia*, for September 1869, by Sidney L. Blanchard, we quote the following reflections of an intelligent lobster:—

"It is very exasperating, when you are well settled in your flesh and shell, and begin to congratulate yourself upon a particularly handy set of claws, to find yourself caught and cooked for the benefit of a set of greedy wretches who do not even thank you for the gratification you afford them. And this, not only once, but continually; for the arrangement is this: Nature does not supply a separate spirit for every member of the tribe, so, as soon as you are eaten out of one shell, you have to do duty in another, and as your consciousness endures up to the last moment, you naturally see a great deal of society during your career."

But notwithstanding all this our scarlet friend has this advantage over us poor re-incarnated mortals, that he remembers his pre-existence: we do not.

A GOOD TEST OF INDEPENDENT SPIRIT-ACTION.

"Recently we have been present," says the editor of the *Spiritualist*, "at some *séances* at the residence of Dr. Stanhope T. Speer, Douglas House, Alexandra Road, St. John's Wood, at which some most interesting manifestations took place through the mediumship of a gentleman who does not wish his name to be published."

One of the best tests of independent spirit-action we remember to have met with is given. After describing some remarkable physical manifestations through this medium, the editor continues:—

"The communications obtained through his writing mediumship are of the greatest value. His handwriting changes with every different spirit who controls him, and these spirits, who are chiefly literary and theological men of past ages, give their names, the particulars of their earth-life, extracts from their writings; and, on inquiry and search at the British Museum Library and elsewhere, their statements are found to be true. The medium criticises and questions all the results of his own mediumship as closely as any scientific man would do. He says that he is assured that the messages come from individuals outside himself, the facts, arguments, and lines of thought being foreign to his own, and often strongly and seriously at variance with his own opinions, especially on theological matters. The true particulars the spirits have given about their earth-lives would make a small biographical dictionary, and although the facts stated he felt sure to be quite new to him, yet, he argued, 'how can I be perfectly certain that they were not once in my mind, and afterwards forgotten?' On the 22nd May, 1873, the medium held the following conversation with the spirits, he writing the questions, and the answers coming afterwards by what Dr. Carpenter would call 'unconscious cerebration, governing the motions of the hand':—

THE READING OF BOOKS BY SPIRITS.

"Can you read?"

"No, friend, I cannot, but Zachary Gray can, and R——. I am not able to materialise myself, or to command the elements."

"Are either of those spirits here?"

"I will bring one by-and-by. I will send —— R; —— is here."

"I am told you can read. Is that so? Can you read a book?"

[Spirit handwriting changed.] "Yes, friend, with difficulty."

"Will you write for me the last line of the first book of the *Æneid*?"

"Wait—— 'Omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus ætas.'" [This was right.]

"Quite so. But I might have known it. Can you go to the bookcase, take the

last book but one on the second shelf and read me the last paragraph of the ninety-fourth page? I have not seen it, and do not even know its name."

"I will curtly prove by a short historical narrative, that Popery is a novelty, and has gradually arisen or grown up since the primitive and pure time of Christianity, not only since the Apostolic age, but even since the lamentable union of Kirk and the State by Constantine."

[The book on examination then proved to be a queer one called *Roger's Antipopopriestian: an Attempt to Liberate and Purify Christianity from Popery, Politickirkality, and Priestrule*. The extract given above was accurate, but the word "narrative" was substituted for "account."

"How came I to pitch upon so appropriate a sentence?"

"I know not, my friend. It was by coincidence. The word was changed by error. I knew it when it was done, but would not change."

"How do you read? You wrote more slowly, and by fits and starts."

"I wrote what I remembered, and then I went for more. It is a special effort to read, and useful only as a test. Your friend was right last night, we can't read, but only when conditions are very good. We will read once again, and write, and then impress you of the book:—'Pope is the last great writer of that school of poetry, the poetry of the intellect, or rather of the intellect mingled with the fancy. That is truly written. Go and take the eleventh book on the same shelf.' [I took a book called *Poetry, Romance, and Rhetoric*.] 'It will open at the page for you. Take it and read and recognise our power, and the permission which the great and good God gives us, to show you our power over matter. To Him be glory. Amen.'"

[The book opened at page 145, and there was the quotation perfectly true. I had not seen the book before; certainly had no idea of its contents].

[Without violating confidence we may inform our readers that the gentleman through whom this test was given is a Professor in one of our leading Universities, and that under the signature of "M. A. Oxon," he is now giving a narrative of his experiences as a medium in successive numbers of *Human Nature*; and which, we hope, when completed will be issued as a separate volume. It would make a valuable and welcome addition to the literature of Spiritualism.—Ed. S.M.]

Obituary.

THE LATE WILLIAM CARPENTER.

ANOTHER veteran Spiritualist and worker has been called home. The late William Carpenter died April 21st, in his 78th year. He was a voluminous writer, and wrote on a great variety of subjects, and always with information, and conveyed his ideas with much clearness. As political and social reformer, and journalist and editor, for a long series of years, he was well known; but it was more especially as a Biblical critic that his works were most esteemed.

He was an early convert to Spiritualism, and was himself a medium; and some of his Spiritual experiences recorded in

our pages by his own pen were peculiar and remarkable. He wrote two essays on Spiritualism under the title of *Tracts on Tabooed Topics*. By way of preface to the first of these tracts, "Does Spiritualism Demand Investigation?" he gives a most interesting sketch of "his labours as a political reformer (which at one time were so prominent and influential as to draw down upon him prosecution and imprisonment), and of his literary career. We quoted this account in our notice of the tract at the time of its publication, and therefore need not repeat what he has so well told. An interesting biographical sketch of him appears in the *Monetary and Mining Gazette*, of which he was editor up to the time of his decease, and which article is reprinted in the *Medium* of May 15th. We quote its concluding sentences:—

"He had a smile and encouragement, both sympathetic and practical, for everything that was good and intended to contribute to human happiness. He was a man of blameless life, of true philanthropy, of rare attainments, and of an indomitable industry, and he has gone to his rest amid the universal esteem and love of all who knew him."

His interest in Spiritualism continued unabated to the end. Notwithstanding his advanced years, he was a constant and deeply interested attendant at the Sunday Meetings of the Spiritual Church, where, for the last time on earth, we had the pleasure of exchanging a few words with him only a few weeks before his departure to that higher Spiritual Church whose worshippers are gathered from every people, and nation, and tongue; and to that higher life where there is no more death.

Notices of New Books.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. T. T. LYNCH.*

THOSE who had the privilege of knowing Mr. Lynch, and his circle of friends extended far beyond his own congregation, will gladly welcome this Memoir of one of the most intellectual and most spiritually-minded men of the present generation. If he had possessed physical strength corresponding to his spiritual power, his genius would have been more widely known and appreciated through the medium of the platform and the press; for whatever the subject of sermon or lecture, Mr. Lynch's

* *Memoir of the Rev. T. T. Lynch. With Portrait.* Edited by WILLIAM WHITE, pp. 321. London: ISBISTER & Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.

exposition was so grandly simple, and yet so original, that it seemed a new revelation. We have seen children look up to their parents with a pleased glance as some beautiful thought which they could appreciate was uttered by the preacher. Although, through the experience of life-long suffering, Mr. Lynch became a thoughtful rather than a popular speaker, he would readily, had health permitted, have gone out and preached in the streets and lanes to the poor who would have heard him gladly. Before entering on the regular work of a minister he often preached and spoke with acceptance to assemblies of working men and women. His first printed words were on a bill announcing a lecture by him on behalf of the Temperance movement. It was addressed—

"To Men in their Sober Senses.—Did you ever hear of a man in his drunken senses? The drunkard has no senses: he is not out of his senses—his senses are out of him. The drunkard is neither man nor beast—he has the form of a man without his sense—the stupidity of a beast without its form. Becoming sober a man becomes sensible," &c.

This, in his youthful days, is characteristic of the direct and forcible expression of Mr. Lynch's thoughts in preaching. As he says in a letter to a friend—"I try to be historical and spiritual, to be philosophic and theologic also, above all to be human and christian, or, say, christian-human."

Mr. Lynch's views on Spiritualism are, no doubt, well known to many of the readers of this Magazine, for he had several representatives of Spiritualism as well as of other "heretical" phases of thought in his congregation. One of the charges brought against him, during the "Rivulet Controversy," by the editor of the publican's paper, was that he spoke "of his own spirit as if that were a sentient and active being." However it may have been with his accuser, Mr. Lynch's spirit was certainly more sentient and active than his body. His relation to modern Spiritualism is very plainly expressed in the following extracts from his letters:—"The spiritual world becomes more and ever yet more real to me. It is not far from many of us. We are known, watched and helped, as I believe, by many who have gone before. There is not a great gulf fixed between earth and heaven, so that there can be no visitation for us of ministering spirits. There is a bridge at least passable by those to whom God gives his sacred passport, and we, if we cannot go over to the other side and return, have some prospect across and upwards, and when we make the journey *from* earth, may hope to be met and conveyed by some who have unseen attended our journey *on* earth "The letter you send me is the most interesting you have had from Mr. ———, I think he

is quite right in distrusting unspiritual spirits, and unspiritual Spiritists; and you are quite right in affirming that the outward things of Spiritualism have a real use. They deserve neither the rejection of derisive savans, nor of frightened religionists, nor again of such men as Mr. ———. He who would walk in the middle must start from the middle—that is to say, it is from the soul's centre, living faith in God, we must proceed on any new path of investigation, turning neither to the right hand in presumption, nor to the left in distrustful fear. If Mr. ——— is in spirit such a Christian as Behmen and Law, he knows this. But he that, starting from the centre, investigates Spiritualism without presumption and without fear, will not find himself, I think, unrewarded."

The reprint of the "Songs Controversial" and Mr. Lynch's "Review of the Rivulet Controversy," will be gladly welcomed. We never before so fully realised the value of a well-written "Life," as in the Memoir before us. We venture to predict that it will become one of the most popular of religious biographies.

Correspondence.

DEALING IN ABSTRACTION.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Mr. Bray, it seems, persists in confounding a thought with a thing, and cannot distinguish sensation from the being, be it physical or spiritual, having the sensation; just as he cannot see that force cannot be abstracted even in imagination from that which has the force; nor again is there such a thing as dead matter, as an abstraction from its force attributes or properties; just again as life or motion can have no existence apart from the living or moving substance, be that substance regarded under the term matter or spirit, for a basis of some sort there must be; and if again matter is force, then force is matter, and it is a mere play of terms, just as when writers affirm that matter fundamentally is spirit, then spirit is matter; and we do but breed confusion. What God has joined together let no man put asunder. But the question of immortality is another matter, because a man may have a spirit, but it may die with the body, and nothing can convince us that it does not but the actual return of the dead, as Christ is said to have returned, materialised in his old form, with the wounds and all as when upon the cross. But when Mr. Bray says with Berkely that we only know our own sensations, we must take him at his word, as Hume did Berkely, and we cannot let him eat his cake and have it still, or let him declare for mind only, and then talk of objects as if he did perceive them, and liken the brain to an electric battery, and the heart to a pump, and the food digester to the fuel in the furnace of the steam engine, and the limbs, &c., to the machinery. Such persistence in contradictory ideas is not philosophy, but mere discord and noise, and Huxley's words won't mend it. Force is an action or ability, not an entity, or if so, the term is but a misleading expression for the substance itself.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

P.S.—Please insert the following :—

May 12, 1874.

18, Quai de la Douane, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

To the Hon. Sec. of the "*British National Association of Spiritualists*."

SIR,—Had the primary object of your Society been investigation, with a more definite scientific aim and purpose, I should gladly have joined it; but, as the intention is clearly to propagate a religious belief, I must decline the honour of a seat in your council chamber. That Mr. Crosland should compare the Association to the Royal Society in the *Spiritual Magazine* of January, is strange, indeed, and the end of such an Association will not be union but disunion, as it has been with the Anthropological Institution. Nay, at the very commencement it is exhibiting great disunion amongst Spiritualists. However, it is well that such difference exist, or we should have the most intolerable dogmatism ever promulgated, the symptoms of which are to be observed in certain quarters already, and the purpose to stifle opposition, both as regards the philosophy of the facts and their moral bearings. The mere belief in a soul and its immortality never elevated man yet, and never will or can. Morality and true and real Spirituality have a very different source; so that you see how profoundly I differ from your whole declarations and principles.

I beg to remain, most respectfully yours,

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

LIFE AND DEATH.

ALTERNATE Day and Night succeed,
And chase each other round our Earth;
So in this human life we lead,
Death alternates with birth.

With every pulse a child is born,
A man at every moment dies;
We hail with joy the flush of dawn,
We crouch 'neath dark'ning skies.

But have we all the lesson read?
Does all life's glory end in gloom?
Why seek the living 'mid the dead?—
An angel asks beside the tomb.

No longer bound in mortal prison,
He only to the earth has died;
The Spirit is not here, but risen
To life immortal, glorified.

For what is death but spirit-birth
To higher life! The "gone before"
Have but exchanged the life on Earth
For life in Heaven—for evermore!

T. S.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

JULY, 1874.

MR. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE IN DEFENCE OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

II.

IN a paper of 23 pages in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, this admirable defence of Modern Spiritualism is continued and concluded.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Wallace rightly places a high estimate on the evidential value of spirit-photographs both as confirming the objective nature of the luminous appearances and spirit-forms and faces seen, and as independent proof of spiritual agency; after pointing out the nature of the proof of the objective character of these appearances from other sources, he remarks:—

Now, at this point, an inquirer, who had not prejudged the question, and who did not believe his own knowledge of the universe to be so complete as to justify him in rejecting all evidence for facts which he had hitherto considered to be in the highest degree improbable, might fairly say, "Your evidence for the appearance of visible, tangible, spiritual forms, is very strong; but I should like to have them submitted to a crucial test, which would quite settle the question of the possibility of their being due to a coincident delusion of several senses of several persons at the same time; and, if satisfactory, would demonstrate their objective reality in a way nothing else can do. If they really reflect or emit light which makes them visible to human eyes, *they can be photographed*. Photograph them, and you will have an unanswerable proof that your human witnesses are trustworthy." Two years ago we could only have replied to this very proper suggestion, that we believed it had been done and could be again done, but that we had no satisfactory evidence to offer. Now, however, we are in a position to state, not only that it has been frequently done, but that the evidence is of such a nature as to satisfy any one who will take the trouble carefully to examine it. This evidence we will now lay before our readers, and we venture to think they will acknowledge it to be most remarkable.

This evidence Mr. Wallace then proceeds to lay before his readers. After pointing out that these figures may be of spiritual origin without necessarily being figures of spirits, he gives the

following as some of the most obvious tests of the genuineness of spirit-photographs:—

1. If a person with a knowledge of photography takes his own glass plates, examines the camera used and all the accessories, and watches the whole process of taking a picture, then, if any definite form appears on the negative besides the setter, it is a proof that some object was present capable of reflecting or emitting the actinic rays, although invisible to those present. 2. If an unmistakable likeness appears of a deceased person totally unknown to the photographer. 3. If figures appear on the negative having a definite relation to the figure of the sitter, who chooses his own position, attitude, and accompaniments, it is a proof that invisible figures were really there. 4. If a figure appears draped in white, and partly behind the dark body of the sitter without in the least showing through, it is a proof that the white figure was there at the same time, because the dark parts of the negative are transparent, and any white picture in any way superposed would show through. 5. Even should none of these tests be applied, yet if a medium, quite independent of the photographer, sees and describes a figure during the sitting, and an exactly corresponding figure appears on the plate, it is a proof that such a figure was there.

Every one of these tests have now been successfully applied in our own country, as the following outline of the facts will show.

An account is then given of the first spirit-photographs taken at Mr. Hudson's, and especially draws attention to one of these as proof that "Here one of two things is absolutely certain: either there was a living, intelligent, but invisible being present, or Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, the photographer, and some fourth person planned a wicked imposture, and have maintained it ever since. Knowing Mr. and Mrs. Guppy so well as I do, I feel an absolute conviction that they are as incapable of an imposture of this kind as any earnest enquirer after truth in the department of natural science."

After citing some testimonies to show that "the test of clearly recognisable likenesses of departed friends has often been obtained," Mr. Wallace adds his own personal testimony:—"A few weeks back I went to the same photographer's (Mr. Hudson) for the first time, and obtained a most unmistakable likeness of a deceased relative."

Mr. Wallace next cites private experiments of amateurs, which include those of Mr. Slater, optician, of 136, Euston Road, at his own house—having obtained several excellent pictures of this class, some of which are recognised portraits of deceased relatives and friends; but as Mr. Wallace remarks:—"whether these figures are correctly identified or not is not the essential point, the fact that any figures so clear and unmistakably human in appearance as these should appear on plates taken in his own private studio by an experienced optician and amateur photographer, who makes all his apparatus himself, and with no one present but the members of his own family, is the real marvel."

Another amateur—Mr. R. Williams, M.A., Ph.D., of Hay-

ward's Heath—after eighteen months of experiment, succeeded last summer in obtaining three photographs, each with part of a human form beside the sitter, one having the features distinctly marked. Subsequently another was obtained, with a well-formed figure of a man standing at the side of the sitter, but while being developed the figure faded away entirely.

The valuable and conclusive experiments of Mr. John Beattie of Clifton, a retired photographer, of twenty years' experience, "one of the last men in the world to be easily deceived, at least in matters relating to photography, and one quite incapable of deceiving others," are instanced; but as these have already appeared in this Magazine we need not again quote them. Mr. Wallace thus sums up the evidence and concludes on this head:—

We find, then, that three amateur photographers working independently in different parts of England, separately confirm the fact of spirit-photography,—already demonstrated to the satisfaction of many who had tested it through professional photographers. The experiments of Mr. Beattie and Dr. Thomson are alone absolutely conclusive; and, taken in connection with those of Mr. Slater and Dr. Williams, and the test photographs, like those of Mrs. Guppy, establish as a scientific fact the objective existence of invisible human forms, and definite invisible actinic images. Before leaving the photographic phenomena, we have to notice two curious points in connection with them. The actinic action of the spirit-forms is peculiar, and much more rapid than that of the light reflected from ordinary material forms; for the figures start out the moment the developing fluid touches them, while the figure of the sitter appears much later. Mr. Beattie noticed this throughout his experiments, and I was myself much struck with it when watching the development of three pictures recently taken at Mr. Hudson's. The second figure, though by no means bright, always came out long before any other part of the picture. The other singular thing is the copious drapery in which these forms are almost always enveloped, so as to show only just what is necessary for recognition of the face and figure. The explanation given of this is, that the human form is more difficult to materialise than drapery. The conventional "white-sheeted ghost" was not then all fancy, but had a foundation in fact—a fact, too, of deep significance, dependent on the laws of a yet unknown chemistry.

The experiments in spirit-photography of some amateur photographers, as those of Mr. Russell, of Kingston-on-Thames, and especially those of Mr. Parkes, of Grove Road, Bow, have been overlooked by Mr. Wallace, the omission of all reference to the latter in particular, is a marked defect, as it was by direction of the spirits that these experiments were instituted, and by their instructions carried on, Mr. Parkes having no previous knowledge of photography. An extensive collection of very peculiar and well-defined spirit-forms and faces, including some recognised portraits of deceased friends have been thus obtained. The earliest of these were taken some weeks prior to any taken by Mr. Hudson.

Mr. Wallace has confined his sketch of spirit-photographs to those obtained in this country. His case might have been strengthened by reference to those taken in various places on

the Continent of Europe; and to those which during ten years previously, and up to this time, have been taken in the United States. The genuineness of those taken by the principal spirit-photographer having been fully sustained in a Court of Justice by a judgment in his favour.

SUMMARY OF THE MORE IMPORTANT MANIFESTATIONS, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL.

We shall not follow Mr. Wallace in what he modestly calls "a catalogue of the most important and well characterised phenomena" of Modern Spiritualism, they are grouped under the two heads of physical, or those in which material objects are acted on, or apparently material bodies produced; and mental, or those which consist in the exhibition by the medium of powers or faculties not possessed in the normal state; but we may quote a remark under the head of "Spiritual Forms." He says, "It must not be concluded that any of these forms are actual spirits, they are probably only temporary forms produced by spirits for purposes of test, or of recognition by their friends. This is the account invariably given of them by communications obtained in various ways; so that the objection once thought to be so crushing—that there can be no "ghosts" of clothes, armour, or walking-sticks ceases to have any weight.

HISTORICAL TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. Wallace's observations on this head are so connected, and are all so excellent that we quote them nearly *in extenso*.

The lessons which Modern Spiritualism teaches may be classed under two heads. In the first place, we find that it gives a rational account of various phenomena in human history which physical science has been unable to explain, and has therefore rejected or ignored; and, in the second, we derive from it some definite information as to man's nature and destiny, and, founded on this, an ethical system of great practical efficacy. The following are some of the more important phenomena of history and of human nature which science cannot deal with, but which Spiritualism explains:—

1. It is no small thing that the Spiritualist finds himself able to rehabilitate Socrates as a sane man, and his "demon" as an intelligent spiritual being who accompanied him through life—in other words, a guardian spirit. The Non-spiritualist is obliged to look upon one of the greatest men in human history, not only as subject all his life to a mental illusion, but as being so weak, foolish, or superstitious as never to discover that it was an illusion. He is obliged to disbelieve the fact asserted by contemporaries and by Socrates himself, that it forewarned him truly of dangers; and to hold that this noble man, this subtle reasoner, this religious sceptic, who was looked up to with veneration and love by the great men who were his pupils, was imposed upon by his own fancies, and never during a long life found out that they were fancies, and that their supposed monitions were as often wrong as right. It is a positive mental relief not to have to think thus of Socrates.

2. Spiritualism allows us to believe that the oracles of antiquity were not all impostures; that a whole people, perhaps the most intellectually acute who ever existed were not all dupes. In discussing the question, "Why the Prophetess

Pythia giveth no answers now from the oracle in verse," Plutarch tells us that when kings and states consulted the oracle on weighty matters that might do harm if made public, the replies were couched in enigmatical language; but when private persons asked about their own affairs, they got direct answers in the plainest terms, so that some people even complained of their simplicity and directness, as being unworthy of a divine origin. And he adds this positive testimony: "Her answers, though submitted to the severest scrutiny, have never proved false or incorrect. On the contrary, the verification of them has filled the temple with gifts from all parts of Greece and foreign countries. And again, "The answer of Pythoness proceeds to the very truth, without any diversion, circuit, fraud, or ambiguity. It has never yet, in a single instance, been convicted of falsehood." Would such statements be made by such a writer if these oracles were all the mere guesses of impostors? The fact that they declined and ultimately failed is wholly in their favour; for why should imposture cease as the world became less enlightened and more superstitious? Neither does the fact that the priests could sometimes be bribed to give out false oracles prove anything against such statements as that of Plutarch and the belief during many generations, supported by ever-recurring experiences, of the greatest men of antiquity. That belief could only have been formed by demonstrative facts; and Modern Spiritualism enables us to understand the nature of those facts.

3. Both the Old and the New Testaments are full of Spiritualism, and Spiritualists alone can read the record with an enlightened belief. The hand that wrote upon the wall at Belshazzar's feast, and the three men unhurt in Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, are for them actual facts which they need not explain away. St. Paul's language about "spiritual gifts," and "trying the spirits," is to them intelligible language, and the "gift of tongues" a simple fact. When Christ cast out "devils" or evil spirits, he really did so—not merely startle a madman into momentary quiescence; and the water changed into wine, as well as the bread and fishes continually renewed till five thousand men were fed, are credible as extreme manifestations of a power which is still daily at work among us.

4. The miracles of the saints, when well attested, come into the same category. Those of St. Bernard, for instance, were often performed in broad day before thousands of spectators, and were recorded by eye-witnesses. He was himself greatly troubled by them, wondering why this power was bestowed upon him, and fearing lest it should make him less humble. This was not the frame of mind, nor was St. Bernard's the character, of a deluded enthusiast. The Spiritualist need not believe that all this never happened, or that St. Francis d'Assisi and St. Theresa were not raised into the air, as eye-witnesses declared they were.

5. Witchcraft and witchcraft trials have a new interest for the Spiritualist. He is able to detect hundreds of curious and minute coincidences with phenomena he has himself witnessed; he is able to separate the *facts* from the absurd *inferences* which people imbued with the frightful superstition of diabolism drew from them, and from which false inferences all the horrors of the witchcraft mania arose. Spiritualism, and Spiritualism alone, gives a rational explanation of witchcraft, and determines how much of it was objective fact, how much subjective illusion.

6. Modern Roman Catholic miracles become intelligible facts. Spirits whose affections and passions are strongly excited in favour of Catholicism, produce those appearances of the Virgin and of saints which they know will tend to increased religious fervour. The appearance itself may be an objective reality, while it is only an inference that it is the Virgin Mary,—an inference which every intelligent Spiritualist would repudiate as in the highest degree improbable.

7. Second-sight, and many of the so-called superstitions of savages may be realities. It is well known that mediumistic power is more frequent and more energetic in mountainous countries; and as these are generally inhabited by the less civilised races, the beliefs that are more prevalent there may be due to facts which are more prevalent, and be wrongly imputed to the coincident ignorance. It is known to Spiritualists that the pure dry air of California led to more

powerful and more startling manifestations than in any other part of the United States.

8. The recently discussed question of the efficacy of prayer receives a perfect solution by Spiritualism. Prayer may be often answered, though not directly by the Deity. Nor does the answer depend wholly on the morality or the religion of the petitioner; but as men who are both moral and religious, and are firm believers in a divine response to prayer, will pray more frequently, more earnestly, and more disinterestedly, they will attract towards them a number of spiritual beings who sympathise with them, and who, when the necessary mediumistic power is present, will be able, as they are often willing, to answer the prayer. A striking case is that of George Müller, of Bristol, who has now for forty-four years depended wholly for his own support and that of his wonderful charities on answer to prayer. His *Narrative of Some of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller* (6th edit. 1860) should have been referred to in the late discussion, since it furnishes a better demonstration that prayer is sometimes really answered than the hospital experiment proposed by Sir Henry Thomson could possibly have done. In this work we have a precise yearly statement of his receipts and expenditure for many years. He never asked any one, or allowed any one to be asked, directly or indirectly, for a penny. No subscriptions or collections were ever made; yet from 1830 (when he married without any income whatever) he has lived, brought up a family, and established institutions which have steadily increased, till now 4,000 orphan children are educated and in part supported. It has happened hundreds of times that there has been no food in his house and no money to buy any, or no food or milk or sugar for the children. Yet he never took a loaf or any other article on credit even for a day; and during the thirty years over which his narrative extends, neither he nor the hundreds of children dependent upon him for their daily food have ever been without a regular meal! They have lived, literally, from hand to mouth; and his one and only resource has been secret prayer. Here is a case which has been going on in the midst of us for forty years, and is still going on; it has been published to the world for many years, yet a warm discussion is carried on by eminent men as to the fact of whether prayer is or is not answered, and not one of them exhibits the least knowledge of this most pertinent and illustrative phenomenon! The Spiritualist explains all this as a personal influence. The perfect simplicity, faith, boundless charity, and goodness of George Müller have enlisted in his cause beings of a like nature; and his mediumistic powers have enabled them to work for him by influencing others to send him money, food, clothes, &c., all arriving, as we should say, just in the nick of time. The numerous letters he received with these gifts, describing the sudden and uncontrollable impulse the donors felt to send him a certain definite sum at a certain fixed time, such being the exact sum he was in want of and had prayed for, strikingly illustrates the nature of the power at work. All this might be explained away if it were partial and discontinuous; but when it continued to supply the daily wants of a life of unexampled charity, *for which no provision in advance was ever made* (for that Müller considered would show want of trust in God), no such explanation can cover the facts.

9. Spiritualism enables us to comprehend and find a place for that long series of disturbances and occult phenomena of various kinds which occurred previous to what are termed the modern Spiritual manifestations. Robert Dale Owen's works give a rather full account of this class of phenomena, which are most accurately recorded and philosophically treated by him.

MORAL TEACHINGS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

These Mr. Wallace briefly outlines as follows:—

1. Man is a duality, consisting of an organized spiritual form, evolved coincidentally with and permeating the physical body, and having corresponding organs and development.
2. Death is the separation of this duality, and effects no change in the spirit, morally or intellectually.
3. Progressive evolution of the intellectual and moral nature is the destiny of

individuals; the knowledge, attainments and experience of earth-life forming the basis of spirit-life.

4. Spirits can communicate through properly-endowed mediums. They are attracted to those they love or sympathise with, and strive to warn, protect, and influence them for good, by mental impression when they cannot effect any more direct communication; but, as follows from clause (2), their communications will be fallible, and must be judged and tested just as we do those of our fellow-men."

Mr. Wallace then passes on to explain with some amount of detail how the theory leads to a pure system of morality with sanctions far more powerful and effective than any which either religious systems or philosophy have put forth.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND THE TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM CONCERNING THE FUTURE STATE.

All that Mr. Wallace says on this head is again so full of interest and of such deep importance that we quote the entire body of his remarks:—

This part of the subject cannot perhaps be better introduced than by referring to some remarks by Professor Huxley in a letter to the Committee of the Dialectical Society. He says: "But supposing the phenomena to be genuine, they do not interest me. If anybody would endow me with the faculty of listening to the chatter of old women and curates at the nearest cathedral town, I should decline the privilege, having better things to do. And if the folk in the spiritual world do not talk more wisely and sensibly than their friends report them to do, I put them in the same category." This passage, written with the caustic satire in which the kind-hearted Professor occasionally indulges, can hardly mean that if it were proved that men really continued to live after the death of the body that fact would not interest him merely because some of them talked twaddle? Many scientific men deny the spiritual source of the manifestations, on the ground that real, genuine spirits might reasonably be expected not to indulge in the commonplace trivialities which do undoubtedly form the staple of ordinary spiritual communications. But surely Professor Huxley, as a naturalist and philosopher, would not admit this to be a reasonable expectation. Does he not hold the doctrine that there can be no effect, mental or physical, without an adequate cause, and that mental states, faculties, and idiosyncrasies, that are the result of gradual development and life-long—or even ancestral—habit, cannot be suddenly changed by any known or imaginable cause? And if (as the Professor would probably admit) a very large majority of those who daily depart this life are persons addicted to twaddle, persons who spend much of their time in low or trivial pursuits, persons whose pleasures are sensual rather than intellectual,—whence is to come the transforming power which is suddenly, at the mere throwing off the physical body, to change these into beings able to appreciate and delight in high and intellectual pursuits? The thing would be a miracle, the greatest of miracles, and surely Professor Huxley is the last man to contemplate innumerable miracles as part of the order of nature; and all for what? Merely to *save these people from the necessary consequences of their mis-spent lives*. For the essential teaching of Spiritualism is, that we are, all of us, in every act and thought, helping to build up a "mental fabric," which will be and constitute ourselves more completely after the death of the body than it does now. Just as this fabric is well or ill built, so will our progress and happiness be aided or retarded. Just in proportion as we have developed our higher intellectual and moral nature, or starved it by disuse and by giving undue prominence to those faculties which secure us mere physical or selfish enjoyment, shall we be well or ill fitted for the new life we enter on. The noble teaching of Herbert Spencer, that men are best educated by being left to suffer the natural consequences of their actions, is the teaching of Spiritualism as regards the transition to another phase of life. There will be no imposed rewards

or punishments, but every one will suffer the natural and inevitable consequences of a well or ill-spent life. The well-spent life is that in which those faculties which regard our personal physical well-being are subordinated to those which regard our social and intellectual well-being and the well-being of others; and that inherent feeling—which is so universal and so difficult to account for—that these latter constitute our higher nature seems also to point to the conclusion that we are intended for a condition in which the former will be almost wholly unnecessary, and will gradually become rudimentary through disuse, while the latter will receive a corresponding development.

Although, therefore, the twaddle and triviality of so many of the communications is not one whit more interesting to sensible Spiritualists than it is to Professor Huxley, and is never voluntarily listened to, yet the fact that such poor stuff is talked (supposing it to come from spirits) is both a fact that might have been anticipated and a lesson of deep import. We must remember, too, the character of the *séances* at which these commonplace communications are received. A miscellaneous assemblance of believers of various grades and tastes, but mostly in search of an evening's amusement, and of sceptics who look upon all the others as either fools or knaves, is not likely to attract to itself the more elevated and refined denizens of the higher spheres, who may well be supposed to feel too much interest in their new and grand intellectual existence to waste their energies on either class. If the fact is proved that people continue to talk after they are dead with just as little sense as when alive, but that, being in a state in which sense, both common and uncommon, is of far greater importance to happiness than it is here (where fools pass very comfortable lives), they suffer the penalty of having neglected to cultivate their minds; and being so much out of their element in a world where all pleasures are mental, they endeavour to recall old times by gossiping with their former associates whenever they can find the means—Professor Huxley will not fail to see its vast importance as an incentive to that higher education which he is never weary of advocating. He would assuredly be interested in anything having a really practical bearing on the present as well as on the future condition of men; and it is evident that even these low and despised phenomena of Spiritualism, "if true," have this bearing, and, combined with its higher teachings, constitute a great moral agency which may yet regenerate the world.

For the Spiritualist who, by daily experience, gets absolute knowledge of these facts regarding the future state—who knows that, just in proportion as he indulges in passion, or selfishness, or the exclusive pursuit of wealth, and neglects to cultivate the affections and the varied powers of his mind, so does he inevitably prepare for himself misery in a world in which there are no physical wants to be provided for, no sensual enjoyments except those directly associated with the affections and sympathies, no occupations but those having for their object social and intellectual progress—is impelled towards a pure, a sympathetic, and an intellectual life by motives far stronger than any which either religion or philosophy can supply. He dreads to give way to passion or to falsehood, to selfishness or to a life of luxurious physical enjoyment, because he knows that the natural and inevitable consequences of such habits are future misery, necessitating a long and arduous struggle in order to develop anew the faculties, whose exercise long disuse has rendered painful to him. He will be deterred from crime by the knowledge that its unforeseen consequences may cause him ages of remorse; while the bad passions which it encourages will be a perpetual torment to himself in a state of being in which mental emotions can not be laid aside or forgotten amid the fierce struggles and sensual pleasures of a physical existence. It must be remembered that these beliefs (unlike those of theology) will have a living efficacy, because they depend on *facts* occurring again and again in the family circle, constantly reiterating the same truths as the result of personal knowledge, and thus bringing home to the mind even of the most obtuse, the absolute reality of that future existence in which our degree of happiness or misery will be directly dependent on the "mental fabric" we construct by our daily thoughts, and words, and actions here.

Contrast this system of natural and inevitable reward and retribution, dependent wholly on the proportionate development of our higher mental and

moral nature, with the arbitrary system of rewards and punishments dependent on stated acts and beliefs only, as set forth by all dogmatic religions; and who can fail to see that the former is in harmony with the whole order of nature—the latter opposed to it. Yet it is actually said that Spiritualism is altogether either imposture or delusion, and all its teachings but the product of “expectant attention” and unconscious cerebration! If none of the long series of demonstrative facts which have been here sketched out existed, and its only product were this theory of a future state, that alone would negative such a supposition. And when it is considered that mediums of all grades, whether intelligent or ignorant, and having communications given through them in various direct and indirect ways, are absolutely in accord as to the main features of this theory, what becomes of the gross misstatement that nothing is given through mediums but what they know and believe themselves? The mediums have, almost all, been brought up in some of the usual orthodox beliefs. How is it, then, that the usual orthodox notions of heaven are *never* confirmed through them. In the scores of volumes and pamphlets of spiritual literature I have read, I have found no statement of a spirit describing “winged angels,” or “golden harps,” or the “throne of God”—to which the humblest orthodox Christian thinks he will be introduced if he goes to heaven at all. There is no more startling and radical opposition to be found between the most diverse religious creeds than that between the beliefs in which the majority of mediums have been brought up and the doctrines as to a future life that are delivered through them; there is nothing more marvellous in the history of the human mind than the fact that, whether in the back-woods of America or in country towns in England, ignorant men and women, having almost all been brought up in the usual sectarian notions of heaven and hell, should, the moment they become seized by the strange power of mediumship, give forth teachings on this subject which are philosophical rather than religious, and which differ wholly from what had been so deeply ingrained into their minds. And this statement is not affected by the fact that communications purport to come from Catholic or Protestant, Mahomedan or Hindoo spirits. Because, while such communications maintain special *dogmas* and *doctrines*, yet they confirm the *very facts* which really constitute the spiritual theory, and which in themselves contradict the theory of the sectarian spirits. The Roman Catholic spirit, for instance, does not describe himself as being in either the orthodox purgatory, heaven, or hell; the Evangelical Dissenter, who died in the firm conviction that he should certainly “go to Jesus,” never describes himself as being with Christ, or as ever having seen Him, and so on throughout. Nothing is more common than for religious people at *séances* to ask questions about God and Christ. In reply they never get more than opinions, or more frequently the statement that they, the spirits, have no more actual knowledge of those subjects than they had while on earth. So that the facts are all harmonious; and the very circumstance of there being sectarian spirits bears witness in two ways to the truth of the spiritual theory—it shows that the mind, with its ingrained beliefs, is not suddenly changed at death; and it shows that the communications are not the reflection of the mind of the medium, who is often of the same religion as the communicating spirit, and, because he does not get his own ideas confirmed, is obliged to call in the aid of “Satanic influence” to account for the anomaly.

The doctrine of a future state and of the proper preparation for it as here developed, is to be found in the works of all Spiritualists, in the utterances of all trance-speakers, in the communications through all mediums; and this could be proved, did space permit, by copious quotations. But it varies in form and detail in each; and just as the historian arrives at the opinions or beliefs of any age or nation, by collating the individual opinions of its best and most popular writers, so do Spiritualists collate the various statements on this subject. They know well that absolute dependence is to be placed on no individual communications. They know that these are received by a complex physical and mental process, both communicator and recipient influencing the result; and they accept the teachings as to the future state of man only so far as they are repeatedly confirmed in substance (though they may differ in detail) by communications obtained under the most varied circumstances through mediums of

the most different characters and acquirements, at different times, and in distant places. Fresh converts are apt to think, that, once satisfied the communications come from their deceased friends, they may implicitly trust to them, and apply them universally; as if the vast spiritual world was all moulded to one pattern, instead of being, as it almost certainly is, a thousand times more varied than human society on the earth is, or ever has been. The fact that the communications do not agree as to the condition, occupations, pleasures, and capacities, of individual spirits, so far from being a difficulty, as has been absurdly supposed, is what ought to have been expected; while the agreement on the essential features of what we have stated to be the spiritual theory of a future state of existence, is all the more striking, and tends to establish that theory as a fundamental truth.

The assertion, so often made, that Spiritualism is the survival or revival of old superstitions, is so utterly unfounded as to be hardly worth notice. A science of human nature which is founded on observed facts; which appeals only to facts and experiment; which takes no beliefs on trust; which inculcates investigation and self-reliance as the first duties of intelligent beings; which teaches that happiness in a future life can be secured by cultivating and developing to the utmost the higher faculties of our intellectual and moral nature *and by no other method*,—is and must be the natural enemy of all superstition. Spiritualism is an experimental science, and affords the only sure foundation for a true philosophy and a pure religion. It abolishes the terms "supernatural" and "miracle" by an extension of the sphere of law and the realm of nature; and in doing so it takes up and explains whatever is true in the superstitions and so-called miracles of all ages. It, and it alone, is able to harmonise conflicting creeds; and it must ultimately lead to concord among mankind in the matter of religion, which has for so many ages been the source of unceasing discord and incalculable evil;—and it will be able to do this because it appeals to evidence instead of faith, and substitutes facts for opinions; and is thus able to demonstrate the source of much of the teaching that men have so often held to be divine.

It will thus be seen, that those who can form no higher conception of the uses of Spiritualism, "even if true," than to detect crime or to name in advance the winner of the Derby, not only prove their own ignorance of the whole subject, but exhibit in a marked degree that partial mental paralysis, the result of a century of materialistic thought, which renders so many men unable seriously to conceive the possibility of a natural continuation of human life after the death of the body. It will be seen also that Spiritualism is no mere "physiological" curiosity, no mere indication of some hitherto unknown "law of nature;" but that it is a science of vast extent, having the widest, the most important, and the most practical issues, and as such should enlist the sympathies alike of moralists, philosophers, and politicians, and of all who have at heart the improvement of society and the permanent elevation of human nature.

In concluding this necessarily imperfect though somewhat lengthy account of a subject about which so little is probably known to most of the readers of the *Fortnightly Review*, I would earnestly beg them not to satisfy themselves with a minute criticism of single facts, the evidence for which, in my brief survey, may be imperfect; but to weigh carefully the mass of evidence I have adduced, considering its wide range and various bearings. I would ask them to look rather at the results produced by the evidence than at the evidence itself as imperfectly stated by me; to consider the long roll of men of ability who, commencing the inquiry as sceptics left it as believers, and to give these men credit for not having overlooked, during years of patient inquiry, difficulties which at once occur to themselves. I would ask them to ponder well on the fact, that no earnest inquirer has ever come to a conclusion adverse to the reality of the phenomena; and that no Spiritualist has ever yet given them up as false. I would ask them, finally, to dwell upon the long series of facts in human history that Spiritualism explains, and on the noble and satisfying theory of a future life that it unfolds. If they will do this, I feel confident that the result I have alone aimed at will be attained; which is, to remove the prejudices and misconceptions with which the whole subject has been surrounded, and to

incite to unbiassed and persevering examination of the facts. For the cardinal maxim of Spiritualism is, that every one must find out the truth for himself. It makes no claim to be received on hearsay evidence; but, on the other hand, it demands that it be not rejected without patient, honest, and fearless inquiry.

We hope Mr. Wallace may be induced to extend and complete his survey of the subject in an independent work, and in which his pamphlet, *The Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural* (now out of print), and his *Essay on Miracles* (given in a former number of this Magazine), might usefully be incorporated. It would form a most valuable Hand-book of Spiritualism.

The *Spectator*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Academy*, *Echo*, and other journals, notice Mr. Wallace's article, but only to painfully illustrate their incompetency to adequately treat the subject of it; their want of practical knowledge being but thinly veiled by a superficial literary smartness, which may amuse but certainly does not instruct. Incidental questions and matters of opinion are considered, but the *facts*—a correct knowledge of which can alone make opinions of any real value—are evaded or ignored. Still it is felt that the old contemptuous tone can no longer be maintained, and even this is something, as it clears the way for reasonable discussion.

MATHEMATICS OF PSYCHOLOGY.

IN the spiritual nature of man, which is really unending *life*, is to be found the richest, ripest, rarest wisdom of him who considers *himself* in his THINKING;—the self-conscious πνεῦμα, as distinguished from νοῦς, λογος, σαρξ, σῶμα, καρδια, or ψυχή—since in the mathematics of psychology or the metaphysics of matter—whatever may be the refining fire of science and philosophy,—spirit *alone* is the imperishable gold that is yet to be separated from the dross of cosmic elements, the existing form that shall never cease to have being—as a jewel in the casket of earth, or a gem in the diadem of heaven. It is a significant fact and worthy of devout consideration, that if we revert to Jewish or Christian records, *e.g.*, no writer of Scripture has ever combined spirit and *blood*, as a unity of existence, in time or eternity, but always and emphatically, *soul* and blood, in short, mind and matter. Nevertheless, so far as the origin and destiny of mankind are concerned, the language of exclusive physicists may yet be truly expressed in the elegant lines of Catullus:—

“Soles occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est una perpetua dormienda.”—Lib. i. 5.

Are we bound in truth or justice to *accept* this dismal teaching

of naturalists, physiologists, and biologists, nay worse still, even certain anthropologists themselves, as the inevitable *ne plus ultra* of possible knowledge, in the mental, moral, and material constitution of the human race. Surely not! But for the facts of Modern Spiritualism, however, the prospect of suffering humanity were indeed most gloomy,—since in the British and Foreign “*Advancement*” of Science, we are encouraged to hope for nothing nobler, higher, or better, than a mortal slavery of fleshly soul, incomparably more abject, humiliating, and repellant, than the helotism of ancient Sparta

“Olli dura quies oculos, et ferreus urget
Somnus; in æternam clauduntur lumina noctem.”

Virgil, Æn. x., l. 745-6

In one and the same University of Saxe-Weimar (where, also, taught Schiller, Humboldt, Fichte, Schelling, Griesbach, and the Grimms, &c.), I have likewise been “taught” at one and the same time, that the whole world, living and not living, is the *sole* result of mutual interaction, according to definite fixed laws, inherent in the nature of matter, on the part of those chemico-physical forces possessed by molecules—from the primitive nebulousity of the universe to the higher vertebrata—man himself included in short, “*spontaneous*” generation is a necessary part of the doctrine of evolution (Hæckel). Yet the “carpenter’s son” spoke from the clouds of heaven to the sail-maker of Tarsus, as he journeyed to the capital of Syria—and that, too, in the direct living human voice (Rückert); nay more, the same Jesus has “*remained*” with us! (Hase). With humility I add, Spiritualism involves a revolution in Anthropology, not at Jena alone, but throughout the whole empire of science, where truth must eventually triumph. Meanwhile, full justice may be done to Kant, as the originator of that cosmic gas theory, and the critical philosophy of pure reason—since *it is impossible that spirit shall be separated from itself*. If the nervous matter of brain-protoplasm be the temporary organ of mind, whose essence is nevertheless *thinking*, self-consciousness is the faculty of each metaphysical observer, albeit the word Spirituality is not used in the Immaterialism of Descartes. The perfume of a rose is not dependent upon its name—neither is *cogito ergo sum*. The grandest phenomenon of existence, the offspring sole of a peculiar fatty substance, yclept cerebrie acid, in combination with soda, albumen, phosphorus, salts, and water—“*science*” notwithstanding. Upon no age does the sun of Spiritualism cease to shine in gorgeous splendour. Yet it is just mere fashion now to “doubt” of *that*, and everything! With every desire of the sincerest

truthseeker in physical science, or out of it, I have failed utterly to perceive why the holding of a "belief," akin to that expounded in the *Spiritual Magazine*, should fairly imply a smaller share of intelligence and honour than holding the scepticism of the *English Mechanic*. In this warfare of Materialism v. Spiritualism, depend upon it the sequel will show that it is neither more nor less than our ancient friend, Sir Oracle, in the modern guise. Physicists, the world over, have long been acting towards new truth—whether called Homœopathy, Vegetarianism, Hydropathy, Mesmerism, or what not, as though they very gratuitously credited themselves with a higher ideality of intellect, and a more profound rational wisdom, as well as incomparably greater conscientiousness of heart or soul, than the actual investigator of facts and fables, whose inexorable conviction is firmly based on adequate experience of the best quality, namely, sound philosophical judgment and extensive practical observation. Of those unequivocal certainties of Spiritualism in 1874, each of which I can plant my living hand upon from day to day,—surely it is lawful and right to feel, know, or say with Milton,

"If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness
And earth's base built on stubble."—*Comus*, l. 597.

In this analysis of the life called "*spirit*," as it lives again before us in mortal coil, we are really upon the true scientific experimental track in the domain of natural philosophy, not less than regarding with becoming homage the biblical theological record of Jew and Gentile, Heathen or Christian a course which, I think, must lead each lover of truth, whether in science or ethics, from a righteous beginning and by righteous means to a righteous end, spiritually and materially. Some spirits, have at least been honest enough individually to declare, "I can really give and tell you *nothing* that is not in you already," on which occasion another incorporeal visitant said to the astonished company, through the medium, "*Thy head is my library!*" In fact, examples of such deceptive ethereal intercourse abound in Switzerland, and elsewhere on the continent of Europe, amongst those spirits only, however, who turn away from the heavenly ladder of Jesus (John i. 51.), and know not Him in sincerity and truth. Other spiritual or non-material existences again protest that all kinds of spiritual intercourse with men, by means of table-rapping, psychography, machinery, or music, are grossly deceitful performances;—the mere psychic echo or mental reflection of persons themselves present!

In reference to these particular manifestations, or any similar phenomena, it may be truly observed by the spiritual

philosopher, that *such* "witchcraft" often belongs to the art of dark magic, or that questionable magnetic practice, to which mercenary soothsayers and professional necromancers resort for gain, and may fairly be represented only as a bad caricature of good Spiritualism, whether hailing from Europe or America. Suspicious double-goers and advertised deliberate mimeries, however clever may be the conjuror—mortal or immortal—carry with them, wheresoever and by whomsoever perpetrated, their own decisive relegation into the genial limbos of rotten mediocre nescience, or category diabolical for all wicked works. In any event, these are not such irruptions of one Psyche into the sphere of another soul as are cared for by Spiritualists, and I fail to learn that they have been deeply respected either in ancient or modern times. For the physical phenomena of table-tapping, &c., not associated with superstition and magic, we have Jewish testimonies, amongst a variety of others, as early as the seventeenth century. Thus Friedr. Breutz, in his *Jüdischen abgestreiften Schlangenbalg*, 1614, denounces those Jews, who were but the prototypes of Christians, as practising some sort of "devilish magic" in the name of Kischuph.

The Spiritualists of that day, notwithstanding, gave their opponents fact for "fiction," and turned the tables upon them effectively. Is it not absurdly untrue, therefore, to speak of the ADVENT of Modern Spiritualism as pertaining only to recent phenomena in Rochester, U. S., or the undoubted renewal of it at a house in Newark, 1848, *et seq.*? Spiritualists assure us from time to time in 1614, that "We make our table *dance* in playful seasons, and by whispering into one another's ears the names of familiar spirits—SCHEMOTH, SCHEL, SCHEDIM—the table springs from the floor at once, *even when laden with many hundred-weight*. We sing for spiritual things the most excellent spiritual songs (the hymns called Mismorim) especially one such commencing ADON OLAM JIGDAL; and surely there can be no works of the devil permitted when or where God only is devoutly remembered." The hymn in question is sublimely beautiful in English, likewise, Lord of the World, be thou exalted. Zalman Zebi, a very learned author, hastes to the rescue, or rather renders justice to truth in his age and generation, by an elaborate defence of these spiritual manifestations, protesting that "they are *not* accomplished by magic, superstition, or deceit, but by genuine practical holiness—as testified in Kabbala Maasith, and the power of God."—*Jüdischen Theirak*, 1615.

Verily, it is little short of a miracle, *ipso facto*, to be emphatically assured by an Oxford Professor of Divinity, for example, that the Witch of Endor, as a matter of historical fact, actually

did evoke the spirit of Samuel, but that the objective reality of spiritual agency recorded in No. 173, pp. 235-6, of the *Spiritual Magazine*—cannot be proved upon *any* testimony! Is not this an illustration of the mathematics of psychology, which needs the most rigid application of analysis to logic? Aberle, Barth, Gerhard, Herzog, Voet, Fischer, Schubert, Cahagnet, Beaux, Martius, and a host of the highest names in Literature, Science, and Philosophy, acknowledge with one accord not only that “*the soul of each magnetised person is wholly and absolutely in the power of each magnetiser,*” but furthermore, from Clairvoyance to Spiritualism is only a step, or *gradus*, during which is developed “*a real communion with the spirit-world, which allows itself to be seen in objective phenomena, evil spirits mingle with good spirits—force themselves forwards, mock each seer, and through the media, other people.*”

Thus could I fill page after page with the testimony of NON-Spiritualistic Theologians, Physicians, and Philosophers, ready to attest the facts in chief, as well as the hypothesis itself of Modern Spiritualism. Were not “faith” in the illuminations out of the invisible world based upon observation of the fact, again and again witnessed, of ANGELIC POWERS ACTIVE IN THE WELFARE OF HUMANITY—although upon these may occasionally lie in wait demoniacal agencies, and others,—Spiritualists themselves would lack the test of truth in things heavenly, and Spiritualism itself, moreover, could not have passed its fires of persecution unscathed, and remain to bless, dignify, and adorn the children of men. Reverting to the subject of mathematical expressions for hypothetical and disjunctive propositions, I would only add in conclusion, that from the general equation,

$$x = vy,$$

the following invincible conclusions may be drawn—in regard to the title of this brief paper; Mathematics of Psychology:—

- 1.—If $y = 0$, $x = 0$. If the consequent be false the antecedent *must* be false.
- 2.—If $x = 0$, it does not follow that $y = 0$. The falsehood of the antecedent does *not* prove the falsehood of the consequent.
- 3.—If x be not $= 0$, y is not $= 0$. If the antecedent be true, the consequent *must* be true.
- 4.—If y be not $= 0$, it does not follow that x is not $= 0$.

The truth of the consequent does *not* prove the truth of the antecedent; either in ancient Spiritualism or modern Tyndalism! Electricity is also largely concerned in mental physiology, and not impossibly in the science of spirit and soul generally. At least, there exists in the nervous structure of men and animals

—quite independently of all mechanical and chemical action in bodily organisation, or external to it, *a natural electricity*, circulating in closed currents from the central parts of the nerve fibres, which are in a — condition, to the surface of each body, which is in a + state,—in fact, in man himself, there is really *an electrical antagonism* between the transverse and vertical sections of each nerve, as well as in the muscular fibres of heart and vessels. In the scepticism of science, as in that of religion, I would fain hope that all doubters may speedily discover that a mere shake of the head will *not* pass with the people of England for ever as the synonym of profound wisdom, or as the truest, highest, and best indication of the noble order of that white soul in the groves of Academus,—

“ Which sat beneath the laurels day by day,
And, fired with burning faith in God and Right,
Doubted men's doubts away.”

WILLIAM HITCHMAN, LL.D.

Liverpool; Ascension Day, 1874.

USEFUL ARTS AND OCCULT SCIENCES, KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS.

MODERN writers, by way of accounting for their dulness, explain frankly that the ancients stole all their best ideas from them; and though modern philosophers are slow to admit the same fact as regards themselves, they cannot hold out against proof. One by one, our new discoveries and original inventions have been shown to be thousands of years old. Telescopes must have been directed to the stars of the antique world, or its astronomy could not have existed;* Alexander's copy of the *Iliad* enclosed in a nut-shell could not have been written without the aid of the microscope; the gem through which Nero looked at the distant gladiators, was nothing else than an opera-glass; steam—railways—mesmerism—hydropathy—all were familiar to the long by-gone generations of the earth; guano was an object of ancient Peruvian trade; and Hobbs borrowed his lock from the tombs of Egypt. And we have much to do still in the way of rediscovery. The malleability of glass, for instance

* The Emperor Shan, 2,225 B.C., examining the instrument adorned with precious stones which represents the stars, and employing the moveable tube which is used to observe them, put in order what regards the seven planets.—*Ancient Chinese Chronicle*, quoted in Thornton's *History of China*.

—the indelibility of colours—and fifty other things of importance, dropped by the ancients into the stream of time, we have to fish up anew.

SPIRITUALISM IN CHINA AND THIBET.

Printing, the magnet, and the mariner's compass were in use in China centuries before they were rediscovered in Europe. As we have several times in these pages pointed out, many of the so-called modern manifestations of Spiritualism, as table-turning and direct spirit-writing, have been practised in China from time immemorial; they have been known in China at least from the days of Laou-tse, and he was an aged man when Confucius was a youth, between five and six centuries before the Christian era. Those who have read the travels in Thibet of the two Lazarite monks, Huc and Gabet, will recall many illustrations of Spiritualism from their pages, and here, too, as in China, these practices date from a very remote time. M. Tscherepanoff, published in 1855, at St. Petersburg, the results of his investigations with the Lamas in Thibet. He attests (having been a witness in one or two cases) "that the Lamas, when applied to for the recovery of stolen or hidden things, take a little table, put one hand on it, and after nearly half an hour the table is lifted up by an invisible power, and is (with the hand of the Lama always on it) carried to the place where the thing in question is to be found, whether in or out of doors, where it drops, generally indicating exactly the spot where the missing article is to be found."

MESMERISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE IN ANCIENT TIMES.

On this subject Dr. Spencer T. Hall remarks:—

"Mesmerism is not new. Amongst Egyptian sculptures are people in the various attitudes which mesmerism in modern times induces. The Hebrews knew something of this science, for Balaam manifestly consulted a clairvoyant; a man in a 'trance with his eyes open.' The Greeks also had a knowledge of it. In Taylor's *Plato* it is said a man appeared before Aristotle in the Lyceum, who could read on one side of a brazen shield what was written on the other. The Romans were not ignorant of it, for Plautus, in one of his plays, asks, 'What, and although I were, by my continued slow moving touch, to make him as if asleep.' Not only amongst ancient, but amongst the most simple and savage nations, it must have been known. At the house of Dr. Dick, 'The Christian Philosopher,' I met with Mr. Ducker, who had been travelling in Australia, who

was called out one night to see a fire lighted on the plain, round which a number of natives gathered. A seriously diseased woman was placed apart from the rest, and a kind of doctor or 'mystery man,' went from the fire and made passes from head to foot over her, until she was said to be perfectly rigid, and when relieved from that condition was 'discharged cured.' In our own country there has been no age in which healing by manipulation has not been practised. In the reign of Charles the Second, an Irish gentleman, named Greatrakes, had an impression, he could not tell whence, that he could cure ague by passes. He tried, and found he could, and was constantly occupied afterwards in laying hands upon thousands, many of whom he cured of various diseases."

THE TOMB-BUILDERS AND SPIRIT-WORSHIP.

The *Times* of March 28th, in a review of *Etruscan Researches*, by Isaac Taylor, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Twickenham (London: Macmillan & Co., 1874), has the following passages:—

"A generic and distinctive appellation of the whole Turanian race is the tomb-builders. A great tomb-building race preceded the Aryan and Semitic nations in their path across the earth. The latter have been great architects, but they have built almost exclusively for the living. It is the peculiarity of the Turanians to have built almost exclusively for the dead. Wherever we can track the Turanian race, there, according to Mr. Taylor, do we find their characteristic structures. 'In Poland, in Denmark, in Sweden, in Hanover, Britain, France, Spain, Algiers, India, we find tombs of the same type, alike in all essential particulars.' The tumuli of the Siberian steppes are repeated on the Wiltshire Downs, and the pyramid of Cheops and the tomb of Porsena are monuments of the same art which reared the mausoleum of Hyder Ali. The purpose which these sculptures were intended to serve was everywhere the same. They were literally the houses of the dead, and were built as much as possible to resemble the houses of the living. The spirit after death was supposed to inhabit them, and here every year came his surviving kindred to serve and to adore him. This was their only worship, and the tombs were their only temples. These were of two kinds, the tent tomb and the cave tomb, the former indicative of a nomad people dwelling in tents, the latter of more civilised communities which had learnt to use regular dwelling houses. The circle of stones which we still see round the base of the ancient tent sepulchres was placed there in imitation of the circle of stones used to fasten down

the skins of which the tent was built; and long after the origin of it was forgotten, and the tomb-builders had ceased to dwell in tents, the practice was continued. But it is in the cave tombs of the Etruscans that this Turanian spirit-worship may be traced with the most marvellous completeness. In the low cliffs which adjoin so many Tuscan cities whole towns and villages of tombs have been discovered to exist. These are hollowed out in the soft rock and formed into streets, lanes, and even squares of sepulchral residences. Inside they are divided into rooms, furnished and decorated in imitation of the dwellings of mortals. Like our own vaults, they are built for the reception of families, and each chamber where a corpse reposes is arranged as for a feast. The dead man lies on the triclinium. Wine jars are placed within his reach. His arms and his ornaments hang near him. On the walls are richly-coloured scenes representative of the banquet, the dance, and the song. His horses and his dogs—nay, even his slaves—were supposed to be as useful to the departed spirit as they had been to the living man. The skeleton of the house dog has been found with the skeleton of the infant whom it had protected in this world, and would continue to protect in the next. But Mr. Taylor does not tell us of any indications that horses or slaves have shared the same fate, though there is reason to suppose they did. However this may be, there is quite sufficient evidence to show that Virgil borrowed some of his description of the dead from Etruscan sources:—

“quæ gratia currûm
 Amorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repositos.”

“We now come to the religious history of the Etruscans, to which Mr. Taylor gives a chapter full of very curious learning and very interesting analogies. It is from China, he says, that we obtain the earliest, simplest, and purest standards of Turanian speech and Turanian belief. There are three main elements to be traced in the belief of the Ugric nations—the supreme heaven, the elemental powers, and the ancestral spirits. Such also was the creed of the Etruscans; and on ‘a magnificent marble sarcophagus, evidently the resting-place of a dame of high degree, discovered at Chissum in 1862,’ are carved two words, the Tuscanian origin of which Mr. Taylor holds himself to have demonstrated. On the side of the sarcophagus are 10 figures beautifully carved in *alto relievo*, representing the parting of the soul and body, the mourning relatives of the deceased, and two attendant spirits waiting apparently for the moment of dissolution. One is Kulmu, the Angel of Death, the other Vanth, the Spirit of the Grave.”

Descending to comparatively modern times, we quote :—

SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS IN CASHMERE 217 YEARS AGO.

In the course of a discussion at a Meeting of the Anthropological Society, March 17, the President, Dr. R. S. Charnock, F.S.A., in the course of some observations on Spiritualism, remarked, "Spiritualism was known in Asia Minor long ago. Indeed, in one of the French Asiatic journals there was a long account of spiritual manifestations in Cashmere 217 years ago."

A CHARITABLE SOCIETY FOUNDED BY SPIRITS IN 1188.

At Bethune, in France, there is a Society, founded in 1188, by two gentlemen, to whom a spirit, calling himself Elias, appeared, when the town was visited by a pestilence. This spirit enjoined them to found a *Confrérie de Charitables*. Spiritual communications have continued from that time downwards. The Society at present consists of twenty-eight members, whose office it is to assist the poor under spirit-direction.

We quote from Dean Stanley's *Historical Memorials of Canterbury* (p. 103) the following

**CURIOUS INSTANCE OF UNEVOKED SPIRIT-MANIFESTATION BY
TABLE-TAPPING IN ENGLAND IN 1170.**

"It remains for us now to follow the fate of the murderers of A'Becket. On the night of the deed the four knights rode to Saltwood, leaving Robert de Broc in possession of the palace, whence, as we have seen, he brought or sent the threatening message to the monks on the morning of the 30th. They vaunted their deeds to each other, and it was then that Tracy claimed the glory of having wounded John of Salisbury. The next day they rode forty miles by the sea coast to South Malling, an archiepiscopal manor, near Lewes. On entering the house, they threw off their arms and trappings on the large dining-table which stood in the hall, and after supper gathered round the blazing hearth. Suddenly the table started back, and threw its burden on the ground. The attendants, roused by the crash, rushed in with lights and replaced the arms. But soon a second and still louder crash was heard, and the various articles were thrown still further off. Soldiers and servants, with torches, searched in vain under the solid table to find the cause of its convulsions, till one of the conscience-stricken knights suggested that it was indignantly refusing to bear the sacrilegious burden of their arms. So ran the popular story; and as late as the fourteenth century it was still known in the same place—the earliest and most incurable instance of a 'rapping,' 'leaping,' and 'turning,' table. From South Malling they pro-

ceeded to Knaresborough Castle, a royal fortress, then in possession of Hugh de Mereville, where they remained for a year. The local tradition still points out the hall where they fled for refuge, and the vaulted prison where they were confined after capture."

REVELATION BY VOICE AND VISION.

James Smith, M.A., in his work *The Coming Man* (Vol. II., p. 119), speaking of revelation by voice and vision, the influence it has exercised, and the power it still wields, as certainly one of the greatest which society contains, remarks :—

"It is the parent of civilization. The oracles were the school-masters of the ancient Greeks, the fathers of literature, they were the fountain-heads of poetry, literature, and the arts, and perhaps even of philosophy itself. Revelation by voice and vision gave birth to the Church, the greatest institution that has ever been reared since the foundation of human society. It is, therefore, a great power, this mystic power, however delusive it may be in its individual parts. Its collective influence, its combined result is magnificent. It carries the traditions of the world on its trail; and in majestic confidence of its own strength, it defies the world to recognise itself without its assistance. It is one of the powers that be, and it can neither be dethroned nor annihilated."

Such then are some—though a few only—of the waifs and strays—fragments from the Spiritualism of the past, which have drifted down to us. These fragments lie scattered all around, though much time and many minds will be required to collect and laboriously piece them all together. Probably it will never be wholly completed, but what has already been done presents ample evidence to show that Spiritualism is one of the primitive, essential, and permanent facts of our humanity.

BEGINNINGS.

THE stately spreading oak so tall and grand,
Was once a little acorn in the hand.
The man who fills the world with dire alarms,
A helpless babe lay in his mother's arms.
The Faith which sways the world from East to West
Was all concentrated in a single breast.
The tiniest seed when it has taken root,
May grow, and bud, and bear the richest fruit:
And so, the smaller seed of thought may grow
To noblest fruit—far richer than we know.
When a soul-child is born, angels in sooth
Watch o'er the cradle of the infant Truth.

T. S.

THE VOICE OF GOD IN DREAMS AND VISIONS.

WE present our readers with the following remarkable dream-
parables, extracted from a small pamphlet, written in French,
and bearing the title *La Voix de Dieu en Songes et Visions de nos
Jour, par une Dame Anglaise*. It would appear as though the
pamphlet were intended alone for private circulation, seeing
that the title-page bears no name of a publisher nor yet of
place of publication. The title-pages present us with these
texts, in obedience to which, we presume, these dreams have
been given to the world in this semi-private manner.

"And He said, Hear now my words ; if there be a prophet
among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a
Vision, and will speak unto him in a *Dream*.—*Numbers* xii. 6.

"God speaketh once, yea twice ; in a dream, in a vision of the
night, when deep sleep falleth upon man in the slumbering upon
the bed ; then He openeth the ears of men and sealeth their
instruction."—*Job* xxxiii. 14, 15, 16.

"And it shall come to pass in the last day sayeth God, I
will pour out my spirit upon all flesh ; and upon your sons, and
your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see
visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.—*Acts* ii. 17."

The pamphlet contains certain dreams of a political and
ecclesiastical nature. We, however, have preferred to present
the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* with those which address
themselves specially to the heart and conscience of individual
man. At the same time, it will be observed that the teachings
contained in these simple and graceful parables—not unfre-
quently reminding us of the inspired writing and parable-poems
of that saintly woman Madame Guion—will be found universal
in their application, and throughout inculcate one supreme truth.

This truth is the sublime fact of the "In-dwelling Christ"—
the very "corner-stone" of the Temple of Mystical Christianity :
the very core of the blessed fruit of the New Eden, plucked by
the hand of the Spirit for her well-beloved children ; the sweet
kernels of which, filled with a new life, have made the heart of a
St. Francis of Assisi, of a Catherine of Siena, of a Nicholas of
Basle, of a Tauler, of a James Nayler, of a Madame Guion—yes,
and of countless unnamed children of the Spirit, to rejoice with
an exceeding joy—a joy not of this world. For in very truth
they have found within themselves the fulfilment of the promise
made to the first disciples of old, that the Father and the Son
"would come unto them and make their abode with them." Lo !
this Divine Presence is unveiled to them there, in the heart of
hearts, with a "still small voice"—as guide, as teacher, as friend.
Verily, they have found themselves become "The Friends of God."

With reference to the following simple parables of the Spirit, it may not be uninteresting to observe how invariably the dreamer of these dreams—as we are inclined to believe more or less is ever the case in mystical and prophetic teaching—is made the type of humanity, or the representation of the group or body of persons to be instructed. It is as though the prophet had to focus the Spirit, and thus become when illumined by the divine, internal Truth a lamp to give light to the footsteps of others.

FIRST VISION.

"In the month of August, 1860, at Carlsruhe, I dreamed that I was at a concert in a garden where was a crowd of people, and that it was for me to play the last piece on the piano. I did this with all my power, and the audience greatly applauded me, when rising from the instrument, I perceived a cloud of people in the sky, who also applauded me, having arms in their hands. 'Ah,' cried I, 'who would trouble themselves about the praises of men, when one can receive such applause as this.' Their arms, however, made me fear a war against France, but perceiving them reversed and in repose, I said to myself, 'No, these people have already fought. And their arms being of the colour of the rainbow, I conclude signifies peace.'

"Then I saw, extended before this cloud of people, an arm with a white and pendant sleeve, holding in the hand a crown with a ball and cross. 'Ah,' cried I, 'There is the Crown of Life, and it is for me!'

"Then I turned towards the gentleman who had just conducted me from the piano, and I saw that he was an ecclesiastic, wearing a white robe with the red scarf of his order. And I asked him if all this were true, or if my senses had deceived me.

"'Yes,' replied he, 'it is all true, and you may look again.' I did so, and all was there with the addition of a second hand holding an open book.

"'That is the Book of Life,' said I, 'and my name will be written therein.'

"Here I woke, to my great regret, for I was too happy in this beautiful dream."

EXPLANATION.

"God wishes to bring about harmony on the earth. He calls us all to bring our instruments to serve towards this purpose.* Woman must play there the last part, and the Crown of Life will be given her with her name written in the Book of Life."

* In Spiritual communications *Woman* may, we believe, be almost universally taken as a type of Spirit—or the *interior* life, as *Man* is a type of the natural or external life.

THIRD VISION.—DEATH ABOLISHED BY CHRIST.

"I saw Jesus once more, clothed in a white robe with but a very few followers—also clothed in white. It was a very gloomy day, and, raising his finger towards the clouds, he commanded the hand of Death to come to him. Trembling in secret, I cried to myself, 'What! does the Lord, who has given us life, now cause Death to come to us?'"

"'But,' said unto me his follower, 'look, and observe what shall happen!'"

"Then I looked and saw appear in the heavens a dark hand, and Jesus, advancing some steps, placed upon this hand a crown of white flowers without leaves, which hung upon the wrist like a bracelet. Then he threw over the hand, which paused, a white veil which entirely covered it.

"'Behold!' said his follower, 'these are the signs of joy with which Jesus Christ will abolish Death.'"

"'Signs of joy!' I cried to myself. 'Here are the crown and the veil of the Bridal.' 'Yes,' he replied to me; 'It is by the greatest joy that man can conceive of, that Jesus will remove Death from the earth.'"

REMARK.

"Death will cease when Jesus shall come to seek his bride the Church, or the Assembly of the Believing, drawn from all those sects which call themselves each one a Church."

FOURTH VISION.—THE MAN MADE OF LEAVES.

"I dreamed that I walked in the garden, and there I met a man made of the leaves which had fallen from the trees, and which appeared as if they had been sown together so as to make his body. Approaching me, this man opened his mouth and spoke.

"Filled with astonishment, I awoke, and the interior voice said to me, 'These dead leaves are all of you—dead in sin, but if you come to Jesus, he will pick you up and will place you in his body, and then he will put his Spirit within you, and he will speak by your mouth!'"

REMARK.

"The Lord said to the Prophet Jeremiah (i. 9.), 'Behold, I have put my words into thy mouth.' If then Jesus wishes to do this to-day—who shall hinder him?"

NINTH VISION.—CHILDREN AND THE CROSS.

"I dreamed that I saw children playing with the light in the garden—and they were making figures. I looked at what they were forming, and I saw a pedestal with a cross upon it, and

upon this cross was a woman. This, indeed, ought to have been myself, for from this time I had nothing but cross upon cross.

"In England a lady received a prophecy of the woman crucified in the affections.* The Spirit always speaks of itself as 'the Christ within us.'"[†]

FOURTEENTH VISION.—THE MORNING STAR.

"I dreamed that a gentleman asked me to see him magnetise a woman and listen to what she should say. After he had caused her to sleep—he caused her to speak, telling me to observe that in this state she believed herself capable of doing all things by herself.

"She cried, 'Ah! the beautiful star!' And I beheld the 'star,' which was very large and burned with a dazzling lustre. 'If I could only gain its light, I should use it to change the world. I would take nation[‡] after nation, and I would change them.' 'There is much truth in this,' said I to myself, 'because it is the light which will change them.'"

REMARK.

"Jesus is the 'Morning Star,' and if we have his light in us, it will render us able to do all things, even to change the world. To corroborate this dream the Spirit showed me the following verses (*Apocalypse* ii., 26, 27, 28):—

"'26. And he that overcometh and keepeth my works to the end, to him will I give power over the nations.

"'27. And he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers; even as I received of my Father.

"'28. And I will give him the morning star.

"'29. He that hath an ear let him hear what I say unto the Churches.'"

REMARK.

"One sees by this dream that God has a great design in giving us these visions, which is nothing less than to change the world by this 'light' which comes to us from Jesus Christ, the 'Morning Star.'"

* See Mrs. Crosland's remarkable little volume, entitled *Light in the Valley*.

[†] "The In-dwelling Christ" of the Mystics and Early Quakers.

[‡] May not also much clearness be given to prophetic texts when, for the word *nation* the word *nature* is substituted? *Nation and nature* being in spirit-language interchangeable. A man may be said to have many *natures* within himself which the Spirit may indeed conquer and thus become their king and ruler. And, again, in one sense, is not each of these *natures* a *nation*—a congeries of spirits forming the man? In these things truly are arcana of mystery, but arcana which the Spirit invites us to enquire into.

FIFTEENTH VISION.

"I saw in a dream a fall of large flakes of snow, which we received in our hands, and which we exhibited one to the other, comparing their size. A little child appeared to have received the largest of all the flakes, when behold! with the snow fell also a necklace of pearls, which I caught in my hand. 'Oh!' I said, 'it snows pearls! real pearls!' And I awoke."

REMARK.

"God sends us these dreams and visions of pure truth from heaven, to one and to another according to their capacity, but those who become as little children receive the largest gifts, which are veritable 'pearls without price,' which must not be cast to the swine."

A. M. H. W.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

THERE is a light which streams within
 From brighter sun and fairer skies;
 Another world lies all around,
 Invisible to human eyes.

But through the folds that swathe us round,
 And hide it from our mortal sense,
 A ray from that bright orb can pierce,
 And then we see with clairvoyance.

And ever more this world seems like
 A dream—a fleeting phantasy;
 And that diviner world becomes
 The only true reality.

E'en as I pace the busy street
 Far other scenes before me rise;
 I move amid the radiant forms,
 I hear the birds of Paradise.

And a sweet fragrance fills the air
 From verdant meads and flowery dells,
 Where little feet go pattering
 Among the golden asphodels.

T. S.

SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAUNTINGS.

THAT particular persons and places are specially haunted by the denizens of another world is a very ancient and general belief, and a large array of evidence might be cited in favour of its truth. Perhaps no form of spirit-manifestation has been, in all ages, so widely prevalent; and, with all the ridicule and scorn that has been heaped on this belief, and all our learned theories of hallucination, optical delusion, and past ideas renovated to explain away the facts on which it is based, it still retains its hold on the common mind; and many who still whistle these old dry tunes, to keep their courage up—now, as in the days of Dr. Johnson—though they deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears.

All the evidence seems to point to the conclusion that these hauntings, and the disturbances that usually accompany them, more commonly occur, and are more marked and violent, in the places and in the presence of objects associated with deeds of darkness, of vice and crime, and especially where the spirit has suddenly and by violent hands been expelled from the house of life and sent to the dread account with all its imperfections on its head, or where it has rushed unbidden and unprepared into the spirit-world; and that they occur with marked accession of force in the presence of persons of mediumistic nature.

Not only persons and places, but books, pictures, clothing, furniture, anything that has belonged to the person of the spirit, that it has worn, or used, or come into frequent personal contact with during its earth-life, and thus become permeated with its magnetism, seems to facilitate its operations, and serve as a means and base of connection, or the fulcrum on which it may rest, whatever power of leverage over physical bodies it may possess.*

* Thus, a lock of hair or scrap of handwriting, held in the hand, or placed against the forehead, will enable the psychometrist to give a full and accurate delineation of the character of the wearer or writer. A bone, a fossil, or, indeed, any object, it would seem, may yield its revelations in like manner—strange and incredible as this may seem. In a former volume we quoted the numerous experiments of Professor Denton with different persons possessing this faculty, the reality of which was fully tested by him, as related in his book *The Soul of Things*. The Rev. J. M. Spear, when in England, gave many remarkable psychometric delineations. Dr. Newton, Mrs. Hardinge, Mrs. Everitt, and others, have also given striking illustrations of this power. We quote the following recent experiments, not as the most striking that might be given, but because they will be new to the great majority of our readers.

The Baroness Adelma de Vay, writing, from Gavobitz in Styria, to the

These spirits are sometimes so low and gross as to be almost material, and, indeed, are often readily perceptible to the bodily senses; hence they can with such facility act on common matter, and under favourable conditions, like those referred to, their power over it is extraordinary and constant. They delight to obsess, and, if possible, obtain possession and control of those low and vicious, like themselves, that they may thus return to the life of the senses, and get a gust of the old sensual delights, for which they alone crave. They will even possess themselves of the lower forms of animal life, and haunt or inhabit inorganic bodies, especially as a means of approach to those whom they wish to reach. In illustration of this, we cite the following narrative from a recent number of the *Spiritualist*. It is written by the daughter of Mr. George Thompson, formerly Member of Parliament for the Tower Hamlets, and widely known for his eloquent appeals on behalf of the natives of

Revue Spirite, on Psychometry, gives the following account of some of her experiments:—

First Experiment.—My mother-in-law gave me a tortoise-shell case, that she had received in remembrance of a deceased friend. It was unknown to me, and was rolled up in paper, and put into a handkerchief, with which they bandaged my forehead. I shut my eyes and attentively analysed all my sensations. My inner or spiritual sight perceived distinct pictures. At times they were confused; sympathetic persons giving me confidence and courage; sceptics rendering all success impossible. I felt a pain in my chest, and saw an old lady in profile; a river with sandy banks; a ship; an eye-glass; and a tortoise. By spirit-writing I obtained the following explanation (still without having seen the object). You felt the disease that carried off the old lady, whose side face you perceived. She gave the case to your mother. It was cut from the shell of a tortoise found on the banks of the Nile by a merchant vessel. The eye-glass was cut from the same shell.

Second Experiment.—My mother placed some bones, found in a cavern in Hungary, in my hand. I saw, first, a gentleman in a hat; then a half-naked savage amongst large forest trees, near the borders of a wide river; some unknown animals; and workmen excavating. I received this explanation. The man you saw, gave the bones of the primitive man to your mother. They were found in excavating an old cavern full of antediluvian skeletons.

Third Experiment.—My sister, the Baroness Banhidz, placed her wedding-ring on my head, well wrapped up. I saw her husband, and described a house and country that is unknown to me, so that it was recognised. It was the house in which the bride had lived.

Fourth Experiment.—With the wedding-ring of my sister-in-law, Matilde de B——, in my hand, I saw her husband, and felt a pain in my chest. I had a fit of coughing, corresponding to the illness of the lady at that period whose ring I held.

Fifth Experiment.—My father gave me a snuff-box (which I had never seen), wrapped up in a handkerchief, that had been given him by a lady to whom he was much attached. It had her portrait on the lid and her initials in diamonds; also the date 1814. I saw a lady of the time of the first Napoleon, dressed in a short-waisted gown. I felt an inclination to sneeze, and a wish to take a pinch of snuff. I felt as if I had snuff in my nose; it seemed to tickle me; I involuntarily made the gesture of taking a pinch. I then saw a tobacco plantation and a beautiful town—the inhabitants were all dressed in the fashion of 1814. A person held a snuff-box, upon which were the features of a beau-

British India, for his advocacy of free trade, and still more, as one of the foremost orators in the anti-slavery cause. We may incidentally remark that, like his friend and *confrère*, William Lloyd Garrison, George Thompson is a Spiritualist, and sometimes attended the London Spiritual Conferences in Gower Street:—

“HAUNTED FURNITURE.

“I have been requested to publish the particulars of some incidents that have happened in my family, which have led us to the conclusion that pieces of furniture may be haunted although removed from house to house.

“Ten years ago, whilst residing in Manchester, I bought from what appeared to me a gentleman's residence a handsome dressing-table; I was under the impression that the owner had died, and his or her effects were being sold by auction. After

tiful woman. I then perceived a cavern; men were digging, and in the ashes they gathered I recognised the mineral to which the diamond is attached.

“Sixth Experiment.”—My husband placed a bandage on my forehead, in which he had concealed a letter from a comrade, a Captain of Hussars whom I did not know. I saw a tall large man, who appeared to me to be a hussar. ‘Holla!’ I exclaimed, striking the table with my fist, ‘I must speak Hungarian; my moustache is splendid,’ I then imitated all the gestures of his friend until my husband, astonished and bewildered, hastened to remove the bandage. With the letter of any person placed on my forehead it seems that I imitate all their gestures.

“Seventh Experiment.”—One of my cousins, a member of the Anthropological Society of Gratz, the Count G. G. . . . folded up carefully several objects that I had never seen, amongst them a photograph of his affianced bride, in a leather case, bought at Vienna in the Kahl Market. It had on it the initials of his father-in-law, A. D., who had given it to him. He was a fair man. I felt a warm lip upon my lips; the object wrapped up had certainly been kissed; I saw the letters A. D. and a fair gentleman in the Kahl Market at Vienna (the leather case was bought there). G. W. then gave me a little Roman urn (lachrymatory) dug up in Italy. I felt sorrowful, my heart oppressed, and a tear stole down my cheek. I saw men occupied excavating, they dug up bones, and little pots of a form unknown to me. I wished to draw them, the design I drew is the same as that upon the urns; I heard men talking in a soft and melodious language, it is not Italian—the men were strong brown athletics.

“3.—G. W. gave me a little poignard with a sharp fine pointed blade of the sixteenth century:—He had carefully wrapped it up in several silk handkerchiefs. I saw a boat at sea, off the Italian coast, the rowers were gay, draped in the costume of the sixteenth century—with scarfs round their waists, and little daggers artfully concealed. The scene faded away, and suddenly I felt a sharp pain in the right side of my throat. It appeared to me that I felt a hole made by a poignard, that the blade had pierced the throat and severed the windpipe. I was suffocated, I wanted air, I was gently dying! I was in an apartment furnished in the fashion of the sixteenth century, lying on a support bed, carved in oak, hung with red velvet curtains, I see a beautiful patient woman extended upon the bed with a wound in her throat on the right side, caused by a dagger. One drop of blood alone is upon her ear; by her side is a man draped in the fashion of the century—a long velvet mantle, a caret of the same. He glides away and opens the door. It is horrible,—I am alarmed, and fling the object from me.”

the table had been brought home and installed in a spare bedroom, I was somewhat annoyed to learn from a friend that the house from which I had purchased it was of questionable reputation, being one of the many establishments kept by a very wealthy but very dissolute man, whose recent suicide had created quite a sensation. Although vexed to think I had bought an article from such a place, I yet decided that there could be no reasonable objection to it, therefore it was suffered to remain in the house.

"Ten years have elapsed since that purchase, and we have since removed to Birkenhead. During the whole period I recall that from time to time I have had complaints from the various occupiers of the bedroom furnished by that table; ladies have complained to me that they were disturbed by raps, taps, and creakings in the table; one young lady was so much disturbed that she refused to sleep alone in the room. I should here note that these persons were my visitors from a distance, and each of them was unaware that any other had had similar experience.

"Circumstances then occurred making it necessary that my husband should occupy the room. He invariably felt extremely uncomfortable in it, for it was rarely free of raps, taps, and creaking proceeding from the table. He affirms that once he felt a figure stretch itself on the bed beside him, and a sensation of horror crept over him which he never can forget. I treated all complaints made to me with uniform indifference, attributing them entirely to the imagination of the parties; it never occurred to me as possible that a noise of any sort could be made without an earthly cause.

"About nine months ago, in consequence of being thrown into the Society of a very firm believer in Spiritualism, I determined to investigate for myself. I therefore formed a circle at home, and we began almost in jest to sit round a table, or to join hands in a circle; very soon we became convinced of the power; three mediums sprung up in our family, the most striking my little daughter, aged ten. Through this child (Beatrice) I have had some beautiful communications both in writing and trance-speaking, and through her myself and husband are convinced that there is a power coming to us from invisible influences, by which mortals are made to say and do things of which in a normal state they are incapable. Yet we are not Spiritualists in the full sense of the word: we call ourselves 'investigators.'

"Four months ago I took up my abode for a time in the room containing the table of which I have spoken, having quite forgotten all previous complaints of the noises of which friends

had spoken. On my second night there I was seized about midnight with spasmodic jerkings of the limbs; I tried every position, every effort of will-power, but in vain, I could not keep quiet many moments. My limbs jerked in spite of me; at the same time I became sensible of a suffocating oppression in the air of the room, and a general sensation of unbearable restlessness and misery. After bearing it for what seemed to me an hour, but turned out to be only about twenty minutes, I sprang quite frantically from my bed, and took refuge in another room, where, after lying down, I waited for more misery, hardly daring to hope that what I regarded as the beginning of some nervous disease of the St. Vitus's dance kind, was to pass off with a change of bed. But strange to say, a refreshing sleep quickly took possession of me; the nervous system, which had appeared strung up to the last tension of wretchedness, grew calm and placid almost the instant I changed my room.

"Next morning my child, Beatrice, was entranced by a child spirit, much younger than herself, who told me in the lisping language of a mere infant, that 'Last night she visited me to soothe me to sleep, but found me under the influence of black spirits, so that she could not approach me.' I inquired, 'What have I done? how sinned, to attract such influences to me?' She answered, 'I know not, but you inquire of older spirits.' By the end of the day a second control took place, and then by the lips of my child, Beatrice, I learned that the room in which I had been sleeping contained a piece of 'inhabited,' or haunted furniture, namely, THE TABLE. That dark and low spirits to whom it had belonged in their earth-life now visited it, and took a pleasure in tormenting any one they could annoy by their mischievous influence; that, I being mediumistic, they had been enabled to produce the jerkings and troubles of the previous night. The spirit who visited me had been unable to approach me till I reached another room, and then she had soothed me to sleep. I can scarcely describe the strange feelings I had when I recalled the circumstances connected with the purchase of my table—circumstances which I had never communicated to a human being, much less to my little child, only then just born. All the complaints of other persons were now remembered, and a different significance attached to them. I pondered hours over this strange revelation from (to me) the unimpeachable lips of my truthful and simple child. I debated with my husband on the future destiny of the table. He was in favour of selling it, but to this I could not reconcile myself. While we were at issue on this point, I advocating the destruction of the 'inhabited' article, he condemning such a reckless waste of property, another control of our little Beatrice occurred;

it was that of a man. With commanding manner and solemnity of voice, he said, 'I am the brother of the wretched man to whom your table once belonged; he is a very low spirit indeed; he inhabits the first sphere, he was a *suicide*.' In a prolonged speech the spirit then implored us to destroy the table *at once*; and to the unbounded astonishment of my husband and myself, he proceeded by the lips of our pure and infant-like Beatrice to describe to us the relations existing between his suicidal brother and the dissolute female who lived with him in the house of our table. With tears streaming down the cheeks of the little medium, we were told that this bad spirit works untold misery in other houses to which other pieces of his furniture have been conveyed; it was explained that these things, being charged with his psychological influences, he could approach them thereby. We were also told that the woman who had used that table in the earth-life of this man, was now dead, and that her spirit was generally the one by which we had been disturbed. She was spoken of by the control as 'one of his wives.'

"These revelations from lips so pure, so artless as those of Beatrice, have been accepted by us. Our little girl was an infant a few months old when that table first came into our possession, and I can solemnly affirm that we never communicated its previous history to a single ear; in fact, we had ourselves ceased to recollect whence we had it.

"A little difficulty occurred to us as we contemplated the destruction of so large an article as what we now looked on as our haunted table. We could hardly ask our servants to assist in what would doubtless appear to them such an absurdity, and did not care to make confidants of them; so, with some trouble, and the assistance of hatchets and tools, we demolished the table between us, and conveyed its fragments to the coal cellar, which is situated immediately under the kitchen. I directed my cook to use the wood for firewood. Two days after this my maid came to me in consternation and tribulation; she had been ironing a dress, and had hung it at night before the fire to air; next morning she found the skirt cut, as with a knife, in long crossway slits. She brought me her dress, which, on examination, I found cut as she described. Greatly puzzled, I held a consultation with her and the other servants, but without clearing up the mystery. Suddenly it occurred to me to ask for a minute description of the state of the kitchen on the night when the dress was cut. I then found that it hung on a chair close to the fender, while on the fender was a large bundle of the wood of the table ready for lighting fires in the morning. I took possession of the injured dress, and presenting it to our medium child, I asked her if one of her friends in the spirit-

world could give me any light in this strange affair. Immediately the child became entranced, and after manipulating the dress, she said, 'The wearer of this dress is a powerful medium; she is frivolous and silly, and her dress is charged with her influence; had it been the dress of any of your other servants it could not have been injured, but being *hers*, the spirits of the table have been able to approach it. They are very much enraged that you have destroyed one of their favourite articles, and finding this dress so close to some of the wood which is still charged with their influence, they got power enough to cut it.' I asked, 'Did they use a knife to cut it?' 'No,' was the answer; 'such low spirits are almost material; they have long nails sharp as knives, and these, I think, they have used to cut this dress.'

"You may easily believe I now became very anxious for the perfect annihilation of the table by fire, but as the article had been a large one, and of very fanciful design, this took some weeks, for we could not conveniently make a bonfire of it. One day complaints were made to me that there had been loud noises in the coal-cellar, as of the chopping of wood, and that no one had been found on searching the whole basement floor.

"For weeks we continued to use the wood of the table as firewood, and as the weather became warmer some of it remained in the drawing-room grate unburnt, as the fire was laid ready to light, but not wanted. I regarded it, I confess, with some misgivings, and at length directed the servant having the care of the room to remove it all, and clean the grate for the summer. While she was doing this a very large Chinese vase of great weight and thickness was shattered into a hundred pieces whilst standing on the floor by her side; I heard the crash and rushed at once to the room, where I found the girl on her knees, rubbing the grate, which is steel, with a leather; the vase, which was in the place it has occupied for years, was lying in fragments at her side. I am quite confident that such a vase could never have been broken by rolling over on the floor; if it had fallen from a height, I doubt if it could have been shattered in such a manner; but my servant assured me that to her knowledge she had not touched it. I should add that the fender, fire-irons, and all paraphernalia had been moved into the kitchen to be cleaned, and no article hard enough to break such a vase was near; the girl herself seemed to regard the event as something quite supernatural; and, coupling it with the cutting of her dress, asserted that she was evidently under some evil luck.

"I consulted Beatrice on this mishap, and got from her this explanation, 'Your maid is a medium, and being very frivolous,

N.S.—IX.

she herself is much *en rapport* with the spirits who still haunt that wood; they collected enough force from the girl and the wood which had been in the grate to strike a blow which broke one of your favourite ornaments.'

"Since then I have changed this servant for another, and we have burnt every atom of the wood. Without attempting to draw a single inference from these incidents, I leave the story in your hands to be published, if you think it likely to be useful, and pledging myself solemnly that it is faithfully told and entirely free from exaggeration, I give my real name and address.

"E. LOUISA S. NOSWORTHY.

"Avon Lea, Claughton, Birkenhead,

"August 28th, 1873."

WHAT IS DEATH?*

By JUDGE EDMONDS.

THE erroneous ideas on this subject which have for so long a time been inculcated by the theology of the day, and the consequently false opinions which have prevailed among men, will evidently require much time and many teachings to correct. Such teachings, however, are now and for a quarter of a century have been coming with increasing frequency, and it seems to me to be the manifest duty of those who receive them to give them to the world.

Acting under that impression, I have already made public much on the subject, and now add to the number the following, which I have lately received from one of the victims of the late collision at sea between the steamer *Ville du Havre* and a British sailing vessel.

Judge Peckham was a member of the Court of Appeals of New York—the highest Court in the State—and had acquired a high reputation as a jurist. He took passage with his wife in the steamer, and died in the bloom of his manhood and in the full vigour of his intellect, so that he was fully competent to comprehend and relate all that occurred around him. His spirit came to me lately, and identifying himself to my satisfaction, gave me the following communication, which I now transcribe in the precise language in which I received it.

New York, Feb. 14th, 1874.

J. W. EDMONDS.

* This we believe was the last article written by Judge Edmonds.

"My dear Friend,—I shall waive all ceremony with you, and enter upon this, our interview, not assuming, but knowing that you are aware of my presence almost as tangibly as when I last met you in Albany, in the Court Room, where you and I had listened and tried to be still, out of respect to the majesty of the law. You left the Court Room in advance of me. I tried to see you again, but you left that evening. We meet again here under different circumstances. I will not say I am from the Higher Court to-day, for as yet I have found no court or sphere into which your thoughts, which represent your spirit, do not come. Hence there are no severed links in our friendship, when we still sit in council with those we knew and loved.

"Had I have chosen the manner of my departure from the body, I should not have selected the one to which I was obliged to succumb. However, I find no fault, now that I realise the life which has opened before me so suddenly, so strangely.

"In the dying moments I lived my life all over. Every scene, every act passed before me as vividly as if written on my brain with living light. Not a friend that I had known in early or later life was forgotten. I saw, as I sank, with my wife folded to my heart, my mother and father. The former lifted me out of the wave with a strength which I can at this moment feel, and I have no recollection of suffering.

"From the moment that I knew the waves would engulf us, I had no sensation of fear, of cold, or of suffocation. I did not hear the waves break. I parted with that which was my body, and, with my wife still in my arms, followed my mother whither she led me.

"The first sad thought was for my dear brother. This my mother saw and felt, and at once said, 'Your brother will soon be with you!' From that moment sorrow seemed to fade away, and I sat down to look about upon the scene through which I had so recently passed. I felt solicitude for my fellow-passengers; looked for them and saw them being lifted out of the waves in precisely the same manner that your strong arm, nerved by love, would lift your drowning child from the great waves which would swallow him up.

"For a time this appeared so real; that had it not have been for the presence of those whom I knew to be dead, I should have believed myself acting as rescuer with the spirits.

"I write plainly to you, hoping that you will send words of comfort to those who imagine that their friends suffered mortal agony in drowning. There was a fulfilment of that glorious triumph of faith, and the shadow of death became an illumination, which enabled so many to say that death's waves were

swallowed up in the victory which love hath brought to light in the ministry of angels and spirits.

"I need not tell you the greetings which awaited me when the many, whom you and I knew and loved, welcomed me to the realms of the life immortal. Not having been sick or suffering, I was ready at once to accept facts, and to move forward to the attractions which, if on earth's plane, have the power to charm away sorrow, how much more enchanting here, where the scene has changed so quickly, so gloriously, that we do not murmur at the haste, nor think that it is disappointment or accident that summoned us unceremoniously hither!

"I am aware that many will ask, if we could be helped to pass out of the body without pain, why could not the accident have been prevented? In our investigations we have learned this fact, namely, that the officer in charge was so entirely deceived in regard to the distance between the *Loch Earn* and his own vessel, that no power on earth, or that which the spirit-world could bring to bear, could have prevented it. Hence the collision was inevitable. There are conditions of sight, particularly on the water, when the water will seem to possess a power of deception almost marvellous and past belief. The ablest and best are liable to these conditions, particularly at just the position that these vessels must have been in. Hence there should be no blame attached to that man. It is done, and the survivors most need sympathy, and I know of no way to give it more direct than to assure them that their loved friends are not slumbering in the caverns of the deep awaiting the final trump to sound, but that at all times they await and look for the proper channels through which to echo the unmistakable evidence of life immortal.

"My thanks are due to our mutual friends, Tallmadge, Van Buren, Hill,* and many others, for this delightful reunion with you; nor can I end it without thanking you for a faith which, although silent between us, made me to respect you the more. I have come now into that nearer circle of friendship which I shall cherish, as I know you will—sacred as the love which makes us to rejoice in our Great and All-wise Father, who doeth all things well.

"Craving pardon for the length of my letter, I promise you and myself still further intercourse with your friend,

"RUFUS W. PECKHAM."

* "The allusion here is to N. P. Tallmadge, U.S. Senator, President Van Buren, and Nicholas Hill, formerly an eminent lawyer at Albany, all of whom have frequently communed with me.
"J. W. E."

LUTHER AS A MEDIUM: WITH REMARKS
ON MEDIUMSHIP.

By J. W. FARQUHAR.

IN considering the leading incidents of the public career of Luther as they may be found in any life of him, or in his work, *The Reformation in Germany*, we have glimpses of a power working in and through him, of which he may be called, as indeed he regarded himself, merely the medium. In himself he was truly one of the weak things of this world. Frightened at a thunder-storm, terrified by the gruff sound of a friendly voice, in spite of, nay, perhaps, partly because of such nervous sensitiveness, he became a power that made kings and priests tremble. He was a spirit finely touched to fine issues. It is, perhaps, too early for us to say what kind of physical and psychical nature is most mediumistic, whether in the inner or outer degree—the unconscious, common in a greater or less extent to all; and the rarer conscious or open mediumship. Yet I think experience will so far confirm the observation, that the most susceptible of spiritual influences are the “poor in spirit,”—not the poor spirited, a very different class of men altogether. Luther was poor in spirit, but very far from being poor spirited. “The poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven”—those who constitutionally are almost nervously distrustful of their own strength or ability, very sensitive to the judgment of others, and who, until they have attained sure foothold on the rock of principle, are apt to be influenced rather by impulse or affection than by reason. Assuredly we cannot draw a hard and fast line of certainty between one class of natures and another, for everyone partakes of human nature in all its conditions; but, generally speaking, I think such distinction will hold good. Genius, as distinguished from talent, is the inner and higher mediumship. A man can receive *nothing* except it be given him from *above*. Every original thought, every germ of invention or discovery, is born from above in fruitful minds. “Thoughts beyond their thoughts, to such high souls are given.” How frequently do we find that when someone has made a discovery in science or art, substantially the same discovery has been made by another about the same time in a different locality. The new truth, it is usually said, was in the air, truly in the spiritual atmosphere, waiting to be born on earth. Every new thought is thus a revelation, an inspiration from the source of all thought. Doubtless it passes through intermediate intelligences,

serving each spiritual rank and order in its own dominion, and through successive transmission becomes more and more adapted to the form and wants of various stages of progress, from archangelic down to earthly humanity. No positive idea can be wholly false, because every idea has its origin in the fountain of truth. Error is imperfect truth; men seize through selfishness or ignorance one aspect merely of a truth, to the neglect of the others. Men gradually cast off this one-sided way of looking, which is the source of error, and, as they advance in growth from natural to spiritual thought, they attain to a new degree of discernment, and perceive the same truths in a higher and purer light. No truth can ascend to Heaven, but what has come down from Heaven, because in its essence it is in Heaven. This is the rational explanation of the spiritual, celestial, and divine senses of truth which Swedenborg says are contained within the natural degree. When the Jewish Tabernacle was to be furnished after a heavenly pattern, the chief artists, Bezaleel and Aholiab, were mediums, chosen because they were "wise-hearted men," and "filled with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship in gold, and silver, and brass."

Everyone, to the extent in which he loves and seeks the truth, is a medium for spiritual intelligences, not the less because he may be unconscious of outward impressions. Yet when I adduce Luther as a spiritual medium, I mean to show that he was not merely what every earnest, truth-loving man or woman is and must be, a medium of spiritual truth and goodness to the world, but also in what has become in our day the ordinary sense of the term, one who has sensible intercourse with spiritual intelligences.

Between the two there is an intermediate degree, of which most of us have some personal experience. Sometimes in a condition between sleeping and waking, at others when wide awake, a suggestion, having no apparent connection with the subject of our thoughts comes into the mind, or is heard audibly by the inward ear; or a strong impression, as of a power in and yet higher than ourselves, urges to right action, from which through weakness or indolence we would otherwise have turned aside. To such an intermediate stage we may attribute the courageous bearing of Luther before the diets of Augsburg and Worms. "God hurries and drives me," he said; "I am not master of myself. I wish to be quiet, and am hurried into the midst of tumult;" and at the latter diet he said, "Here I am, I can do no otherwise; God help me." To this intermediate stage belongs also that inward voice which made Luther flee with horror from Pilate's staircase at St. Peter's; "The just shall

live by faith." A spiritual statement, not original certainly; wholly original thoughts are rare, and still more rarely are they better than what lies ready to our hands, when we are able to grasp them. Luther had read this statement both in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, perhaps frequently, but the thought, to use a common expression, had not struck him till now. A stone is nothing new as it lies on the road, but when thrown at us with sure aim by a strong hand, we realise its force in a different way. Some may be thinking that the proposition is neither new nor true; it was merely the cause of that great Protestant heresy—justification by faith alone. To such we say, just consider the proposition as it stands in the book from which the spirit took it to give to Luther, and you will find, whatever you may think of that book as a whole, that this proposition is undoubtedly true. It is to be found first in the Prophet Habakuk in these words, "Behold, his soul which is lifted up, is not upright in him: but the just shall live by his faith." A man, say, believes in money with his whole heart and soul, and his mind and strength are consequently daily exercised in acquiring and hoarding—he lives by his faith. Another says he believes in integrity and in purity, but his life is contrary to his profession; evidently he is not a just man, for the just man lives by his faith. A man who believes in righteousness lives righteously—that is, he lives by his faith. In very deed, every man lives by his faith, for the life evidences the faith, and not the faith the life. Nothing can be simpler and more reasonable. But did not Luther somewhat misunderstand the proposition, and put mere profession or opinion for faith? Not so much, I think, as is supposed. The Church, in its dotage, had come to suppose that heaven might be gained by repeating so many prayers, by a pilgrimage to this or that shrine, by climbing up on hands and knees some stone steps; and the old voice returns to this son of the Church, whose ears are open to hear, and whose heart is ready to receive the truth, and cries, "The just man shall live by none of this thing, but by his faith in a righteous God, who will be satisfied only with right thought and action"—if Luther added "not by works," he meant such idle works as the Church esteemed meritorious. If others have changed the original truth into falsity, the blame is theirs. Faith means real spiritual life, not opinion. Any man can live even by faith alone, though the "alone" is not a scriptural word, but the contrary; but no man can live the true life by doctrine or opinion, whether alone or by any addition he may choose to make.

One great mistake he did undoubtedly make, and for this he suffered all his lifetime, from a mental blindness which gives a

sad tone to his outward spiritual experiences. In his abhorrence of the sale of indulgences and remission of the pains of purgatory, he denied the reality on which the erroneous teaching and shameful traffic was based. He denied the existence of Hades, or the world of spirits. To him there was only Heaven for the good and Gehenna for the evil, and so, following him, our translators have abolished Hades from the New Testament. To this fact, more perhaps than we imagine, is owing the reluctance of the religious world to believe in spiritual phenomena. All men, as they have been taught, go either to heaven or to hell, and the inhabitants of the one are too happy to care to return, even if they could, while those of the other realm are too securely bound to obtain such a privilege, though, strange enough, the prince of that region has liberty to come and go at will. But Hades will not be ignored. It asserted its existence in Luther's case very strongly, and to a great extent ineffectually. He had a fixed persuasion that the kingdom of darkness was nearer, to him at least, than the kingdom of light. The Prince of Ill, as he regarded him, was his constant attendant night and day. The Reformer never saw any visible appearance, but he heard plenty of noises, and had frequent conversations and discussions with the spirits, not merely as regards himself, but in the case of others; no matter in what kind of form the spirit appeared, or what the nature of the communications, to his mind they could only be from one source, and by one agency. A gentleman, whose wife appeared to him after her decease, asked who she was, and she replied, "I am your wife." "My wife," said he, "is dead." "True," she answered, "by reason of your swearing and sin I died, but if you will abstain from swearing I will continue to visit you." This she did for some time, but on one occasion he broke his promise, and he saw her no more. "Thus," says Luther, "did the devil; he can transform himself into the shape of man or woman." A citizen whose child had died heard it every night, and wrote to Luther asking his advice. He replied that his correspondent might rest assured it was merely some device of the devil, and recommended that they should jeer and ridicule the evil spirit. This advice was acted on, and the spirit left off troubling them—"because," said Luther, "he is a proud spirit, and not able to bear contempt."

Luther, in one incident which came under his observation, was forced to admit the fact of angelic ministrations. "In a place," he writes, "not far from Zwicku, in Franconia, where I lay at the time, it happened that a child (which scarcely could walk or speak) in winter time lost itself in a wood, and was constrained to remain in the wood three nights and two days, in which time there fell a great snow, insomuch that the child was

covered therewith. But every day there came a man and brought it something to eat and to drink, and went away again. On the third the man came and brought meat, and led the child from the place where it lay into the roadway, by which means it got home, and told its parents plainly what had happened; I heard, myself, the child relate it as significantly (which neither before nor in three years' space after that time spake any word that might be understood) as I myself could have related the same." "This man," said Luther, "that attended on the child was an angel." An angel, undoubtedly, but like that angel who spake to John at Patmos—one of our brethren and fellow servants, one, probably, who while in the flesh had loved children and ministered to them.

The time and circumstances of the first instance of outward spiritual phenomena in Luther's case cannot, with certainty, be ascertained, but probably the following letter to Melancthon marks the beginning of it:—"Since," he wrote, "I departed from Worms and was taken captive at Eisnach, and since I inhabited the castle of Wartburg—my Patmos—I have seen no one; only two little boys attend me, who bring me my victuals twice a day. They purchased a bag of hazel nuts for me, which I placed in a chest. At night, when I entered my bedroom, I fell into a kind of sleep, the nuts all appeared to move, and to be thrown against my bed; I did not, however, feel disquieted. When I awoke, I heard a loud noise on the staircase, yet I knew that it was closed with chains and protected by an iron gate, and that it was impossible any person could enter; yet I arose to see what it was. 'Who art thou?' I asked. No answer. Ah, well, be it so. I commended myself to Christ, of whom it is written in the 8th Psalm, 'Thou hast subdued all things under his feet,' and I returned to my bed. At that time the wife of John of Berblitz had come to Eisnach. She conjectured I was in the castle, and she wished to see me; but it was impossible. I had been removed into another part of the castle, and the lady of Berblitz had been consigned to the chamber which I had occupied. She heard that night such a noise as induced her to believe it was caused by ten thousand devils."

After this his experience in what he regarded as diabolism became so common that he ceased to write of them specially. Once, as the tradition goes, he hurled his inkstand at the disturber; and I believe what is said to be the mark of that token of defiance is shown on the wall of his room to this day. I am, however, inclined to think, notwithstanding the visible testimony of Luther's mark, that the story is true in the spiritual sense only; undoubtedly he did hurl an inkstand, with very

great effect, at the real enemy of truth and goodness, the mark of which does remain to this day, and cannot be erased by any detergent yet discovered. The literal story is merely traditional, but the spiritual fact is, as the children say, truer than true. It is its own verification. It is one of the many instances in which a tradition may embody a large amount of spiritual verity. Though, as I said, Luther's favourite method of exorcism—contempt—may be very successful against one class of spirits—the good—it cannot drive away the lower class; nor can it, we are thankful to believe, so affront the very highest as to make them cease to love and serve us. They are willing to be contemned, so long as they can minister, even indirectly, to the object of their care. They are willing to be misunderstood as to character and motives. If you regard an angel of light as the prince of darkness, no matter, if he can even in that character render you any service. Luther had one powerful attraction for good spirits, which would neutralise to them many repelling qualities. He was thoroughly honest; he had an intense love of truth, and would receive it from any quarter—from the Pope—yea, even from the father of lies—if he could be convinced that it was the truth. This is unquestionable, since he actually did give up opinions and practices which he believed to be right, when convinced by the superior reasoning of an invisible spirit whom he believed to be the father of lies. It was only by slow degrees that what is now called Lutheranism developed in Luther's mind. For some time after denouncing the sale of indulgences, he was loyal to the Pope, and still longer to the Papal Church. The part of its ritual last given up was the celebration of private mass, which is still a part of the Roman Catholic ritual. The priest reads the sacramental service, and partakes of the communion supper alone. This Luther continued to do after he had broken off from the Church, until in one of his many controversies with, as he believed, the enemy of all truth and righteousness, he became convinced of the unreasonableness of the practice. The incident, and indeed the whole of the controversy between him and his antagonist, is related by himself, and is to be found in the complete German edition of his works. "Awaking from a sound sleep a few nights ago, the devil, who, I can assure you, has made me pass many an uneasy night, began to speak to me as follows:—'Listen to me, O learned man; do you know that for these fifteen years you have been in the daily habit of saying private masses? Now, what if all this time you have committed daily acts of idolatry, and instead of the body and blood of Christ, you have adored, and have exhibited to others to adore, nothing but plain bread and wine?'"

Luther asserts his priestly capacity and sincerity, and is

answered that the Turks and heathen have as good reasons for their faith and practice; that the Lord's Supper was meant to be a communion, and there could be no communion where one man only partook of the elements. At one part of the controversy Luther says, "My heart began to beat, and the cold sweat to ooze out from every pore. The devil put forth his whole argumentative force, and he has a deep and powerful tone of voice. Nor," he continues, "can such an altercation continue long; on the contrary, question and answer last but an instant. It was then I plainly perceived how it does sometimes happen that people are found in the morning dead in their beds. He can destroy the human frame when and where he chooses; nay, so oppress the soul as to force it from the body, as he has often nearly done mine, so that I am convinced that both the Emperor and Ucolampadius were killed in the same manner, for no human being unassisted by God can withstand it. And on this occasion, however, he got the upper hand of me; but still I listened to what he had to say." The result was, Luther was brought over to his antagonist's opinion, and is not ashamed to confess the change, nor the agent of his conversion. Than this defeat, and the frankness of its acknowledgment—I know of nothing more noble, and I have read of nothing in all history which more clearly manifests a genuine love of truth for its own sake. True, it was very illogical to suppose that a spirit wholly confirmed in evil could possibly be interested in the promotion of truth. "Whoever," said Luther at another time, "wishes to see a true picture of the devil, let him place before his eyes an ungodly, haughty, insolent, and blasphemous man or woman, whose heart and thoughts are totally directed against God, and who takes delight in doing people mischief; there he will perceive the real devil in actual form." Very true—quite a photographic portrait; but it is difficult, if not impossible, to imagine such an one, whether as man or spirit, having the ability to distinguish clearly between truth and error, and to be anxious for the promotion of truth. Nevertheless, the Reformer's honesty shines forth even more clearly than if he had been strictly logical in his estimate of diabolical character.

On entering the spiritual world, all such dimness of vision as to the character of his ministering friends, we may well suppose, would pass away. We are not, indeed, left to conjecture merely in his case. A greater seer—Emanuel Swedenborg—to whom the spiritual world was, for the last twenty or thirty years of his earthly life, more real than the natural, says he had about one hundred interviews with Luther, whom he found in a state of advancement far beyond other of the Reformers, and that the Reformer told him an angel had tried to persuade him while on

earth of the truth of what Swedenborg was discussing, viz., that love was greater than faith. He had in his own awkward way entertained angels unawares, and all mistakes made in the hour of darkness were forgotten amid the fulness of light and peace into which he had entered, because he loved and sought after the light. As in boyhood he ran from those who brought him bread, and said in his riper years, "Thus we often run away with terror from some angel of God who brings only blessings with him," so, if in his manhood he ran from spiritual bread-bringers, it was not so fast nor so far as to prevent the heavenly strength of the messengers from overtaking him. And when, the veil having been lifted by another messenger—whom, in our hour of dimness, we call Death, but whose true name is the Angel of the Resurrection—the scales fell from his eyes, he found in his supposed antagonist none other than his angelic teacher and guardian—

"Not a fiend, a brother more."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FACT AND THEORY.

MR. SERJEANT COX, in his last work, *What am I?* tells us:—

"I have heard an uneducated barman, when in a state of trance, maintain a dialogue with a party of philosophers on 'Reason and Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,' and hold his own against them. I have put to him the most difficult questions in psychology, and received answers, always thoughtful, often full of wisdom, and invariably conveyed in choice and elegant language. Nevertheless a quarter of an hour afterwards, when released from the trance, he was unable to answer the simplest query on a philosophical subject, and was even at a loss for sufficient language to express a commonplace idea."

Mr. Wallace, after quoting this passage in his article in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, says:—"That this is not over-rated I can myself testify, from repeated observation of the same medium. And from other trance-speakers—such as Mrs. Hardinge, Mrs. Tappan, and Mr. Peebles—I have heard discourses which, for high and sustained eloquence, noble thoughts, and high moral purpose, surpassed the best efforts of any preacher or lecturer within my experience."

We would ask Mr. Serjeant Cox how all this comports with his assumption that the intelligence in all cases is none

other than that of the Psychic? If, however, theorists sometimes fail to perceive the significance of their own facts, facts in their turn go on their way, and tell their own tale with brutal disregard to theory.

“NEVER BEEN TO A SEANCE, AND NEVER MEAN TO GO.”

A long article against Spiritualism recently appeared in the *Examiner*, but as the writer admits he has never been to a *séance* and says that he never means to go to one, the value of his opinions may be inferred. Following this line of examination, we may shortly expect an article in the *Examiner* from a disciple of “Paralax” attacking the Newtonian astronomy, coupled with the avowal that he has never looked through a telescope, and never means to. Another gifted scribe may favour us with an essay “On the Genius of Shakspeare,” declaring that he has never read a play of Shakspeare’s, never witnessed the performance of one, and never means to. If this line of criticism should spread to the Continent, we may look for an article in a distinguished foreign journal reviewing English journalism, and containing a paragraph to this effect:—

“The *Examiner* is so called by way of paradox: it gives judgment, but regards examination as superfluous. We are disposed to follow this eminent example, as it saves the over-taxed journalist a great deal of trouble. The *Examiner* is said to be edited by Mrs. Grundy, a lady well known in good society, but rather an old fogey; and this may account for the twaddle which sometimes appears in the columns of the *Examiner*. But for our own part we have never read a line of that journal, and we never mean to.”

Seriously, we would ask:—Is personal investigation and practical knowledge to be regarded a qualification for writing on every subject, *Spiritualism alone excepted*?

MRS. TAPPAN AT BRIGHTON AND AT LIVERPOOL.

Mrs. Tappan delivered an oration under spirit-influence, May 23rd, at the Pavilion, Brighton, on “The Advantages of Spiritualism to the Present and Future Life.” The *Sussex Daily News* says the address was listened to with respectful attention by an audience of from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons.

Mrs. Tappan’s lecturing tour in the Northern and Midland Counties has been even more successful than was anticipated. In Liverpool she is reported to have addressed audiences of two thousand persons.

M. BUGUET IN LONDON.

M. Buguet, who has been so successful in obtaining spirit-photographs in Paris, is now in London for a short time. He brings testimonials from French *savans*, and from well-known English Spiritualists, who have thoroughly tested him, and obtained recognised portraits of friends in spirit-life. Some good spirit-portraits have been obtained at his studio, 33, Baker Street. He expects to return to Paris in a few days. In a note from Mr. Ivimey, 64, Portman Square, June 25th, he writes, "I have had a spirit-portrait taken by M. Buguet that I recognize."

AN AMERICAN MEDIUM FOR PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS
IN LONDON.

Mrs. Annie E. Fay, an American medium, has arrived in London, and is giving *séances* at her residence, 2, Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square, W.C. The manifestations are of the same general type as the Davenport's, but different in detail. No cabinet or dark room is employed.

FOUR PERSONS BURNED ALIVE IN MEXICO ON THE CHARGE
OF SORCERY.

The following paragraph is from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (Chicago) of June 6th, 1874:—

"City of Mexico, May 18th, *via* Havana.

"Senor Castilla, Alcalde of Jacoba, in the State of Sinaloa, has officially reported to the Prefect of his district, that on April 4th he arrested, tried, and burned alive, José Maria Bonilla and his wife Diega, for sorcery, it having been proven that they had bewitched one Silvestre Zacarias. The day before the execution, Citizen Porras, as a final test, made Zacarias take three swallows of blessed water, whereupon the latter vomited fragments of blanket and bunches of hair. The Alcalde states that the people were exasperated against sorcerers, and demanded that they be burned, and the sentence was executed with his approval. He adds, that he has his eye on other sorcerers, against whom complaint has been made by the citizens.

"The *Official Diario*, of this city, confirms the report of the outrage, and says that several families in the town have since compelled the officer to burn another old woman and her son for the same cause. The General Government has asked the authorities of Sinaloa to send a detailed report of these proceedings, and to take measures to protect the lives of persons threatened with similar violence."

MANIFESTATIONS IN PARIS.—THE MEDIUM AND THE SPIRITS
SEEN AT THE SAME TIME.—ATTEMPT TO GRASP A SPIRIT.
—SPIRIT-DRAPERY.

Mr. Williams, the medium, has been giving a series of twenty-two *séances* on consecutive evenings in Paris. They seem to have been very successful and to have attracted much attention, not only among the Spiritualists and Spiritists, but also of outsiders and the press. Mr. Gledstanes writes that at one of these *séances* he distinctly saw the medium and two spirit-forms—one that of John King—at the same time. At the last *séance*, held at the house of Mr. Chinnery, 52, Rue de Rome, when this spirit with his wonderful lamp was seen, a young man rushed forward to seize the spirit, who eluded his grasp, leaving only in his hand a small portion of the drapery which covered the form. A light was struck, and the medium was found in his chair entranced. On returning to consciousness, and being informed of what had happened, he insisted on being searched; this was at once done, but nothing in the slightest degree suspicious was found. Mr. Williams was very ill for some time afterwards, and twice fell down from weakness before reaching home, but at the cost of some suffering his *bona fides* was completely vindicated. The fragment of drapery seized was found to be of ordinary muslin.

In some instances, as in the experiences recorded by Mr. Livermore, the spirit-drapery, as well as flowers brought to the *séance*, though quite substantial, soon dissolve; but in the majority of cases the drapery, on examination, is found of ordinary textile fabric—just as the flowers, fruit, &c., are perfectly natural. Whence this drapery is obtained, and whither it instantly disappears, are very puzzling with our notions of the fixity of the laws which govern matter, and our limited knowledge; but the true laws which govern these are probably the same as those by which flowers, fruit, snow, feathers, and all sorts of articles are introduced into closed rooms, and are sometimes as mysteriously removed. What these laws are is a new field for science to explore. The passage from matter to spirit is at least as worthy of exploration as the passage to the North Pole; yet for the one we incur great suffering and peril, and we sacrifice years and treasure and precious lives; for the other few men of science will even incur the risk of losing a little reputation, or sacrifice a few months or even hours.

INFLUENCE OF THE BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

We have received a letter from Mr. Newton Crosland, correcting the misapprehensions of and in reply to the P.S. to Mr. Atkinson's letter in our last number; but we have space

only for the following passage, which is of more general interest:—

“ Mr. Atkinson asserts that belief in the immortality of the soul never did or could elevate mankind. Mere apathetic belief in anything is not likely to do any good ; but when belief is vitalised into an influence and a principle of action by the quickening power of God's Holy Spirit, it may then become something of transcendent importance in promoting the elevation of humanity. Belief is a mental frame-work which ought to be filled up with teaching and practice.”

RELATION OF THE PRESENT AND FUTURE LIFE.

The Rev. John Pulford, in one of a series of articles in the *Christian World*, thus refers to the relation of the present and future life: “ But this land of deep shadows is a narrow strip, a solemn, silent boundary between two human homes. We cross the boundary, and find the delightful stir of human life, in a new form ; we hear human voices, see old faces beaming with a new gladness, and with the sense of a great welcome we glide into old friendships, renewed now for ever.”

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

A SUMMER MORNING.

As the bird soareth
 From meadow and tree,
 To the blue vault of Heaven,
 On wing light and free ;
 Singing for very joy :
 Even to be,
 In the warmth and the sunshine,
 Inspires it with glee.
 So would our souls aspire,
 Gladsome and free ;
 Singing a song of praise
 Lord, unto Thee !
 Hopefully, joyfully,
 Ever would we
 On wing of desire
 Mount nearer to Thee !

T. S.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

AUGUST, 1874.

MATERIALISATION OF SPIRIT-FORMS.

THIS latest and most wonderful phase of spirit-manifestation—so convincing to those who have experience of it, and which so effectually dissipates “unconscious cerebration,” “psychic force,” “nerve aura,” and other *pseudo*-scientific crotchets, invented to evade the plain issue of the facts—is now becoming as wide spread as those phases of spirit-manifestation which preceded it; and this class of facts, however startling on their first presentation, so completely carries with it its own evidence that its recognition by all who properly inform themselves concerning it cannot be doubted. From the spirit-hands, so often seen at the Davenport *séances*—and, indeed, soon after the advent of Modern Spiritualism and the spirit-faces at Moravia—the materialisation of spirit-forms has gone on in an orderly, progressive development until now, when the full form of the materialised spirit is seen, mixing freely with the company, shaking hands and talking with them sometimes for an hour together, or even longer. We shall not here quote the testimony of Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., who, in his own laboratory, has walked with the medium on one side and the materialised spirit on the other, as we think it best to wait his forthcoming volume, in which all the facts and evidence will appear in their proper order; but from other and fugitive sources we present some scattered illustrations, which it may be useful to bring together.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and the *Banner of Light* record many similar and even more startling manifestations, as occurring in the United States, especially through the mediumship of the brothers William and Horatio Eddy. At their *séances* the materialized spirits deliver set discourses for a quarter of an hour together; play musical instruments, con-

verse freely, shake hands, and pray with their mortal friends, and some are recognized by them. We quote the following, not as the most striking example, but on account of the well-known names and high character of the witnesses.

In the *Banner of Light*, of May 16th, Mr. Anthony Higgins gives the following account of a *séance* with Mrs. Mary Hardy, of Boston, U.S.A.:—

SPIRIT-MATERIALISATIONS IN BOSTON, U.S.A., IN PRESENCE OF
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, ROBERT DALE OWEN, AND
OTHERS.

“On the evening of April 23rd, in response to the invitation of Mrs. Hardy, a number of ladies and gentlemen attended a private *séance* at 4, Concord Square, Boston. The company consisted of William Lloyd Garrison, Robert Dale Owen, Moses A. Dow, Eben Jackson, W. F. Jamieson, Dr. J. H. Dewey, William Kendall, Anthony Higgins, jun., Mr. Howell (of the *Atlantic Monthly*), Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Amsden, Mrs. Gilbert, and Mrs. Plunkett. Wendell Phillips was expected, but did not attend. The *séance* was held in the dining-room, where I have often enjoyed the hospitality of my kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, and I can assure you that I have had both time and opportunity to find the ‘mare’s nest,’ if it existed. My explorations in this direction may be summed up by saying that I have seldom found two such thoroughly honest persons as Mr. and Mrs. Hardy.

“Take an ordinary dining-room table and remove a leaf from the middle of it; take a 24 by 15-inch pine box, open on one side and at the bottom, and place it on the opening in the table, covering the side of the table between top and floor, and the open space on each side of the box, with cloth, to form a dark cabinet under one half of the table, and you have the whole apparatus. Being seated in front of the box and semi-circled round the table, the company joined hands; the light was lowered for a few seconds, and, at the request of the spirit-operators, then rapped on again, so that the gas jet was about half full, and in about sixty seconds the fingers of a hand to the first joint appeared and disappeared at the opening in the box. By the query, ‘Is it for me?’ and the assenting or dissenting motion of the hand, the company communicated with it until the right person was found, then the hand appeared in full, moving backward and forward rapidly, as if delighted at the recognition.

“Hands appeared every minute or two, giving signals to nearly every person present. Some of the party asked the privilege of touching the hands, which feat some could accom-

plish while others could not. No matter how anxiously the hand beckoned a friend or relative to come to the opening in the box, in many cases it seemed to involuntarily recede from their approach. William Lloyd Garrison, Robert Dale Owen and Mrs. Brigham were more fortunate. Mr. Garrison shook the hand of what purported to be the representative of his brother James, and received a vigorous and hearty shake from a large negro hand, manipulated by the spirit of Big Dick.

"Moses A. Dow, publisher of the *Waverly Magazine*, felt and played with perfect freedom with the hand of apparently a very dear friend, and placed a well-known ring on one of the fingers. This hand (that of a female) wore a ruffled sleeve, laced at the wrist, as real in texture as material of the same kind worn by the ladies present. Mrs. Brigham, who sat nearest the box opposite Mrs. Hardy, spread the sleeve—or rather part of it—on the table, and fondled the delicate white fingers with perfect freedom. One hand pulled so hard on Mr. Owen's that he cried out, 'That's about as much as I can stand!' With a slight reduction of the light, Mr. Owen was patted and playfully slapped on the cheek, and his hair pulled with such unmistakable meaning that he exclaimed, 'What energy they display!' At my suggestion, the box was removed, and a plain stool placed over the opening in the table. This arrangement allowed the hands to be seen from all parts of the room, and, forming a circle instead of a semi-circle round the table, we had more light and a better view of the spirit-hands.

"I asked the spirits if they could materialise an infant hand; and in a few moments a baby-like, plump, taper-fingered hand appeared and moved about with that unconsciousness of movement observable in the play of an infant's hand. It was no larger than one of from six to twelve months' old, very white, wax-like, and apparently *boneless*. The little fingers would catch in the cut cloth nailed to the bottom of the stool, and in freeing themselves from entanglement would bend and spring with the elasticity of rubber. But the most remarkable change went on in the baby-hand; it slowly *enlarged* in every part, always keeping perfect proportion, until it represented a child's hand of from eight to twelve years' old. Close watch is needed to perceive the change, as it appears and disappears very often. This contraction and expansion of the spirit-hand, though more noticeable in the infant's, is common to all the hands I have seen at Mrs. Hardy's circles. It led me to infer that the difference in size, shape and colour, was more an evidence of the *skill* of one operating spirit, than it was of promiscuous hand-making by friends and relatives. Willie, one of the spirit control of Mrs. Hardy, sustains this theory, and further

says that not one spirit in every thousand can materialise a hand; that it needs a spirit-artist with genius for the work, similar in kind to that which we recognise among the gifted leaders of science and art."

SPIRIT-FORMS SHAPE AND DISSIPATE THEMSELVES IN PRESENCE
OF THIRTEEN PERSONS.

Mr. J. J. Morse, in a letter, dated 89, High Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne, June 20th, writes:—

"On Friday, the 19th inst., I was the guest of Mr. Mould, 12, St. Thomas Crescent, Newcastle, for the purpose of being present at a *séance* with the Newcastle mediums, the Misses Wood and Fairlamb. An ordinary dark *séance* was held, but it was quite barren of any result. After a recess a *séance* for spirit-forms was arranged, Miss Fairlamb in the cabinet, simply a curtained alcove, fronted by a large screen. Gas low, but sufficient to disclose every sitter and the furniture of the room. After the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes, a faint hazy strip of light appeared at the side of the screen, the leaf having swung open, door-like. Floating and undulating, it grew before our eyes—thirteen pairs—and at last, after repeated efforts, came out a full form, at least 5 feet 4 inches in height! It walked with graceful carriage; and, on leaving us, it evaporated in our sight—falling like a fleecy cloud at the entrance to the cabinet! Two other forms—of children—also appeared—came bodily out into our midst; sometimes bright and light, again dull and opaque; and sometimes appearing sharp and real, and anon melting and in part transparent; the heads, busts, and feet of the forms being always brightest. No illusion of sense. The gaslight at the same height throughout. And yet these forms swelled and grew before us, then melted and were lost to view! Miss Fairlamb is a buxom lass, too real to melt into thin air; too short for the tall figures, yet not short enough to personify gracefully the child-forms that flitted so airily before us. Spirit-tests are ever the best. This was one. A ghost that forms before your eyes, and melts as it disappears, is convincing proof that flesh and blood (*i.e.*, the medium) is not 'acting spirit,' and at the same time it shows us our loved are not lost; for one gentleman in Gateshead, who is my host, recognised his mother in one of the forms that appeared to us! In the process of formation detached portions of the form appeared; they united; the form was then complete. Afterwards it melted before our eyes! If thirteen of us could be simultaneously the victims of an illusion, and all in the same direction,

I might say, with Dominie Samson, 'Prodigious!' And so it would be, considering it is not a question of feeling, but one of fact."

TESTIMONY OF T. P. BARKAS, F.G.S.

Mr. T. P. Barkas, F.G.S., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, writes to the *Daily Chronicle* of that town a very circumstantial account of apparently the same *séance*. With nearly all who were present Mr. Barkas says he was personally acquainted. The *séance* was held in the drawing-room of a respectable merchant at Newcastle, June 19th. We omit his account of the first part of the *séance*, at which nothing very remarkable occurred. "But," says Mr. Barkas, "the second portion of the *séance* was as remarkable as the first was uneventful.

"In this second part of the proceedings an arc or curve, consisting of eight chairs, intended for eight sitters, was formed across the drawing-room; the chairs faced the fire-place, and the distance of the centre chairs from the fire-place was about 10 feet. The stove forming the fire-place was black, and was surrounded by a broad white marble mantel-piece. On the mantel-piece was a very large mirror. At each side of the mantel-piece is a recess, such as is commonly seen in modern drawing-rooms. Speaking from the position of a spectator facing the mantel-piece, there was a square table in the left-hand recess, and the right-hand recess was draped with long dark curtains. In front of the recess and curtains there was a four-folding screen, the third leaf of which was placed upon a book in order that the fourth leaf next the mantel-piece might move freely as a door on its hinges. An arm-chair was placed in the recess, and Miss F. was invited to enter the recess, and place herself upon the chair.

"Prior to the lady entering this extemporised cabinet, I went in and examined the place carefully, and found an entire absence of anything except the chair, curtains, and smooth surface of the screen. Miss F. is a lady apparently about seventeen years of age, of middle stature, probably 5 feet high; She was dressed in an ordinary close-fitting grey dress.

"When Miss F. had taken her position in the recess the eight front chairs were accepted by two ladies, six gentlemen, and the little girl sat on the knee of the gentleman on my left. I sat on the fourth chair from the right-hand wall of the room, and, of course, on the fifth from the left-hand wall, there being eight chairs in the curve. My chair was immediately under the chandelier, and the curve of eight chairs equally divided the room. The remaining seven visitors occupied a row of

chairs behind the first row. The entrance to the room was behind all the sitters, and was kept locked during the whole proceedings.

"Arrangements being complete, and each sitter being in position, a complete chain was formed by each person grasping and holding during the whole *séance* the hands of his neighbours. The gas was then turned down, so that it merely gave a glimmering light, but sufficient to enable any person present to distinguish the objects that were before and about him. These preliminary arrangements having been made, some of the popular Revival melodies were again sung, and the startling phenomena of the evening began to present themselves.

"My readers must please to bear in mind that Miss F., the lady in the recess and behind the screen, was the only person in the room who was not held, and certainly was the only person behind the screen. She is a young lady about 5 feet high, and had on her a tight-fitting grey dress.

"The light in the room being rendered dim by the gas being lowered, the company sang, for about five minutes, some of the popular melodies of the day, when the free leaf of the screen was seen to move, and a very faintly defined nebulous-looking small figure glided from behind the screen and presented itself in front of the fire-place; the motion of the figure was very timid, and it speedily retired. Shortly after the door of the screen was again opened, and on this occasion a tall semi-luminous figure, draped from head to foot as a female, in a luminous gauze-like garb, glided out. The apparition was very tall, and I had an excellent opportunity of forming an estimate of its height. I sat opposite the large mantel-piece mirror, and saw the reflection of the single gaslight that was burning in the room. The figure glided past the mirror, and I noticed that when the lower part of the face and upper part of the neck of the figure crossed the reflection of the gaslight, the reflection became invisible, proving the opacity of the figure to the passage of rays of light, and affording me the means of measuring its height, which I did at the close of the *séance*, by requesting a gentleman present, who was about 5 feet 6 inches high, to stand before the glass, when I found, by such comparison, that the spectral figure was taller than he, and, therefore, at least 6 inches taller than Miss F., the medium. Several remarkable peculiarities were manifest in the tall female figure. She or it glided, and did not appear to walk, but rather to slide noiselessly across the floor. The figure, when standing immediately before me, was asked if she were related to any one present, and by three knocks indication was given that she was. Eventually the figure intimated, by a slow

bowing of the head, in reply to questions that she was related to Mr. R., the gentleman who sat on my extreme left. She was asked by him to come across the room and speak to him. The figure immediately glided across to where he sat, and stooping or reclining where he sat, according to the testimony of Mr. R., mentioned to him the name of his wife. The lady next to Mr. R. heard the whisper, but did not catch the name. The figure again rose, and stood opposite to where I sat. She (the figure) was then asked to give some token to each one present. The figure stooped down and picked up a tray of biscuits, and, sliding cautiously forward, tray in hand, presented one to each of the persons in the front circle, each of whom removed one from the tray. I took one in each hand, and at the present time have in my possession the biscuit I took with my right hand. The figure then glided backwards, and before departing behind the screen displayed the skirts of her dress, which formed a train on the carpet extending 2 feet from her person. During the five or ten minutes that this apparition was before us, it frequently altered the brilliancy of its semi-luminous apparel, the upper and lower parts of which were at all times the most luminous. The bright nebulous-looking skirts extended from the form a distance of 2 feet, and gracefully swept the floor during the time the figure moved about.

"After an interval of about two minutes another form appeared from behind the screen. On this occasion it was the form of a female child, about 4 feet high, the head being visible just above the level of the mantel-piece. This form glided about in the open space between the sitters and the mantel-piece, and speedily re-entered the space behind the screen. In a very brief period another form appeared, and on this occasion the figure was not the height of the mantel-piece, being little more than 3 feet high. The form was not so distinctly visible as was that of the tall figure, but, nevertheless, was easily recognizable. This figure seemed to draw open the breast of its dress or covering, and revealed, apparently, a brownish-black body. The child-like form was asked to dance, and a pair of small hazy black feet, visible beneath the white skirts of its garments, moved rapidly in the act of dancing on the floor, and I heard a kind of rhythmical beat on the floor, but whether the noise was produced by the figure or by some in the room beating time, I cannot positively say.

"This figure having retired, another female figure of ordinary stature, apparently about 5 feet in height, made its appearance, and cautiously moved about the space in front of us. This figure, on being interrogated, intimated, by knocks and by bowing the head, that it was related to some one present. The

question, 'Are you related to me?' was asked by each sitter, commencing with Mr. R. on my extreme left and passed along the circle with negative answers until it reached Mr. H., who sat two to my right, when the answer was 'Yes.' He said, 'Are you my mother?' and the figure bowed in affirmation. He said, 'Will you please to shake hands with me, mother?' The figure glided across to him, extended its arm, took his hand and grasped it; finally it raised his hand to its lips and impressed on it a very audible kiss. The figure then glided backward and passed behind the screen. After this a masculine Scottish voice was heard behind the screen, the gas was turned fully on, the screen was thrown open, and Miss F. was found, in her ordinary costume, sitting in the arm-chair in a condition of trance, out of which in the course of a few minutes she came, and this remarkable *séance* terminated.

"Permit me, in conclusion, to say that I have not the slightest doubt of the objective reality of the phenomena described, and that they were not and could not be produced by any person visibly present in the room."

TESTIMONY OF MR. DUNPHY IN "LONDON SOCIETY."—THE SPIRIT AND THE MEDIUM SEEN TOGETHER.—SPIRIT DRAPERY.

The July number of *London Society* has a second article by Mr. H. M. Dunphy on "Modern Miracles," giving experiences of much interest, though little that will be new to the majority of our readers; but we quote his testimony on a subject on which there has lately been much controversy.

"As Mrs. and Miss Showers were to leave town the following day, and knowing the importance of getting the crucial test on that occasion, I said to Florence, 'I want you particularly to give me a test that must satisfy everybody.' She replied, 'I will, if I can.' I then said, 'I want to see you and the medium together, as you know it is said you are so like the medium that you must be one and the same person.' Her answer was, 'I will try.' No condition of any kind was imposed. Florence then went behind the curtain, and a minute or two afterwards re-appeared, and, beckoning me forward, said, 'Come and see her.' I responded immediately, and crossing the room, stood beside the figure. She was then, I should add, taller than the medium, and to my view had a certain angularity of form which I had never observed in Miss Showers. She then drew aside the curtain with her left hand, and, pointing with her right, said, 'Look.' There, seated in the chair as we had left her, but with her head thrown over her left shoulder, and the right

side of her face visible, was unquestionably the immobile and unconscious form of Miss Showers! There could be no mistake about it. It was no delusion. She was there, beyond all possibility of doubt. Having satisfied myself on this point, I returned to my seat; but on the re-appearance of Florence immediately afterwards, I said, 'Will you give me one more test to satisfy me?' The answer was as before, 'I will if I can; but what is it?' I replied, 'I want this crowning test: I want to follow you instantly behind the curtain, and I wish to place the light so that I can see well into the room.' Florence at once acceded. She made no stipulation beyond this: 'Come when I call you, and come quickly.' The latter part of the injunction was quite unnecessary. I then placed a small benzine lamp on the sofa, about 3 feet from the curtain, and sat down. I was then so near the sliding doors that I could have reached them with my left hand without rising to my feet. I had not been seated more than a few seconds when Florence, partly opening the curtain, extended her hand and said, 'Come now.' I sprang up, and throwing aside the curtain which I held wide back with my left hand, stood inside, and could see—nothing, except Miss Showers still in a trance in the arm-chair. 'Where are you, Florence?' I exclaimed; but there was no answer. I strained my eyes to see any moving object, but failed. The figure in white that I had seen a second before had absolutely vanished into air. Still holding back the curtain, that I might get as much light as possible, I repeated the question, 'Florence, where are you?' Then there came from the corner of the room immediately behind the medium the well remembered voice of Florence, 'Oh, I am here; do you not see me?' I could see nothing. 'I cannot see you,' I said, 'but if you are there, touch me, and let me touch the medium at the same time.' I then extended my right arm until it rested on the head of the medium. Immediately on doing so my fingers were grasped by an invisible hand. The touch was rather cold, and in all respects similar to that of the apparition whose hands I had felt several times while she was in the front drawing room talking with us."

Of only less interest than the materialisation of spirit-forms is the question of spirit drapery. On this point Mr. Dunphy gives the following curious relation:—

"I must not forget to relate what appeared to me one of the most convincing proofs of Katie's more than natural power, namely, that when she had cut, before our eyes, twelve or fifteen different pieces of cloth from the front of her white tunic as *souvenirs* for her friends, there was not a hole to be seen in it, examine it which way you would. It was the same with her veil, and I have seen her do the same thing several times.

"I may add that I have seen the pieces of cloth cut from the tunic. Another eye-witness tells me that fifteen or sixteen pieces were cut in his presence and that the front of the skirt 'looked like a cullender,' but that all Katie did to restore it to its original shape was to bring the folds together with her hands, and then shake them out again, when the skirt was found to be whole and entire as before!"

In his concluding observations, Mr. Dunphy remarks:—

"I advance no theories of my own to explain or account for what I have seen. All I lay claim to is critical accuracy for my description of experiences, acquired in many cases under circumstances which would have given me especial facilities for the detection and exposure of fraud. I found none."

This phase of manifestation is of such engrossing interest, and our materials are so abundant that we shall probably return to it in our next.

A PSALM OF PENITENCE.

THROUGH waters deep my soul has gone,
Through waters of affliction;
With tears my wrongful deeds I own
And duty's dereliction.

Yet not in fear my hands I spread
To fabled Deity,
Whose vengeance heaped upon my head,
Outlasts eternity.

Oh, no! Some pitying pow'r looks down
On mortals' vain career;
Heaven wears no everlasting frown;
Its wrath is but a tear.

And sins avenge themselves; my heart
Has learnt that truth full well:
For mine has been the pang, the smart
Of self-inflicted hell.

But o'er the darkness dawn will break,
Deep peace succeed to sorrow;
And though to-day man's heart may ache,
'Twill throb with joy to-morrow.

ST. GEORGE STOCK.

LOUISA LATEAU.

“MR. MAJUNKE, a Catholic priest, and editor of the leading Ultramontane organ in Prussia, the *Germania*, has just published a narrative of some curious experiences he has recently undergone in Belgium, in the way of miraculous physical phenomena, which narrative I have translated, and transmit for publication in your columns, convinced that it cannot but be fraught with interest to many of your readers:—

“The manifestation at Bois d’Haine is nothing new in the history of the Church, which affords from 50 to 60 instances in the course of past centuries of persons in whom the same miracle and especial condescension of God have been recognised. By stigmatisation, we understand that peculiar appearance presented by persons who on Fridays exhibit upon their bodies the five chief wounds inflicted upon our Saviour, and bleed from them. In Louisa Lateau’s case, the bleeding begins at midnight of the Thursday, and ends at midnight of the Friday. First the forehead bleeds, as though the pointed thorns of the crown were sticking into the skin; the blood runs out from under the hair, bubbles up in little rills, and streams down the cheeks towards the point of the nose; then the hands, the side, and the feet begin to bleed above and below. I have seen Louisa three times; on Friday morning, Friday afternoon, and Saturday morning. Many of these Blessed of the Lord have been gifted with the grace of ecstasy, or spiritual spasms, as well as with stigmatisation. The spirit is then removed far away from the body, and the soul is transferred to a supernatural, superterrestrial realm, which we cannot perceive with our bodily eyes. Louisa Lateau possesses the gift of ecstasy. It begins on Friday afternoons at precisely two o’clock, and lasts till about half-past four. Her body is for that time entirely insensible to the outer world and to exterior impressions, however painful in nature; the eyes are glazed and fixed upon the sky, and the hands spread out as if in prayer. The physical organisation is not disturbed in its functions, for one can hear her breathing; but one can recognise the supernatural as well as the natural life—namely, the spasms in God. Louisa is a very simple maiden; she has been very little amongst human beings, and has spent the greatest part of her life in a solitary country hovel. This hovel reminds one of the stable at Bethlehem; in the same manner as kings from far-distant lands were drawn thither, so do princes, counts, ministers, exalted and learned men—with the exception of Professor Virchow, who

appears to be afraid of miracles—make pilgrimage to Bois d'Haine, to contemplate the wonders of God. There I met Bishop Mermillod, exiled from liberal Switzerland; also Lefebvre, Professor of Medical Science at the University of Louvain. These persons desired to test the extraordinary manifestations, and to make experiments in order to verify its authenticity, and convince themselves that they verily had to do with supernatural matters. I will now plainly and simply relate the whole business as I saw it with my own eyes.

“Louisa receives the Holy Communion daily, it is her only nourishment, for she has not for the last two years eaten or drunk anything else. If she does not communicate she becomes wearied to death; in consequence of which it is permitted to her to enjoy the Body of the Lord even on Good Friday. Every morning, at six o'clock, she visits the church, which is a good long way off; only on Fridays she does not do so, the Holy “*Wegzehrung*,” being brought to her on those days. This was done last Friday by the highly worthy Bishop in person, and I officiated. We found everything prepared as though for an ordinary patient suffering from a grave malady; in the little brick-floored room Louisa was kneeling before the table, all streaming with blood. She took the Holy Communion with passionate desire, almost greedily. At two o'clock p.m. she fell into an ecstasy. The Lord Bishop went to her a little time before to see if, perhaps, she would pass the appointed time in conversation. But no; exactly at two o'clock she became silent, her eyes glazed. The priest of the place declared that Louisa beheld several sorts of apparitions during her ecstasy. First, she sees God in His glory; then the sufferings of Christ, especially the last stages of the same. At a little before three Louisa falls down; at three she spreads out her hands. What is very remarkable in these spasms is, that, although the spirit is transferred to other regions, it lives also for the immediate surroundings of the body. For instance, when a consecrated object or article is brought near Louisa it produces a soft smile upon her countenance. She also smiles when prayer is going on. At particular moments—we were fourteen in all, and the priests were praying the Breviary—as, for instance, at the “*Gloria Patri*,” at the words “*Misericordia*” and “*Misericors*,” she smiled in a quite peculiar and remarkable manner, whether the prayer was read in French, German, or Hebrew. In her ecstasy she understood all languages. She could perfectly distinguish between consecrated and unconsecrated articles. Professor Lefebvre convinced us that she was exempted from all the laws of the natural world-order, by throwing his sharp-pointed penknife at her outstretched hand. The hand did not

shrink, nor did any blood appear on the place where it had been pierced through. The speaker reminded those present that the well-known Bernadette, of Lourdes, had held a taper in her hand, that its flames had played about her fingers, and not in the least damaged them—a fact insisted upon by thousands. When, during prayers, the names of Jesus and Mary were mentioned, Louisa raised the upper part of her body from the ground; but this raising was all of a piece, not by degrees, as usually happens; she floated upwards all at once. As the Lord Bishop spoke the words, "O! my Jesus, I fall on my knee," she twisted herself round so hastily, and fell on her knee, before the Bishop, that both I and the Lord Bishop were quite startled, for I was afraid she was going to throw herself out of window. By chance the episcopal cross got into the way of her hands, and she took hold of it. As soon as prayers were over she fell down again—that is to say, she did not *fall* down, for if she had she must have hurt herself on the bricks, but she floated down. There is no fitting descriptive word in our language for the appearance of her downfall.

"Next morning, at six, Louisa was again in church, although she had lost so much blood on Friday; her feet were again enabled to carry her. I visited her again. As I came in I found her busy sewing with her sisters; she offered me a chair, and was considerably reserved. Her face was somewhat pale, as though enlightened. I told her I was a priest from Germany, where the Church has to suffer so much just now; that she should pray for the Catholics in Germany and for me; I would also be mindful of her during the holy sacrifice of mass. She said, "*Je vous remercie, Monsieur.*" Father Majunke concludes: 'It pleases God to reveal his Being through such manifestations, and to show that He does not forget us; and exactly at such moments as those in which his bride, the Church, is most vehemently persecuted. Thus we find the stigmatised ones in the first, sixteenth, and in this century. God, who can work such miracles, can also smash up his enemies. The manifestation in Bois d'Haine has strengthened and fortified me for all the storms that I have still to fight out; and if my testimony has helped to prop up your belief in the marvellous ways of God and in His power, I esteem myself doubly happy.'

"I have endeavoured as far as it is possible in translation, to preserve the quaint *naïveté* of phraseology that characterises Father Majunke's narrative, which is, in style, more like a production of the fifteenth than of the nineteenth century. No one, on reading it in the original German, would believe it to emanate from the editor of a leading political newspaper, pub-

lished in the German capital. With respect to the subject of the narrative, I forbear from making any comments upon it and from reproducing any of the hotly-ferocious or coldly-contemptuous criticisms it has elicited from the organs of the intelligent classes here of all political *nuances*—confining myself to the simple statement that Conservatives, Liberals, Democrats, and Socialists are all unanimous concerning the mental condition of those human beings who can be brought to place the least faith in such 'Märchen.' Mr. Majunke must be indeed a sanguine man if he expects credence to be accorded to the stigmatisation of Louisa Lateau in a city where Protestantism is so tremendously developed as it is in Berlin." —"*Daily Telegraph*," June 27.

[The foregoing account confirms the narrative of this case given in a former volume of this Magazine. As was then pointed out the remarkable phenomena it exhibits were fully tested, and their genuine character established by experienced and sceptical physicians. The Rationalist critics who sneer at them, the Evangelicals who regard them as Satanic wonders, and the Romanists who esteem them as special marks of Divine favour in attestation of the Roman Church, are equally far from a correct appreciation of these psychological manifestations. In Spiritualism alone we have the key to unlock these mysteries. Trance, ecstasy, spiritual vision, levitation and marks on the body by invisible power, are now familiar to us. The stigmata, so long a stumbling-block to Protestants and Rationalists, is only another form of the manifestation of writing names of departed friends, or producing other marks on the skin, of which we have given so many examples. No doubt they may be the work of Roman Catholic fanatics in the other world acting through their sensitive mediums; but they no more evidence the truth of Romanist pretensions than do the spiritual manifestations among Mormons, Shakers and Swedenborgians evidence the truth of the claims put forth by these several sects. Knowledge is power; and when the facts of Spiritualism are more fully and better known, it will be seen how little support they yield to priestly or any form of exclusive sectarian pretensions. As an example of Spiritualism among ultra-Protestants we give the story of Isabel Vincent on another page.—ED. S. M.]

EVANGELICAL HONESTY IN ITALY.

THE Evangelical Protestants are everywhere alike; they all think they discover the cloven foot under the robe of Spiritualism, but none of them see that it peeps unquestionably from beneath their own robe. It is the case of the beam and the mote in the pious eye. One would not so much mind the religious sects accusing Spiritualists of trickery if they would only be honest themselves.

Some time ago I sent you an account of a disputation betwixt the Spiritists, Kardechians, and certain Protestant ministers in Rome, in which the Kardechians were said to have come off most deplorably. These worthy ministers pride themselves on doing battle for the truth in the very face of the Pope and the Vatican, against the errors of Rome, and fall themselves into the error of confounding all Spiritualists with Kardechians, *i.e.*, Reincarnationists. They have now come forth flamingly in the *Corriere Evangelico* on Spiritualism at large, telling their readers, who of course know nothing of these matters, that Maskelyne and Cook are re-producing in London all the phenomena of Spiritualism. They say, "Now the light breaks in. All know what a stir the so-called Spiritists, or spirit-mediums, have made both in Europe and America with their marvellous phenomena. Everybody has been astounded by these accounts, and some, believing these things really supernatural, have made a religion of them; whilst others, equally believing them supernatural, and only possible through the agency of spirits, have held them to be the work of evil ones, and have, therefore, condemned and denounced them. Both these classes of persons have proved themselves to be people of wretched judgment and petty and feeble intellect; in fact, Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook are now every day in London re-producing all these boasted phenomena without any pretensions of being aided by good or bad spirits. In a word, it is a mere matter of machinery and a skillful legerdemain. We will detail the proceedings of these clever artists, and then our readers will see that there is nothing supernatural in them at all."

They then describe at length the cabinet scenes, the tying and untying, the playing of the instruments, the entrance of a Signor Baldo into the cabinet in which Maskelyne and Cook are fast bound, and his assurance, on coming out again, that these gentlemen never moved the whole time of the various phenomena. In a word, it is the whole programme of the Davenports, with the succeeding dark *séance* in which the musical instruments, rubbed with phosphoric oil to make them

visible, fly about the room. Having given the details, they add, "As we have said, our readers can now form their own judgment of these phenomena."

Yes truly, my pious Protestant Evangelical ministers of Rome, but they could have formed a much more correct judgment of them, had you told them the whole truth. If you had told them that Dr. Sexton and others had publicly, over and over, exposed the whole of the operations of these gentlemen conjurers, and had challenged them, on terms most advantageous to them, to perform their feats as the spiritual mediums do, that is, without confederates and machinery. That the £1,000 offered them for doing them under the same conditions under which the spirit-mediums do them—a most tempting premium—to this day remains unsought after by them, though these clever fellows do all their tricks for money and money only.

Now these Evangelical exposers of Spiritualism in the *Corriere Evangelico* must have known, or their informant in England must have known one side of the story just as well as the other, yet they give the falsehood and omit the truth! If this Signor Baldo be an Italian, and not a mere *nom de guerre*, he is probably their informant; a choice correspondent! And these writers in the *Corriere Evangelico* are the promulgators of Gospel truth in priest-ridden Italy. These are the champions of Protestantism against the queen of all spiritual sorcerers sitting on the beast who utters lying blasphemies against God and His Christ, and who fills the whole earth with her lies and filthiness. Alas, poor Italy! if these be her regenerators, what is to become of her if her very Protestant redeemers learn the false tricks of the old synagogue of Satan, and seek to win the people so long dosed with poisonous fictions only to new deceits?

All the sects of Protestantism now in Italy will henceforth believe that Spiritualism is a mere juggle and a cheat, and who will contradict them? Waldensians, Evangelicals, Methodists and Baptists will sing the same chorus of delusion; they will preach Spiritualism as a grand hoax, while the real hoaxers will be these religious ministers and journals. Certainly—

Satan finds some mischief still
For holy hands to do.

The spectacle is edifying, and shows that Truth is still at the bottom of her well. When does she mean to come up? Perhaps when she finds a really sound, trustworthy bucket let down to her. At present the buckets are all too clerical and rotten, and would not bear so solid and weighty a personage as TRUTH!

W. H.

SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE TWO CENTURIES AGO.

THE STORY OF ISABEL VINCENT, FROM THE PASTORAL LETTERS OF THE REVEREND AND LEARNED MONSIEUR JURIEU.*

"You may perhaps think it very strange, my brethren, that being accustomed to entertain you with all such extraordinary matters as relate to religion, we have not yet acquainted you with what hath happened in Dauphiné; where God (for so many months past) hath made use of the ministry of a simple shepherdess that can neither write nor read (a child of about 15 or 16 years of age), to declare His marvels and to publish His truth. The occasion of our so long silence, hath been the time and care we have taken to be fully informed of the reality of the fact, that so we might not build our reflections upon false grounds. After all the assurances imaginable, we have found the matter-of-fact in short to be thus:—

"She is but a young girl of about 15 or 16 years of age; her name is Isabel Vincent, a countryman's daughter near Saou, within two leagues of Crêt, in Dauphiné, by profession a shepherdess, dwelling with her uncle, having been born of a father, who (several years before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes) had left his religion in consideration of money. She fell into an ecstasy upon the 12th day of this present February. Her ecstasy did not seem at first to be anything else but a sort of apoplexy, or natural lethargy, into which she fell without any appearance of a violent motion; she returned out of it again after having been in it some hours, her health not being in the least impaired by it. In this first fit she neither said nor did anything extraordinary. Upon the following night, which was that of the 13th or 14th of February, she fell again into those fits, that have held her ever since that time. They did not seem to be anything but a kind of a profound sleep, out of which it was not possible to fetch her; they pulled her, they thrust her, they called her, they pricked her till the blood came,

* "The Reflections of the Reverend and Learned Monsieur Jurieu, upon the strange and Miraculous Exstasies of Isabel Vincent, the Shepherdess of Saou in Dauphiné; who ever since February last has Sung Psalms, Prayed, Preached, and Prophesied about the Present Times in her Trances, as also upon the Wonderful and Portentious Trumpetings and Singing of Psalms, that were heard by thousands in the air (in many parts of France) in the year 1686: taken out of the Pastoral Letters of the 1st and 15th October last. To which is added a Letter of a Gentleman in Dauphiné to a friend of his in Geneva, containing the Discourses and Prophesies of the Shepherdess. All faithfully Translated out of the French copies, for publick information. *Discite Justitiam moniti, & non temnere Divos.*" London: Printed for RICHARD BALDWIN in the Old Bailey, 1689.

they pinched her, they burnt her, yet nothing would awake her, so that she was in an entire and absolute privation of all sense, which is the true character of an ecstasy. In this condition she spoke and uttered many excellent and Divine matters. She can neither write nor read; she had never learnt any other prayer in her life but her Pater Noster and Credo; she could speak no other language but the vulgar one of her own country, which hath nothing of French in it. The first five weeks she spoke (during the time of her ecstasies) no other language but that of her own country, because she had no other auditors but the country people of her own village—for by all the relations that we have seen it is apparent that she speaks according to her hearers. After these first five weeks, the noise of this miracle being spread abroad, there came people that could speak and understand French; then she fell a speaking of French, and that in as an exact and correct a dialect as if she had been brought up at Paris, and that in one of the families where they speak French best. The subject of her discourses is always about religion, and therein she uses to follow very near the order and manner of our Divine Service; and though she never in her life learnt one psalm, nor ever understood one tune, yet, notwithstanding this, she sings them without missing one syllable or one note; yea, she sings them very sweetly and agreeably too, and for the most part quite thorough. And here it is that she ordinarily begins. After this she makes prayers, which are very admirable and excellent ones. Oftentimes she names certain texts of Scripture, which she takes for the subject of her discourses. She explains them, and speaks upon them, and that not after the manner of preachers, or in a set method, but in a manner very singular, and always full of good sense; and it being out of the ordinary rules of method, it gives the greater character of divinity to what she saith, for we do not find that inspired persons use to follow human methods in their discourses. Her expressions are always very vigorous and touching. She is quick in her reprehensions, which she addresses above all others to such as through baseness have changed their religion for interest, and so have sold their souls for money. She very often addresses herself to the Converters (as they call them) calling them merchants and truckers for souls. She endeavours to make them see the foulness of their conduct, and of the means they use to make their conversions by. If there be any one among her auditors that is found to be distinguished by any baseness of this kind, she never fails to direct her discourse to him. Her own father confessed that coming one night into her chamber she cried out aloud as he was coming in, without ever seeing him, that they would take away that wretched Judas,

who had sold Jesus Christ for money. Sometimes she handles the controversies betwixt us and the Papists, and she handles them with a great deal of strength, though without any method, and with reasonings (as it were) broken and unjoined, but such as are always very just, and principally by applying several passages out of the Holy Scriptures. After having encountered against the sacrifice of the Mass, she concluded one day with these words—'In one word, there can be no sacrifice where there is no remission of sin.' Another time she would condemn the idolatry of the Church of Rome, by such texts of Scripture as appoint the worshipping of one God only. Sometimes she repeats a part of the Mass, or of the office in Latin; and then refutes it, by shewing the abominations contained in it. She pronounces the Latin she speaks very truly, and very intelligibly. Her motions in delivery are not at all violent, neither does she use any strong agitation of her body; she puts her arms out of bed, and with them forms certain graceful and well ordered gestures. Her voice is clear and intelligible, but without any affectation; she moves her lips, but it is but slowly, and without any appearance of a convulsion. There have been some physicians to view and examine her in this condition, but they could observe nothing in her that savoured of any sickness or bodily infirmity. Among the many menaces which she makes against the wicked, she mixes also promises to the faithful, and to such as shall repent. And her promises are not only general and indeterminate ones, but it is very certain that she hath made some very particular predictions also; but as the wise men of that country do not think it proper at present to say anything of her predictions, I shall say nothing either.

"This much is most certain: that she hath promised the Church a very sudden deliverance. When she is come out of her ecstasies she remembers nothing at all of what hath passed, nor of what herself hath said. She affirms that she hath slept very well, and seems not at all tired, after having talked sometimes three, four and five hours together—for her fits are of no less continuance. True it is that she speaks but by fits all this time, and her discourses are not always connected; and although the motions and actions which the Holy Spirit of God causes in her make not any impression on her imagination and memory (since she remembers nothing of them), yet it is notwithstanding certain that her natural sense becomes thereby more clear and refined. For in the beginning she was observed after her waking to return to her natural simplicity, and to the ignorance of a poor shepherdess, and of a country girl without any education and whose instruction hath been wholly neglected, but it is now apparent, by several relations, that her sentiment is become solid

—nay, that she hath something in her that even sparkles; which hath been more especially noted since her falling into the hands of our enemies. She was apprehended upon the beginning of the month of June, and carried to Crêt, and examined three several times, both at Crêt and at Grenoble. It is very easy to imagine that there hath been nothing omitted to lay her open and to find her a counterfeit, and to induce her to discover her pretended accomplices; but she hath still answered all these interrogatives with so much justness and discretion, and with so many marks of sincerity, that the most able advocate in the kingdom could not form a better reply after 15 days' study upon the interrogatives. These are the very words of our relations, and of the officers of justice that have examined her. She answers to everything they ask her, with very good sense, and not without quickness of wit; she renders a reason for her faith, and easily confounds all such as come to pose her with questions. She hath been removed from place to place; first to Crêt, then to the hospital at Grenoble, and then to a convent of nuns near Grenoble. In all which places she continues to fall into her trances and to discourse in her fits. They have shaved her head and taken away all the clothes and linen she had—pretending she might have some charm hid somewhere about her; nay, some priests came and exorcised her with holy water, as though she had been possessed with some evil spirit; but to no purpose at all—she is still the same. Sometimes they have given way to some of the new converts to approach her in the daytime while she was in prison, or in the hospital of Grenoble; but they would never give leave to any of them to pass the night in her company, nor to be witnesses of what she said when she fell into her ecstasy. The last letters say, that the rage of the false devotees was so great against her that she could not be thought secure of her life, but for certain persons of the first note in that country, who gave orders about her. All I have here said is the naked truth; but it is not all the truth; for we give you no particulars of what she hath either said or done. There are some discreet, able and unprejudiced persons of that country who labour to make an exact collection of all that is certain and well-proved about her; and we have most assured hopes that the time is now coming in which it will be both safe and free to see it.

“The long time for which we have deferred to speak of this miraculous event, hath given us opportunity to understand the different judgments of other men about her, and to make our own reflections upon these different judgments. It is no marvel at all, if from the side of the *espírit forts* (or strong heads) there have proceeded an infinity of things in which sense

and reason can never give men any better satisfaction than religion can; since even from the side of those that are truly good, and that have a great sense of religion on their minds, there have come to us many things that have very much startled us, so terrible they appeared to us. To speak in general: As incredulity was never seen to be pushed to that height, nor (with respect to the present matter) to fall into so great an excess—from which even discreet and wise persons have not been preserved—so the Papists have certainly nothing at all to apprehend on our part, nor have they any reason to be afraid, lest our reformed should get any advantage hereby against them, for they do all they can possibly do to disparage and ruin the story. This is such a sort of ingratitude against the providence and goodness of God, that it ought not to be any longer endured. We must, therefore, at length plead the cause of God, and let these incredulous spirits understand into what a danger they throw themselves; either while they deny a matter of fact so apparent, or while they turn this story into ridicule, when they even allow of the verity of the fact. Jesus Christ accused the Pharisees of sinning against the Holy Ghost, because they attributed to Beelzebub (Prince of the Devils) those miraculous actions which He had produced by the Spirit of God. In very deed, this makes me tremble for these mockers, who at this day laugh at this great and wonderful accident; I wonder they do not consider, that if peradventure this should come from God, they do despite to the Spirit of Grace, by attributing its works either to human contrivance or fraud, or else to a diabolical spirit, as some do. It is indeed a mark of great discretion not to believe anything lightly, and, therefore, anyone may very lawfully suspend his judgment, if he find not the proofs of fact sufficiently convincing; but a good man, much less a Christian, ought never to run the risk of doing despite to God's Blessed Spirit, by attributing to impure spirits the works that appertain to Him. Some there are that have gone so far as to say, that, allowing the fact to be true and that the work, moreover, did proceed from God, yet it should not be divulged, by reason of the hurt it may do. Certainly, one knows not how to christen such extravagances as these. This is no other than to raise oneself above the wisdom of God; that is to say, that He does certain extraordinary works, which not only do no good at all, but a great deal of hurt. In one word, it is as much as to say that God had done wiser to have let them alone; for it is very plain that wisdom requires that one should omit the doing of such actions, as when they are done ought to be suppressed and kept silent. And, since we have employed ourselves so long time in hearing the opinions of other people, we hope it will not be

imputed to us as a fault if we give our own, and offer our reflections upon these different sentiments.

"In the first place, there are some people who support themselves upon the falsity of the matter of fact; and this, perhaps, is the greater number. And it may be also, that this is the best retrenchment that our bold wits can shelter themselves in; and yet, notwithstanding, it is good for nothing at all; for I cannot imagine how they can call in question a fact of so great notoriety as this is—a fact, whereof there is an infinite number of witnesses; a fact, that hath continued for so many months together; a fact, whereof our very enemies are at this day witnesses, and the truth of which they have sufficiently convinced us of by their own conduct.

"It is now three whole months that this girl hath been in their hands; since which time she is altogether inaccessible to all such as are styled New Converts. If the matter of fact be fabulous, ought they not to call together all the people of Dauphiné, to let them see this girl sleeping quietly, like another person, without talking? Or, if she doth talk, that they may see she talks nothing but extravagances and matters of no connection or coherence, as has been given out by some people? Would the Papists have failed to have sent for the New Converts, that they might take notice of these extravagances; and that they might see how they have been imposed upon hitherto? Instead of this, what instance soever an infinite number of New Catholics have at any time made to be present at this girl's sleep, they would never grant it to any one of them. Here we declare to the enemies of the truth, that, as long as they shall persist in this conduct, they will still the more persuade us that this girl continues to talk against their religion, and to confound them. Besides this proof, which alone is capable to convince people as to the reality of the fact, we have several others that are positive ones;—that is, so many declarations and relations of discreet persons, who are enlightened, knowing, and intelligent; and not at all superstitious, or pre-engaged by any prejudice, who were present upon the places, and who have seen and heard with their own eyes and ears.

"An account of all hath been written, in Dauphiné, by very considerable persons of that country, who have addressed themselves to men of letters, both wise and knowing; and that after having examined the girl very carefully in their own persons and with their own eyes. Several questions have been sent them, and they have returned back the letter, together with the questions that were sent them, with their answer subjoined to them; by which it appeared plainly that the things were very true as they were at first represented, except certain

little circumstances, which made no change or alteration in the miraculous part of this accident. After all this, they who are not willing to give credit to these relations, may furnish themselves with what other assurances they shall think fit. They will not fail to say that this pretended public notoriety, and that these testimonies of discreet and worthy people, is not without some danger of illusion; for that we have an hundred experiences of facts, that have passed for notorious and certain, which, notwithstanding, have been found false. To which we answer, that what they suppose, neither is nor can be true—that a matter of fact of equal notoriety with this should ever be found false. It is true that this sometimes happens in such transient facts as happen but once only, and which are of no long continuance. A great company of people may possibly suffer as great an illusion as two or three persons; and thus, an accident which appears surprising, may deceive an infinite number of spectators, and so make a false notoriety, when it is of no continuance, and when people have neither leisure nor liberty enough to examine it. But an accident that continues for the space of eight months, and that all the world hath had the liberty carefully to examine, and that without any suspicion of prejudice;—such an accident, I say, never yet produced a false notoriety; and I challenge any one to give me an example of it.

“Some, indeed, have produced several letters that have either called in question the matter of fact, or else extenuated it; some of them urge that this girl says nothing that hath any connection in it; others, that she hath spoken but very little, and that she hath not spoken above two or three times in all. All these suppositions are not only false, but notoriously so; for the contrary of all this is notoriously true. However, ought it to be any matter of astonishment that there are such various accounts about it in letters? Are there not, in all places, a sort of spirits that value themselves much upon calling in question, yea, and ridiculing all such events as seem to bear an extraordinary character? Who can doubt at all, but that there are in that very province a sufficient number of this sort of spirits, who do all that ever they can to call in question what they themselves have a mind to doubt of? If some do but see a letter from one of these gentlemen, that alone will be sufficient to ruin the attestations of any hundred grave and intelligent persons, that shall say, we have seen and heard it. Besides all this, we should examine well from what side the stories of miracles come, in order to judge of their truth. When they come to us from people whose trade and profession it is to forge fables, it must be confessed that all ought to be

suspected. Popery hath lost all shame upon this chapter: it is an inexhaustible fountain of lies. So that whatever comes from that side, ought to have a thousand and a thousand irreproachable testimonies before it be believed. But since we of the reformed religion, have never yet been reproached with having contrived any pious romances, we are therefore to be looked upon as people in a quite opposite extreme; for we would have nothing at all believed, that is not within the rules of Nature. Last of all, the doctrine taught ought to be to us an infallible touch-stone to judge of miracles. For we believe, and have good reason to believe, that miracles are not designed to prove the truth, but only to awaken men's spirits, and to render them attentive to the truth; and, therefore, when they tell us a miraculous story, to maintain the idolatries of Popery, how well proved soever it may appear; we ought to be sure that there is some illusion in it, from what side soever it may come. But the spirit of the devil never makes any illusions to encounter against superstition, idolatry, and error, which are the only props of his empire. One cannot be sufficiently astonished at the opposition that is made by men, to those receiving the truth of this story. And this hath given me occasion to study carefully the several tempers of men's spirits, and the several reasons that induce them to this strange incredulity. I have found that there is a great number, that are thus disposed by a certain peculiar character of an *esprit fort* (or bold spirit, as they call it). This I confess is the name they use to give to certain persons that do not believe overmuch in God. But it is none of my design, to accuse the persons whereof I now speak of the crime of Atheism or irreligion. But the vulgar sort of mankind, and even of the learned part, have a false idea of providence; and this same false idea is one branch of that they call *esprit fort*, and an effect of the little devotion which we find in most people. They who are replenished and enspirited with God, look for Him everywhere, and find Him everywhere. But the irreligious neither look for Him, nor find Him anywhere. They believe one God, and one providence, and that *bona fide* in some sense; but, according to the idea which they have formed themselves of this Providence, God is always confined to the machine. It is He that hath given laws unto it, it is true; but He always follows them, and is—as it were—a slave to them by confining Himself never to depart from them, or to act without them. Every thing hath its natural causes, according to these gentlemen; and whatever hath not such, is false, fabulous, and impossible. I shall omit, at present, to say how mischievous, how false, and of how dangerous a consequence such a disposition of spirit is; for it may bring one to

anything. The truth is, that God, in the most part of His actions, hides Himself, as it were, behind His creatures; and yet, notwithstanding this, He acts both in His creatures and by His creatures; and that almost as immediately as if He acted without His creatures; for He is in such a manner the soul of the whole machine, that it cannot advance one line without Him. It is He that determines their motions, and makes them all to tend to His ends. He makes the laws of Nature, but yet sometimes He quits them when He sees good. There are an hundred and an hundred accidents, where one thinks that one sees nothing at all above Nature, where, notwithstanding, it is very certain that God comes in freely, and by a special dispensation. Those souls that are touched by God perceive this, though others feel it not; but think they see nothing but human and natural efforts in all. It cannot be denied, but that this holy disposition of mind, that finds God in every thing, doth sometimes degenerate into fond superstition; and that there are certain tempers that receive everything for truth that they hear, and that fancy with themselves that they see a miracle everywhere. This is a vicious extremity; but the other is infinitely worse. The wise will take the middle way betwixt these two extremes, and so will neither be credulous nor superstitious. They will examine, with a great deal of care, such facts as are extraordinary; they will not give ear to all persons, nor believe the first reports that are made unto them; but, when a fact is attested by a great number of witnesses of all sorts, and that after a most careful and severe examination, then to value oneself upon being incredulous, is, in my opinion—to speak my mind freely—to value oneself upon a temper of mind that has—to say no worse of it—very little of reason in it. I have but one question to ask of these gentlemen, who with so much disdain look upon us of another sentiment, as poor little mean spirits. My question is this—Is God able to work this miracle, or no? It may be they believe He is not, and that He has been long ago too old to do such great and extraordinary things as these are. Yet I believe they will rather choose to say, that He is able, but not willing; and then I will entreat them to tell me, where God hath said that He will no more do any extraordinary thing?

“These gentlemen whereof we speak being overwhelmed by the many proofs of fact that have been given them, to acquit themselves of the business, are fain at last to retreat themselves into places where there is not so much as a shadow of sense or reason. Some there are that say, that it is very possible that this young shepherdess having heard certain sermons in times past, had retained something of them; and that so her imagi-

nation being heated, it brought them again to her remembrance in time of sleep. This is well thought, that a child of 15 years of age, that perhaps never heard any sermons in her life, and that could not possibly hear any, but about the age of 10 or 12, should three or four years after repeat them in her sleep; besides, what she says cannot possibly pass for a repetition, or an effect of memory; for her way of delivery hath nothing in it of the nature of sermons; she speaks things that are very singular, and in a manner as singular, it bearing no resemblance with the discourses or ways of preachers. Is it by the help of her memory that she so often speaks Latin, and that she mixes it with her French so appositely? Is it by the help of her memory that she treats of matters of controversy? By what lucky hit comes it that all her images, whereof not the least footstep appears in her brain when she is awake, yet appears so exact and distinct while she sleeps? Whence did she learn this correct French which she speaks in the night, and of which she cannot speak one word by day? Yet these gentlemen will not yield for all this; they say, there are so many effects in Nature for which we can give no reason at all, and of which for all that, the machine is the only cause. And hereupon they tell us the story which Monsieur la Motte le Vager gives us in part, of a certain countryman that at certain times spoke all sorts of languages, of which at other times he understood not one word. They also add the history of the countryman of Burgundy, who in his sleep heard a certain verse repeated out of *Homer*, which he remembered very well, though he could not understand it. This countryman applied himself to a learned man, whose name is still alive; and will for ever live in the commonwealth of learning; he told him his dream, or rather his vision, together with the words, which he still remembered. This learned man found that it was a verse out of *Homer*, which foretold him that his house should fall in a little time, which did not fail to happen accordingly. 'Behold,' say they, 'a thing no less miraculous than your shepherdess.' We are not bound to grant that these two facts were as miraculous as that whereof we treat, but the examining of this is not necessary. It is sufficient to maintain to these two gentlemen that these two facts did not happen by natural causes. Whether indeed it was the Holy Ghost or the wicked spirit that possessed them, that is the only question; but it can be no doubt to any reasonable mind whether the machine alone either did, or was able to do this thing. And it is still much more certain that our miracle could not be performed by the machine, for it is much more miraculous to talk whole nights, to speak what one never knew, and to speak things Divine and heavenly too, and that in very good order and sense, than to hear

something one time in a dream, or to pronounce certain words formed as by another's tongue. The wicked spirit might produce this, but it could never inspire into a single soul the wonderful things of God.

"In the meantime, it is certain that the fact related by Monsieur la Motte le Vayer, and such others like it, are not done by natural causes. But, say they, how know you how far the powers of Nature may go? Wretched objection! We know it by experience; we know it by the use of reason. It is true that Nature doth an hundred things mechanically, whereof we can give no reason; but it does them always, and always alike; if it varies sometimes it is no surprising thing, if, while we know not the causes, we are ignorant of the principle of these variations. When extraordinary accidents consist but in corporeal motions, one may then, with less injustice, refer their causes to the machine; at least, it will be more difficult to persuade the incredulous in this case than in others; although many times they have no more truth and reason on their side here than elsewhere. But to reason and discourse divinely, without having learnt anything at all, and without having so much as the images of what one says impressed upon the machine of the brain—this, I say, is entirely beyond the powers and action of the machine. Moreover, this wicked solution of theirs may be justly looked upon as an open way to the most criminal of all incredulities; for we may then, with the same freedom, say of the miracles of Jesus Christ and of his Apostles, that we cannot determine whether they are true miracles or no; for that one does not know how far the operations of Nature may go."

SINGING AND MUSIC IN THE AIR.

In a subsequent letter, after replying with much force to objections against what he calls "The Miracle of Dauphiné"—as that the age of miracles has ceased, &c.—he concludes by referring to a previous letter, in which he says:—

"I have given the certificates of Monsieur Manpoey, Monsieur Bergeret, Monsieur de la Bordette, Mademoiselle de Formalagues; Monsieur de Vallesseure, a gentleman of the Cevennes, who said he heard sung in the air five or six of the verses of the Fifth Psalm; since which I have received and have in my custody the testimony of Monsieur de la Bastide of Tourtelon, son to the said Vallesseure, who attests the same thing with his father. I have also reported the testimony of Mademoiselle de Vebron, who assures me that she has distinguished in these miraculous singings above thirty of our Psalms. I have—besides all this—the attestation of Monsieur de la

Gardicolle, a gentleman of honour, who is now in this country, who hath deposed betwixt my hands, and in the presence of five other gentlemen, all the circumstances of these singings, he having heard them himself, within two hundred paces of the town of Vigan, the truth whereof he assured me upon oath—nay, with tears in his eyes; not being able to think of this miracle without being sensibly touched. I have also the depositions of two inhabitants and burgesses of the town of Mauvezin, in Armagnac, who speak of it as eye-witnesses. And, last of all, here is the letter of one Monsieur de Besse, written from Switzerland—it is too remarkable upon this subject not to be made public.”

In this letter the writer attests having, on several occasions and in different places, heard music and the singing of harmonies in the air, both by day and by night; and (he says) “at the very time that I heard it at Viane and Berlieres, others heard it at Mazamet and in the Cevennes; as appeared by many letters written from these hills.” In proof of which he cites various testimonies. But this letter, and other documents appended, confirming the account of Isabel Vincent, given by M. Jurieu, we are compelled, from want of space, to omit. The literature of the Cevennois is rich in Spiritualism. That they were under spiritual guidance, that they had many remarkable mediums, and received many proofs of spiritual power and protection in their grand struggle for religious freedom, has been shown in this Magazine, by William Howitt, in “The Prophets of the Cevennes,” and by Thomas Brevior, in his *Two Worlds*.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

M. BUGUET IN LONDON.

DURING his recent brief visit to London M. Buguet was very successful in obtaining spirit-portraits. We visited his studio, 33, Baker Street, June 29th, and were shown quite a large number, obtained with well-known English spiritualists, and which for the most part were clear and well-defined, and some of which have, we hear, been recognized. The camera was taken to pieces, and the plate cleaned and collodinized in our presence. The dark rooms and the studio—an ordinary well-lighted room—were inspected by us, and every facility was given us for examination. The lady who accompanied me was the first sitter. On the plate there appeared a second female figure, with smiling

face, the features well-defined, and with the hand over the forehead of the sitter. On the second plate, with myself as sitter, is a male figure, which reminds me of a friend of childhood, long dead, but whose features I cannot sufficiently recall to say with certainty that it is a portrait. That on the first one, however, is identified as indubitably the portrait of a departed relative; and without any clue being given it was also at once, without hesitation, recognized by a member of the family on presentation.

We have received a letter from Mr. Robert Cooper, of Eastbourne, in which, speaking of a sitting for a portrait with M. Buguet, he says:—

“When I at first saw the negative I did not recognize a likeness to anyone I knew. On seeing the printed photograph I saw at once a resemblance to my wife, who died sixteen years ago. I did not consider it, nor do I now, a striking likeness, but that it is a likeness is evident from the fact that it is generally admitted by those who knew my wife to bear a marked resemblance to her. In one instance it was submitted to a person who knew her, and no clue whatever given, my own portrait being covered up at the time, and the likeness was at once identified as that of my wife.”

The Countess of Caithness writes that she and her son visited M. Buguet, entire strangers. They had some failures, but succeeded in obtaining in all thirteen spirit-portraits, five of which they recognized, one being that of her late husband, who holds in his hand his family emblem and crest. These portraits, she says, have been recognized by each and every friend who has seen them.

MRS. FITZGERALD'S TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, the writer of the article “Twenty Years' Experiences in Spiritualism,” in a former volume, in the *Medium* of June 26th adds her testimony to the many already adduced in favour of the spirit-portraits taken by Mr. Hudson; she relates her experience as follows:—

“As far back as the early part of the year, 1871, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Hudson, and frequented his ‘studio’ from week to week. In the very first instance, when I met there by appointment, Major O—— (a scientific gentleman and experienced photographer) to watch the process. Mr. Hudson was most open in everything connected with the manipulation of the plates, in giving free permission to inspect the camera, the slides to superintend the process of collodionising and sensitising, and to focus the instrument. Since this time to which I allude, I have had some useful hints given to me by a very

celebrated and well-known photographer, so that my scrutiny has been even more active.

"On this very first occasion a lovely draped form appeared on the plate; which, when developed, was immediately recognised by myself at the time, and subsequently by relations and friends, without any sentimental colouring of the imagination or twisting a faint resemblance into a striking likeness! There was the spirit-form. It had evidently moved towards me (spirit is thought in motion), for there were two identical forms, the one somewhat removed, the other close at my knee, with the drapery covering part of my dress, the plaitings on which were distinctly seen through it, and a streak of light from one form to the other indicated this movement, although the form itself was not in the least blurred. It is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful photographs which have come from the 'studio' of Mr. Hudson.

"On the many subsequent occasions on which I have visited Mr. Hudson with various friends, Mr. Hudson has not only allowed me, but requested me to choose my plate from a large packet, to clean it myself with spirits of wine, to mark it with a diamond ring, to collodionise and sensitise the plates in the operating room, to place them myself in the bath and in the frame, to focus the instrument, afterwards to take them out of the frame, and hold one side of the plate whilst he poured on the developing fluid, and to watch him closely whilst he held the plate under the water tap, and brought it fairly into the light room, so that he had not a single opportunity of playing a trick of any kind. In almost every photograph he has taken of myself or my friends, a spirit-form with face exposed has appeared, which has been recognised, or our spirit-friends have fulfilled 'tests' they have promised at our private circles, such as showing us flowers they have taken from us, and others more remarkable, of which I will presently give a striking instance.

"One evening a clerical and somewhat sceptical friend called on me *à propos* of these spirit-photographs, and we agreed to meet early at Hudson's the next morning without giving any warning. He declared that if he could get a recognisable spirit-photograph he would believe. We met as arranged, and a spirit appeared at the first sitting, which my friend failed to recognise. He sat again, and on development two forms appeared on the plate so close together that, although the features were quite different, three eyes were only required to form two perfect faces! My friend, thoroughly satisfied that these two forms and faces were those of his dear ones on the other side, promised Hudson to give his testimony to their genuineness, but having failed to do so, I now do it for him. It would occupy too much

space to describe all the recognised spirit-forms we have had at Hudson's; such as a young lady accompanying me there for the first time, and her father appearing with the face perfectly distinct, which was recognised by the mother and other friends on the cartes being sent home, and a letter of most grateful thanks written to me in consequence.

"I will wind up by perhaps the most remarkable of all. A relation of mine who had been for some years investigating Spiritualism in consequence of what she had heard from me still required test after test. She came up from the country with a mental wish, as a test which would confirm her. She had confided it to no one, and she was perfectly unknown even by name to Hudson. I prepared everything as usual, focussed the camera, and stood behind the curtain as medium. After a longer exposure than usual the photograph was taken out and developed. To the intense astonishment of my friend, there stood before her on the plate her father, with not only the mental test given (which was a very remarkable one), but other tests unwished for and unthought of, and the likeness perfect, which (as he was also a relative of my own) I at once recognised. The very cap, of a peculiar form, he had worn in his last illness, his dark dressing gown, &c., &c., and his message to us that night as we sat in our family circle was 'You cannot doubt now, after the cap.'

"Yours truly,

"CHARLOTTE FITZGERALD.

"19, Cambridge Street, Hyde Park Square,

"June 21st, 1874."

AN UNWILLING SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHER.

"The following extracts from local papers in Michigan, were forwarded to us by our old friend, Elijah Woodworth, of Leslie, who fully endorses the statements, and adds, 'Much more remains to be told that is indeed wonderful; the manifestations continue to improve daily, and beyond doubt are of spiritual origin.' The extracts read as follows:—

"B. S. Gifford, our Leslie photographer, is becoming celebrated. Last winter he found himself suddenly taking spirit pictures. In spite of himself his photograph plate would become covered with every description of heads and shapes surrounding the one sitting for a picture. This was a very singular phenomenon, look at it how you will. Mr. G. was interviewed, and explained that these pictures appeared while he was in a certain state of mind which came of its own accord. Finding this was

injuring him in his physical organization, causing him many sleepless nights, he resisted the state of mind, and refrained from taking pictures when so influenced.

"Lately the phenomenon has taken a new phase; we have examined his pictures, and were just taking pen in hand to write an item on the subject, when we saw the following in the *Jackson Patriot*, Monday morning :—

"*Spirit Photographs and Drawings.—An Artist in spite of Himself.—The most Remarkable Phenomenon yet Brought to Light.*—A professional gentleman who is temporarily making his home in this city, and who has been visiting in the village of Leslie for a few days, sends us an interesting communication from that place. . . . He says :—"The most remarkable institution of the place is the picture saloon of Mr. B. S. Gifford. About three years ago as the operator and owner was taking a picture for a customer—a young man—there was another picture of an old man behind that of the young man, which puzzled and annoyed the operator. He laid it aside, however, to examine at his leisure, and told his customer to call again. But he insisted on seeing it, and when he did look at it, he said the old man was his grandfather, some time since dead. Mr. G. not having any belief in the spiritual existence of any one, was not tinctured with Ancient or Modern Spiritualism, and was therefore surprised beyond degree. The phenomenon, however, continued, so that he could hardly take a picture without its being supplemented with others, and sometimes with a great many. His wife being a religious woman, and a bitter opponent of Spiritualism, and this seeming to favor it, she set her face against the whole thing. As it was difficult for him to get a lone picture, those who did not want such dropped off, and as he had no sympathy with Spiritualists, he was ungracious to them, and I may say to everybody else. As a consequence, his business fell off so that he found himself going to the bad, so far as property is concerned, and had to sell half his interest in his gallery to Mr. Charles W. Humes, who can take pictures without spirits interfering. But, most wonderful of all, this power, whatever it may be, is bound to have its way with Mr. Gifford, for about five weeks ago, as he was figuring up some matters with his partner on some wrapping paper with a pencil, his hand began to be used by some power very strangely, and apparently to no purpose, but, in a short time, pictures of human faces and heads were formed in various positions, and with more or less distinctness, but all very crudely. Ever since then, with no skill or practice in drawing, he has been used whenever he would put himself in a position for drawing pictures, and, as his family harmonize with him in this new gift, the improvement is astonishing in the

excellence of the make-up of the work. When I saw him last Wednesday he had finished some eight or ten, evidently of a historic character. Some have Grecian faces, others French faces; one, I noticed, Indian, white and mixed, and one with date 1860, has whites and blacks, the whites being in different parts of the picture; and what are not represented dead are in great commotion. The blacks are in the middle of the picture with collars about their necks, dividing the two companies of whites. They seem quite interested in the agitation of the whites, but are calm. Some of the pieces have mottoes in letters that I could not read nor could the maker tell. I have given you a truthful account of this wonderful manifestation. What may come of it is more than I can guess. I will say, however, that Mr. Gifford has given up his dark idea of endless sleep in death."

"Our correspondent further says that he witnessed one of these operations of pencil drawing—that the artist seemed to be having a fit, and that the hand twitched and jerked nervously over the surface of the paper, and that no trickery whatever was resorted to."—"Banner of Light," June 6th.

EXPLANATION OF DOUBTFUL APPEARANCES ON SPIRIT- PHOTOGRAPHS.

The following letter appeared in the *Spiritualist*, of July 17:

"Sir,—The overwhelming mass of well-attested facts in this phase of Spiritualism seems to put the comparatively small amount of doubtful instances quite in the background, and the discussions now and then arising are chiefly based on the sometimes strange, and even suspicious appearances of the impressions. On this point I may offer some observations, derived from a very interesting sitting with Messrs. Reeve and Parkes. On this occasion, I got one figure, which looked exactly like an inferior pencil drawing on cardboard, cut carelessly round the outlines, and produced on the same plate by a second exposure. In an evening *séance*, Mr. Parkes was entranced by a spirit, calling himself 'the Teacher,' and who appeared on many plates. I asked how it came that the said impression looked quite flat, and altogether like a common drawing. He replied that the quantity of the aura he used was sometimes not sufficient, and the outlines in such cases appeared instead of solid bodies, simply on a flat surface, more or less distinct. This explanation appears of much value when applied to some photographs of the best mediums, where faces appear flat, while the drapery looks solid. Such perplexing specimens are to be

found in Monsieur Buguet's productions, along with the most convincing test conditions as to their *bonâ fide* character.

"Further experiments will doubtless clear up these mysteries, and the careful collection of such facts as quoted are more important than single results, however striking in themselves.

"CHRISTIAN REIMERS."

The editor of the *Spiritualist* adds as a note to the above:—"It is merely an assumption that spirits never present drawings to be photographed; the whole thing is a matter for observation, and not for pre-conceived opinions." We hope that in future our contemporary will bear in mind and practise this excellent canon, which he has so often, though it may be unconsciously, violated in his criticism of spirit-photographs, that "the whole thing is a matter for observation, and not for pre-conceived opinions." How many hard, hasty utterances, too, on this subject are packed off with his remark—"It is merely an assumption."

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

THE HOLY LAND.

How our hearts burn within us as we read—
Though for the hundreth time—the wondrous story
So human, so divine,—which fills our world
With a sad, sacred Presence, draped in glory!

How many pious souls make pilgrimage
To see the humble village of His birth;
To whom each spot that those dear feet impressed,
Is ever holy, consecrated earth!

The verdant slope, the mountain, and the lake,
Are charged with solemn, tender memories;
And mingled with the sense of awful sin,
The all-conquering might of perfect sacrifice.

Yet in no outward scenes—though these may blend
With drama tragic, terrible, and grand;
But in the human heart to which they make appeal,
Is found in very truth the Holy Land.

T. S.

JOHNSONIA.

IN that most pleasing and popular of biographies which records so much of the table-talk of one of the greatest Englishmen of the eighteenth century, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, we have some conversations illustrating his belief in the supernatural:—

"We talked of belief in ghosts. He said, 'Sir, I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think that I saw a form, and heard a voice say, "Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you will be certainly punished." My own unworthiness is such, that I might imagine I thus saw and heard, and, therefore, I should not believe that an external communication had been made to me; but if a form should appear, and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place, and at a particular hour, a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing, and the fact with all its circumstances should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should then be persuaded that I had imparted to me supernatural intelligence.'"

His biographer adds:—

"Johnson had a very philosophical mind, and such a rational respect for testimony, as to make him submit his understanding to what was proved authentically, though he could not prove why it was so. Being thus disposed he was willing to inquire into the truth of any relation of supernatural agency, a general belief of which has prevailed in all nations and ages."

"Mrs. Williams told us a story of second-sight which happened in Wales. He listened to it attentively, and said he should like to have some instances of that faculty well authenticated. His elevated wish for more and more evidence for spirit, in opposition to the grovelling belief in materialism, led him to a love of such mysterious disquisitions.

"*Boswell*.—"This objection is made against the truth of ghosts appearing, that if they are in a state of happiness it would be a punishment to them to return to this world, and if they are in a state of misery, it would be giving them a respite."

"*Johnson*.—"Why, sir, as the happiness or mercy of disembodied spirits does not depend upon place, but is intellectual, we cannot say that they are less happy or less miserable appearing upon earth.'"

In another conversation recorded by Boswell, Johnson said:—

“The idea of the deceased revisiting the scenes on earth, where in the flesh they had either suffered or rejoiced, seems to have been grafted in the human mind by the Creator.”

Dr. Johnson assured his audience that he knew a man, old Mr. Edward Cave, the printer of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, at St. John's Gate, who had seen an apparition. “Pray, sir,” asked the inquisitive Boswell, “what did he say was the appearance?” “Why, sir,” replied the doctor, “something of a shadowy being.”

In his *Rasselas* the following well-known passage is put in the mouth of the wise Imlac:—

“That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of another world would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could render credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears.”

Dr. Johnson denounces the scepticism so fashionable to-day as consummate folly:—

“There are some men of narrow views and grovelling conceptions, who, without the instigation of personal malice, treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every endeavour to depart from the beaten track as the rash effort of a warm imagination, or the glittering speculation of an excited mind, that may please and dazzle for a time, but can produce no real lasting advantage. These men value themselves upon perpetual scepticism, upon believing nothing but their own senses, upon calling for demonstration where it cannot possibly be attained, and sometimes upon holding out against it when it is laid before them, upon inventing arguments against the success of any new undertaking, and, when arguments cannot be found, upon treating it with contempt and ridicule. Such have been the most formidable enemies of the greatest benefactors of the world, for their notions and discourses are so agreeable to the lazy, the envious, and the timorous, that they seldom fail of becoming popular, and directing the opinions of mankind.”

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

THIS Magazine has been somewhat erratic in its treatment of Spiritualism. In its number for August, 1860, it published an article entitled "Stranger than Fiction;" its then editor, Mr. W. M. Thackeray, vouching for the *bona fides* of the writer, "a friend of twenty-five years' standing," and who is now known to have been the late Mr. Robert Bell. The article was a very circumstantial and careful narrative of manifestations witnessed by the writer, through the mediumship of Mr. D. D. Home. Magazine readers were not then prepared for those startling facts—"Stranger than Fiction"—and the sale of the *Cornhill* experienced an immediate and sensible decline. In June, 1863, a new editor—no doubt anxious to retrieve its credit and circulation—inserted an article on Spiritualism, which, going to the farthest possible extent in the opposite direction, maintained that the alleged facts of Spiritualism were incredible, and that no amount of testimony could make them otherwise. They were simply impossible; and the writer would not believe—so he affirmed—the testimony of his own senses to their occurrence. During the last decade, however, a change has come over the public mind, Spiritualism is now everywhere; so that—as we are told in an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, for July, 1874—"it is now not easy to speak against it in society, without offending somebody present, who has seen manifestations." It is clear, therefore, that the view taken in June, 1863, must be modified, to meet the altered state of opinion in July, 1874; and so the article referred to is headed "Modern Sorcery," and the writer affects to regard Spiritualism as of the nature of sorcery and witchcraft; but, with singular logic, maintains that it is of no importance, and that the public is not bound to investigate it. When the *Cornhill Magazine* is satisfied that the public take a different view of the situation, we may expect another turn of the Kaleidoscope Magazine.

DR. SEXTON AGAIN AMONG THE SECULARISTS.

The announcement of a lecture by Mr. Charles Watts, on Spiritualism, in refutation of the twelve propositions advanced by Dr. Sexton in his recent debate with Mr. Foote, coupled with the notice that an invitation to attend had been sent to Dr. Sexton, and that equal time to that occupied by the lecturer

would be allowed him to reply, drew a large audience to the Hall of Science, Old Street, on June 21st. The reply of Dr. Sexton was, as usual, able and effective; and it may be reasonably hoped that some of the Secularists may be led by this and previous discussions to independent and, as far as possible, unprejudiced investigation.

MANIFESTATIONS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

Mrs. Annie Fay has been giving public *séances* for physical manifestations at these places of popular resort, to large audiences. Much newspaper comment has been called forth by their extraordinary character, combined with the failure of every committee the audiences have appointed to explain the phenomena or to detect any fraud; and the public testimony of Mr. Wilkinson, the general manager of the Crystal Palace, that "neither Mrs. Fay nor any of her friends had been in the room until a few minutes previous to the commencement of the *séance*, and that he could vouch for there having been no preparation of the room, nor was there any apparatus concealed from the sight of the audience."

MRS. TAPPAN IN LIVERPOOL.

Independently of *standing places*, more than 2,700 ladies and gentlemen obtained *seat accommodation*, July 20th, in Concert Hall, Liverpool, to listen to a discourse by Mrs. Tappan. The subject selected by themselves was "What is the use of Spiritualism?" This fact is pretty good evidence of the progress Spiritualism has made in Liverpool since the visit of the Davenport Brothers to that town a few years since, when there was a public riot, and their cabinet was smashed by an excited mob, with very much applause from the local and general newspaper press.

"PUNCH" ON THE INAGURATION OF BUNYAN'S STATUE AT BEDFORD.

Mr. *Punch*, like the rest of the world, is getting on in his spiritual education. There are many little indications that the old truculent spirit has gone, never we hope again to manifest itself in its columns. This is of little consequence to anyone but Mr. *Punch* himself, except as one of the many pointings to an altered state for the better of public opinion. In our

controversy with him some years ago, we ventured to predict that his progress would keep pace with that of his patrons. It has proved so with him, as with many others of our contemporaries. One illustration of this altered tone may be seen in his verses on the unveiling of the statue of that great spiritual medium and teacher—John Bunyan. The immortal pilgrim in the opening of his story tells us how in his wanderings he “alighted on a certain place where there was a den.” This place was Bedford, and the den was his prison, Bedford jail; and it was at Bedford, amid general rejoicings and with speeches from the Duke of Bedford and the Dean of Westminster, that the statue of the great spiritual seer is placed. *Punch* celebrated the occasion in some verses, of which we quote the concluding stanza:—

The Churches now debate and wrangle,
Strange doubts theology entangle;
Each sect to the other doth freedom grudge,
Archbishop asks ruling of a Judge.
Why comes no pilgrim, with eye of fire,
To tell us where pointeth minster spire,
To show, though critics may sneer and scoff,
The path to “the land that is very far off?”
The people are weary of vestment vanities,
Of litigation about inanities,
And fain would listen, O preacher and peer,
To a voice like that of this Tinker-seer;
Who guided the Pilgrim up, beyond
The Valley of Death, and the Slough of Despond,
And Doubting Castle, and Giant Despair,
To those Delectable Mountains fair,
And over the River and in at the Gate
Where for weary Pilgrims the Angels wait!

MR. EPES SARGENT ON THE INFLUENCE OF SPIRITUALISM IN
ENGLAND UPON PUBLIC OPINION IN AMERICA.

Mr. Epes Sargent, of Boston, author of *Planchette*, writes to us:—

“The manifestations through Miss Cook, the reports of Professor Crookes, and the article of Mr. Wallace in the *Fortnightly*, have had a good effect in this country in emboldening many timid Spiritualists to avow their belief. It is no longer considered vulgar to be a Spiritualist. By-and-by it will be quite fashionable, if we may judge from present appearances. I advised the editor of the *Banner* to reprint Mr. Wallace’s article, and he has done so, and I have written a Preface for the pamphlet edition. How astounding are those manifestations through Miss Cook! and yet hardly more so than what is going on, on every side, in this country. The

peculiarity, however, of the "Katie" manifestation is in the familiarity of the materialised spirit; her sitting down and telling stories to the children, as Mr. Crookes describes it; her protracted stay, and the tests to which she submits. Then the cutting up of her garment—to which both Mr. Harrison and Mrs. F. M. Ross-Church testify—and the instantaneous restoration of the cloth to its former state, sounds like a page from the *Arabian Nights*. And yet, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. If the spirit-hand is a genuine phenomena—as we know it is—why not all the rest? Spiritualism is undoubtedly making great progress here; and yet is as a sort of *under-tone*, the effects of which will burst forth at some future time when the way has been fully prepared. There are many who are ripe for it, but who wait for some great leader to make it respectable.

"You—who were one of the earliest to receive the truth—and I—who, as editor of the *Boston Transcript*, was among the first to publish the facts, and to keep on publishing them, in spite of the angry protestations of many subscribers—can afford to smile at the appearance of the eleventh-hour men, who seem disposed to claim all the merit of proclaiming the great truth to the world. What a revolution in human opinion it is destined to accomplish! The invention of printing was a trifle to Kate Fox's little experiment at Hydesville! Messieurs, the Materialists—the Büchners, Vogts, Morleys, Lewesses, Huxleys, Moleschotts—what will become of them and their philosophy? It will be a real grief to them to find out that, after all, the babes and sucklings have been in the right; and they, the scornful *savans*, have been in the wrong!"

A ROMAN CATHOLIC MIRACLE OF HEALING.

Mrs. Baker, an American lady, on the 25th of May arrived at Lourdes, with her husband and sister, both of whom are Protestants. About a year before Mrs. Baker met with a serious accident, by which her spine was dislocated. She had suffered acutely, had been paralyzed during the winter, and at the time of her visit to Lourdes was quite unable to go up or down stairs. For two days after her arrival she was unable to bear the short drive from the town to the Grotto, but on the morning of the 28th she made up her mind to brave the cold and the suffering entailed by any movement. She went in a carriage to the Grotto, and was assisted down into the bath. On entering the bath her sufferings became more acute, and seemed almost beyond her powers of endurance. Her sister, in the

true spirit of a Protestant, exclaimed, "There is no need for you to come to Lourdes to take a cold bath." But the faith of the poor lady never failed for a moment. She begged her sister to rub her limbs. Immediately an indescribable feeling of comfort took the place of her pain, and she was cured. In a few moments she hastened to the Grotto to return thanks to Our Lady the Health of the Sick. Her husband knelt beside her, joining his thanksgivings with those that arose from her heart. He has since published a letter giving an account of her former state, and declaring that she is perfectly well, and able to walk as she used to in her youth.—*Weekly Register and Catholic Standard*.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE BELIEF IN APPARITIONS.

The Rev. Bouchier Wrey Savile, M.A., in a work on Apparitions, just published by Longman & Co., thus writes:—

"Universal and unconcerted testimony on behalf of a supernatural manifestation of the dead cannot always be untrue. Such a prodigy is too singular in its nature to become the subject of general invention. It will scarcely be possible for those who are uninfluenced by popular prejudice to believe that apparitions would have been vouched for in all countries had they never been seen in any.

"Between two and three thousand years ago we find Homer recording the *apparition* of Patroclus as it appeared to his friend Achilles:—

"Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep,
When, lo! the shade before his closing eyes
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise;
In the same robe he living wore he came,
In stature, voice, and pleasing look the same."—

Iliad, b. xxiii. 76.

"No differences in race, religion, language, or civilization—no argument or reason has uprooted from the heart of mankind in general this deep-seated belief of the occasional appearance of departed spirits to persons living in the natural world. The patriarch Job and the Roman Brutus professed to have seen spiritual beings; and similar manifestations have been made to men in every age. The belief in them is equally an element in sacred, classical, and modern literature. That the spirits of departed persons might, and occasionally did appear was a doctrine held by some of the wisest and most devout men that ever existed.

"Baxter, in his *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, part II., ch. vii.,

observes on this subject:—"For my own part, though I am as suspicious as most in such reports, and do believe that most of them are conceits or delusions, yet, having been very inquisitive in all such cases, I have received undoubted testimony of the truth of such apparitions." The writings of Gregory, Augustine, Chrysostom, &c., make frequent mention of apparitions, and relate the several stories at large. Lavater, a learned, godly Protestant divine, who hath written a book (*De Spectris*) wholly on apparitions, tells us that it was then an undeniable thing, confirmed by the testimonies of many credible persons, both men and women, sometimes by night and sometimes by day, have both seen and heard such things; confessing they were the souls of such and such persons lately departed."

The testimonies of Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Watts, Doddridge, Wesley, Judge Blackstone, and Lord Byron are then quoted in favour of this belief, which is shown, by citation and argument, to be in perfect harmony with the teachings of Scripture.

A BLOCKADEE'S STORY.

For the benefit of those of your readers who may be interested in psychological investigations, I send you an account of the following remarkable incident which occurred on board of this vessel a few weeks ago. Having captured a schooner, which was taken while attempting to violate the blockade, she was dispatched in charge of a prize officer and crew to New Orleans, with orders to proceed without delay. At the time of the capture we had a sick man on board, who was delirious, and had been given up by the doctor as past all hopes of recovery. When in health he had been remarkably quiet, but, in his present excited state, he talked incessantly. Soon after the schooner had left for New Orleans the sick man called out aloud, in authoritative voice, "Schooner, ahoy! What schooner is that? Schooner, ahoy! What schooner is that, I say?" He appeared to have some difficulty in understanding the name; but, at length, said, "Oh, that is your name, is it?" (The prize schooner's name was the *Juanito*, pronounced *Wanito*.) "What water have you got? Five fathoms—four fathoms—three fathoms—two fathoms? Look out there—you will be ashore! Heave the lead! One fathom. There, you are right ashore!" After this his mind turned upon other subjects, and nothing was thought of his wanderings till next morning, when we saw the *Juanito* hard and fast among breakers on the beach of Galveston Island about two miles distant. How she went there we had not yet learned satisfactorily; but, anchoring near as possible to her, we

saw that she had been abandoned, and the officer and crew were prisoners in the hands of the rebels.

That the connection between the ravings of the sick man and the fate of the schooner was wholly accidental many will undoubtedly conclude; but so many developments have been lately made, showing that thoughts can be unconsciously communicated from one mind to another, that I cannot dismiss the subject so abruptly, but will give a few more particulars concerning it.

It may be said that the man was probably a seaman, who had often thrown the lead, and that at this time the subject was, by some slight incident, presented to his mind. But this was not so. The man was a landsman, had never thrown the lead himself, or even seemed to notice whether it was thrown or not. Then, again, he took the soundings correctly from a little inshore of where we were then lying, which was in $5\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms, and carried them gradually in, just as the water actually shoals on this coast, to 1 fathom, which would be where the schooner was when among the breakers. If it be said, that although he might not have appeared to take notice of the soundings, yet he must have often heard them given, and his mind being in an unusually excited state when they were presented to it, then I would answer that the soundings 2 fathoms and 1 fathom he never could have heard, for we never go into less than a quarter less 3 fathoms, *i.e.*, $2\frac{1}{4}$. Why, then, did he not stop at that point?

The time at which the schooner struck agrees, as nearly as we can ascertain, with that of the wanderings of the sick man, after which his mind turned to other subjects. He died two days after. We have since learned from deserters that no lives were lost, but we have been unable to find out the particulars as to why the schooner was run ashore. I do not pretend to explain the relation which existed between the minds of the persons on board the schooner and that of the sick man, or even to say that there was any, but simply state the facts for those who may be interested in such subjects.—*Harper's Weekly*.

ANTIQUITY OF SPIRITUALISM IN CHINA.

In addition to the evidence on this point cited in our last number we may note that the Emperor of China, Yao, who reigned about 2,337 years B.C.; in order to suppress false prophecies, miracles, magic and revelation, commanded his two ministers of Astronomy and Religion to cut asunder all communications between sky and earth, so that, as the chronicle expresses it, there should be no more of what is called "this lifting up and coming down."—*Gliddon*.

Correspondence.

A SEANCE WITH MRS. GUPPY.—FLOWERS, &c., BROUGHT.— A SPIRIT SEIZED BY A SCEPTIC MELTS IN HIS GRASP.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I was present on Tuesday, June 28rd, at a *séance* in her own house that Mrs. Guppy kindly gave, at my request, for the gratification of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of Belfast, and just before the conclusion, the spirit Katie, in audible voice, asked me to write an account of it which I have much pleasure in now doing.

The circle consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Petman, Mr. Dodd, Mr. Volokman, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Gale (of Hull), Mr. Hudson (of Leeds), and myself, and the door was locked when we were all assembled.

Mrs. Guppy has, by spirit direction, had a round hole about seven inches in diameter cut in her table, and the piece again fixed in with a hinge so that it can be raised up like a kind of lid, and that, in our first sitting, was just between Mrs. Brown and me. When we had sat for some little time, faintly glimmering lights, about the size of the glow-worm's lamp, were seen flitting about, and occasionally it seemed as if there were four or five together, but I think they must have been as it were attached to an opaque substance, for every one could not see them at once, only as if they turned about, and were thus shown. We were then, by raps, through the alphabet, told to "wish," and, in answer to our questions, that we were to confine ourselves to flowers, but we only received doubtful responses to any that were specified, and suddenly a mass of something fell on the table, when we were permitted to have a light, and found a heap of fragrant roses, white and coloured, which were a great delight to my four special friends, who had never witnessed such a manifestation. When again in darkness, "Sit close to the door," was spelled out, and then we ascertained that Mr. Gale and Mr. Hudson were to leave the circle, and place themselves in front of the door which was then to be partly opened, thus admitting some light from the gas lamp in the hall; the ladies' dresses were then to be held up to the edge of the table so as to darken beneath it, and almost immediately the little lid was thrust up from below so as to leave the open space in the table. Mr. Volckman had before asked the spirits to bring him the branch of cherry-tree that had been taken to his own chambers at a *séance* a couple of evenings previously, and now up this aperture was thrust a long branch of cherry-tree (not his, but freshly gathered), and there was light enough for us all to see it rise; several other branches were passed up in the same manner, which we took from the invisible hands that gave them to us. Mrs. Guppy asked if they would take a rose from her, and on an affirmative being rapped out, she held a white rose over the hole, which after a time was taken from her, and it seemed to move backwards and forwards by its own volition and then disappeared. We were told to place a handkerchief over the hole, which we did, but just then there was a knock at the door and another gentleman arrived, but as Katie desired me not to mention his name, I will designate him as Mr. A., and his entrance seemed to alter the conditions, for we were then told to go to tea, after which we strolled for some little time in the garden.

Instead of coming to the second sitting, which was altogether dark, Mr. Guppy and Mr. Brown went up stairs to the billiard room, so that Mr. A. sat at Mrs. Guppy's right hand, while I retained my own place at her left. The table, in our movements had been shifted round, so that the little lid, now closed, was in front of Mrs. Guppy. We had not been long seated when the lid was flapped up and down, and I soon found that it was being done in a sort of rhythm, and I exclaimed, "Oh, it is Jim!" for I recognized the beat of Jim Ramsay's signal, and then three raps were joyously given with it, as if exulting in the recog-

nition. I then said, "But I have not had Môtée's signal to-night," when immediately I felt her gentle fingers tapping the pearl ring which Mrs. Ramsay gave me as her emblem. I asked her to go and touch Mrs. Petman, that she too might know the tender feel of a spirit-hand, and she instantly complied. They told me also that the General (their father) was with them.

Each person was then touched, more or less gently, with the cherry-tree branches, and Mrs. Guppy wanted some one to wish for sea-weed. We all smelled perfumed water, and I felt the soft fingers bathing my upper lip and nostrils with it. "Light" was spelled out, and on the table was a scollop shell filled with *sea water*, to which perfume had been added, but the flavour of the sea water was unmistakeable.

Mr. Volckman then had to leave in order to catch his train, and shortly after his departure Mr. A. began to make convulsive starts, with exclamations of, "Don't, don't! No, that's too much!" and we all wanted to know what was the matter. "Oh! it's a pin!" he jerked out; and then the back of my hand was gently pressed with the point of a pin, so as to give me sensational information, and I asked the invisibles to do the same to Mrs. Petman and Mr. Dodd, which they did, but again the attack was renewed upon the sceptical Mr. A., who declared that the pin was being continually driven into him for about an inch. At last he sprang up, exclaiming, "Oh! I have got him! A light, quickly!" "Hold fast!" said Mrs. Guppy, "and do make haste with the light!" But the first match missed, and Mr. A. was still struggling violently with the being he had caught, but when the candle was at length lighted there was no one in the corner where Mr. A., in his impetuous rush had fallen on to the ottoman; but he declared that he had had his arms round some one who seemed as large as himself (and he is both tall and stout), and that he had *seen* something by the faint light of the match that missed. I think he had felt sure that he had caught hold of a mortal who was playing a practical joke upon him, and therefore held as firmly as he could, for he was quite panting with the exertion. Mrs. Guppy was vexed that he had not retained his grasp of the spirit, but that, alas, had melted from his hold, without leaving anything for us to see, notwithstanding which it was a very exciting incident, and after we had calmed down, Katie's voice made me the request I have mentioned, and "Good night!" was rapped out. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Guppy two evenings later at a friend's house, and was glad to find she had not suffered by the spirit's having been so roughly handled, and we again had a very good *séance*.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W.,
July 13th, 1874.

JUDAS'S CONFESSION GIVEN TO ME.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I had been reading in the Scriptures how the Jews cried against the Saviour, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" and how the people spat on Him; when this was whispered into my ear.—"Yes, 'crucify Him! crucify Him!' And I was there, and I cried 'Crucify Him!' and I spat on Him. Did you fools think it was for the thirty pieces of silver I betrayed Him? No, it was because I hated Him. What right had He to deceive me? I thought He would be a great leader like the Maccabees, and that we would be enriched by plunder, and would fill the highest places; and when He said, 'Ye shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel,' I thought to myself that I would so manage that I would have the highest. I loved a woman, too, as avaricious and ambitious as myself; and when she found out, as I had done, that His kingdom was to be one of peace, she spat on me; but I hated him then the more, and I put Him out of the way, that Herod might be our ruler and Messiah. I roared out—I shouted with the populace, and felt He had cheated me out of all I had hoped for, and this frame of mind never left me till the earthquake and eclipse fell upon us; then a revolution of feeling came. In letters of fire I saw that He whom I had betrayed was the Messiah—the Son of God—the Appointed One. As I stood

among the shouting, jeering multitude, He looked at me, and I felt His eyes pierce my soul: His look said I was forgiven; then fell on me a mantle of despair and wretchedness which has never forsaken me. Then flashed on me vividly the terrible doom that lay before me; jeering voices said 'my name would be used as the name of everything base and treacherous during the world's holding.'

I asked, "Are you really Judas?" "Yes, I am; and I did accost you in order to break in on your sphere. My confession is true. I really felt, and thought and acted all I have told you; and woe is me! that am so fearfully punished for what I did. And yet the worst is to come. The worst part of my punishment is the look, full of pity and forgiveness, that He gave me when I spat in His blood-stained face. That look He gave me has driven me howling over wildernesses and oceans ever since, when it comes before my thoughts, as if I had a red-hot lance driven into my vitals. I have never seen Him since, but once; that was when, after my suicide, after falling down—down—down through oceans of flames lined with staring eyes and uplifted hands, each and all showing abhorrence,—when the whole vast void rung with the horrible words, 'Here comes Judas the Betrayer! Here comes he who betrayed his master—his benefactor—with a kiss! Let a kiss henceforth be the sign and proof of hellish ingratitude and baseness. Let his name be the one other name for treachery and vileness. Let him fly from all men, and the sons of men fly from him.' Then came a pure, but sorrowful-looking Being. He looked on me as if he pitied me for the vastness of the punishment I was about to undergo. He made me a sign, and immediately involuntarily I followed Him, or rather, without the power of guiding or stopping my motions, I glided after Him. I found myself in a vast, lofty hall—so vast, that the eye could not discern where it ended, or where its lofty arches had their final spring. This apartment was filled, to overflowing, with spirits of different grades; some radiant with beauty and light, others dark: and so varying in shade, until blackness and thick darkness, through whose murky gloom you could discern the gleam of fiery eyes, whose blaze shivered the heart with horror. On a great, white throne, made, as it appeared of the purest, whitest light, sat a Being, whose magnificence far exceeds my powers of description. His face had an indescribable expression of mildness and power, and ineffable love and compassion, while every feature breathed majesty and power. Oh, how I wished the ground to open and swallow me up, when He turned and looked at me! He seemed overpowered with pity, and, strange to say—awful anomaly—*love*; and through it all I saw clearly that it was *Jesus*—the footsore, the trampled on: the bleeding, mocked, and half-dead Master and Friend, whose dear and blood-stained face I spat on, whose ears I had pierced with my ungrateful hiss, when I joined the multitude in invoking His blood on myself.

"Yes, there He was—no doubt about it! That Being, who came to a world that would not have such a man to reign over it, was that radiant and majestic Presence that now sate on that throne of light, with the hosts of Heaven adoring Him; the hosts of Hell rendering an unwilling, but perfectly humble reverence and obedience!

"Judas,' said He, in a tone whose kindness killed me; yet split my very heart in twain! 'Judas, I forgive you: but there is another whose pardon you must also receive, before you can ever know one moment's peace—that is *yourself*. You love the world, and to the world you are now obliged to return; there remain, and see what is its after-fate; until the mind of that world is so changed that it will view your crime with pity; until you have received your own pardon. There you will have to stay. The insignia of your crime will appear on your countenance, and over those lips that betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss, shall it always be seen.

"You will live to see an age that will resemble a time long past. You will live to see all things that mankind ever loved and honoured, despised and lightly esteemed. Yea! the Son of Man blasphemed, and His divinity denied; His very existence doubted, and that by those who bear His name, and wear His symbol as their banner and ensign; and then shall the end come—then shall your weary pilgrimage cease. Your own life and existence will be such, that its mixture of spiritual and earthly existence will cause your being to be denied

and disbelieved, even as I have been denied and disbelieved. When the sign of your crime begins to grow dim, know the end is not far off! And your nation, who joined your cry, and brought My blood on them, and on their children, will last as a people without a home—a nation without a kingdom; their holy places defiled by the worst of the heathen; all men joining in only this abhorrence and hatred of the Jew,—and, first of all, of yourself.

"When the Voice ceased, darkness fell on me; and I felt myself falling—falling, and knew no more till I awakened from my fearful trance, and commenced my direful pilgrimage and wanderings."

EMILY PALMER.

[This letter should be read in connection with one by the same writer, at p. 143 of this volume.—ED.]

THE SPIRITUALISM OF LORD LYTTON AND SCOTT.

To the Editor of the "*Spiritual Magazine*."

"The student of Spiritualism will have light thrown on many difficulties by collecting and comparing its various phenomena; they mutually help to the understanding of each other."—THOMAS BREWSTER.

SIR,—Youth is a perpetual spring time to the human race, and the dust upon many a bookshelf shows how eager the rising generation is for all that is new and of their own time and age. I should like, therefore, to recall the attention of Spiritualists to the late Lord Lytton's *Zanoni*, written before the advent of Modern Spiritualism, and to Scott's still more strange story of the *Monastery*. Lord Lytton once told me that he thought he was more proud of *Zanoni* than of any of his other works; and in which we find mesmerism, clairvoyance, and Spiritualism in a natural and true alliance, and we may not divorce that which nature has linked together; nay, in *Zanoni* we may say that we have the philosopher's stone and elixir of life realised, both for good and for evil: and then, lastly, we have *Zanoni*, the younger man of the two sages, losing his spiritual power in abandoning himself to the "human passions," and love conquers all things. But there is one phenomenon given in *Zanoni* that Spiritualism has not come to yet, though I am sure that it will; I mean the power of becoming invisible. The vanishing of the materialised form or spirit is another matter; but we have not yet had the natural man made spiritual in this life.

Now, in respect to Scott's novel. All that seemingly wild and strange story of the *White Lady of Avenel*, which always had a great charm for me, though generally condemned as over-straining probabilities and fiction beyond even the poet's licence, may now be read not only as within the range of the possible, but as altogether probable. Yet who could have supposed this 20 years ago! The Spiritualist may return to that charming fiction, and see that there is nothing monstrous about it, but that all is perfectly natural, and just what Scott might have written to illustrate Modern Spiritualism. And how it raises the genius of Scott in such a marvellous anticipation of realities; and there is nothing finer in Shakespeare than that story of the *White Lady of Avenel*.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

[In our last volume, p. 338, we showed from his own confessions how that Scott was really a medium in the composition of his works. We may add that while in his *Letters on Demonology*, and generally in his writings, he discountenanced mere superstitious stories, yet several curious events occurred within his own knowledge. One of these happened at Abbotsford in the month of April, 1818. "On the night of the 28th," he wrote to his friend Terry, "we were awaked by a violent

noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. This was about two in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noise occurred. Mrs. S. is rather timbersome, so up got I, with Beardie's broadsword under my arm, but nothing was out of order, neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance." On the morning that Mr. Terry received the foregoing letter in London, Mr. William Erskine breakfasted with him, and the chief subject of their conversation was the sudden death of Mr. George Bullock, the London upholsterer of Scott, who was employed in fitting up Abbotsford, and who died, as nearly as could be ascertained, *at the very hour* when Scott was roused from his sleep as above-mentioned.

The late Mr. George Coombe expressed his belief to the effect that Sir W. Scott had a rare quality of brain, which conferred upon him his remarkable memory; and it would appear that in early life he was a seer. Mrs. Churnside, a friend of his family, related that "he was accustomed to tell the visions which he had when lying alone on the floor or sofa, when kept from going to church on a Sunday by ill-health." She adds, "I could not help being highly delighted with his description of the glories he had seen, his misty and sublime sketches of the regions above, which he had visited in his trance. The expression of his face changed greatly while he was thinking of these things, and showed a deep intenseness of feeling, as if he were awed even by his own recital.—ED.]

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

TRUST.

ETERNAL Fount of life and light!

We come to Thee for strength to bear

Our daily cross, our weight of care:

O guide our wandering steps aright!

In vain we seek in outward ease

The inward calm our spirits need;

In loving trust alone we read

The law divine of perfect peace.

Sadden'd and weary we would cast

Our sins, our sorrows, at Thy feet;

Thy strength can still our weakness meet,

Thy love shall guide us home at last.

T. S.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

THE SECT-CREATING TENDENCY OF NATIONAL ASSOCIATIONS IN SPIRITUAL MATTERS.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE National Associationists say that it is not fair to put forward the evils of National Association for spiritual objects, and to pass over the evident benefits. True, if the organization of sects, calling themselves churches, were, whilst beneficial to church purposes, beneficial to TRUTH. Organizations may promote the prosperity of human institutions, but that is not the real question. If the tendency is mischievous, the more associative prosperity, the more evil. Such organizations have been in all times the enemies of INDEPENDENT TRUTH. They are the originators and fosterers of creeds, dogmas, ritual and governative ordinances, which are the fetterers, distorters, and stiflers of free-truth; sects, that is self-styled churches, are wholly the inventions and manufacture of men, and must necessarily bear, and ever have borne, upon them the impress of the human. Spiritualism bears as prominently on its brow the master-stamp of the superhuman. Truth and it stand together, children of the invisible, spiritually kith and kin, and are equally intangible by the thumbscrew and iron boots of human domination. They are not nourished by man's wisdom, they are expelled by it. Truth never submitted her shoulders to any yoke of man's will; men and systems may succumb to collective cogeness—Truth never!

But there are those who think it inconsistent in me to say I will answer no one on the subject of National Association, and yet to answer by general comments. That is indeed what I have done, and there is no inconsistency. I answer and do not answer. I decline to reply directly to any individual Spiritualist

dissenting from my views, but I answer to the cause and thing itself. I have too much regard for my brother Spiritualists to enter into a direct controversy with any of them. Direct controversy is apt to become personal controversy, a combustible thing, in whose fire cool judgment and unity of spirit suffer. In the defence of truth I am nothing—truth is everything. Therefore I fear no man or thing; it is truth's affair, not mine. My only object is the good of Spiritualism; my great desire, whilst acting as the simple clerk of history, that nothing shall abate my love of my fellow Spiritualists. Sects and associations rise and fall—Truth

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

And as to the tendency of sects? To shut up Spiritualism within the limits of an Association would be, were it possible, to reduce it to a sect. Well then, what of modern sects? for we have already dealt with the old churches.

Some of them have gone near to solve the question of spiritual association. The Society of Friends originally proposed to avoid establishing a new sect. It declared itself a band of Christian brethren; Christian friends, or Children of the Light, because they followed the light within. George Fox expressly declared that he contemplated no sect, but merely the revival of the Gospel spirit amongst Christians; a drawing nearer to the spiritual life. When he and his friends, however, met in London, they proposed that a meeting should be held there annually for mutual spiritual communion and refreshment, and this annual gathering, especially under the pressure of those persecuting times, soon grew into a sort of council for framing rules for social order, but they still protested vigorously against the formation of any creed; any other than the general belief in the Gospel itself. Here was an associative platform laid, however they might overlook its results. It had already coagulated into a sect, but it was sternly based on the most Republican principles. Every member was declared free and equal, just as the United States of America afterwards declared its members. But this equality was speedily defined to be merely personal, because God is no respecter of persons, and therefore, his true followers must be the same. Quakerism—the world's cynical term—not the Friends' own, was to be no respecter of persons. But the ecclesiastical element—the most rampant tare that the devil ever sowed in church fields—soon sprang up in Gospel-purity Quakerism, and spoiled all, by giving to these so-called equal persons no equal vote in the decision of society questions. Instead of this, into the heart of personal equality was introduced the idea of moral and spiritual *inequality*, and to this personal moral and religious *weight*—that was the

phrase—was given the decision of all subjects under debate. This religious *weight* was attributed originally to ministers, elders, and persons of the most exemplary piety. But here the devil had got his foot in, and laughed inwardly. Into every new and truly great reform he loses no time in infusing the elements of decline and ultimate ruin. Into the Apostolic church, even during the life of the Saviour, he introduced the fatal ambition of being the greatest, which has ruined every church in its turn, and though the Great Master trod this rank infernalism under his feet, and declared that he who would be greatest must make himself the servant of all, the devil laughed again, and taught his popes—the most haughty, imperious, tyrannical men the world has ever seen—to dub themselves in the very rankest climax of their pride, the “servants of servants.”

Well, the Weighty Friends, who inclined the balance of decision in the meetings of their Society, soon degenerated into men with weighty purses, and under the oligarchy of this moneyed weight, the Society has gone down till it has found it necessary to enquire into the cause of its decline; and from a body of immense numbers, including judges, clergymen of the Establishment, magistrates, officers of the army, and gentlemen of old family and high estate, besides a great army of humbler but most undaunted religious reformers, who uttered great principles and did bold deeds, fearing the face of no man, shrinking from no declaration of unpalatable truths to King, Parliament, or great men in office, has now in Great Britain shrunk into a little quiet body of 19,000 souls, not likely to set the Thames on fire.

But this concession of the rights of the individual man, pronounced free and equal, to presumed moral, and ultimately moneyed weight, was not the only mischief that crept in. The same weight was advanced to the presidency over all meetings and matters of worship. Overseers were appointed to sit facing the general body of each meeting under the minister's gallery—pulpits in Quakerdom are unknown things—to see proper order and decorum maintained—a measure proper enough; but by their side were set also elders, whose vocation it was to see, or rather *feel*, that no unauthorized preacher arose, that is, no preacher unsanctioned by these elders,—men supposed to be in strict *rapport* with the Divine Spirit, the sole legitimate Elector to the Gospel ministry. These elders were, in fact, *spiritual tasters of the Word*.

Here, at once stepped in the ecclesiastical element again. Here was the basis of a spiritual conclave laid in each meeting which needed only to converge to a central point to become a

permanent spiritual Inquisition. As the Society, on account of its intrepid crusade against a State Church, political compulsions on worship, tithes, church rates, paid ministers, and also against turning by force peaceful citizens into "scarlet moths of war"—that is, against murder on a national and wholesale scale—was grievously persecuted, its members hauled out of their meetings by constables and soldiers commanded by such men even as Sir Christopher Wren, who was set not only to build churches, but to pull down Quakers' meetings;—it seemed necessary to establish another ecclesiastical body in permanence, called the Meeting of Sufferings, an office of record of the sufferings of the Society for conscience sake. This meeting was composed of the ministers and elders, having a permanent committee. Thus the point of combination was attained. It became a strong and formidable power in the Society, a veritable Conclave. Every aspirant to the religious ministry whose sermons did not please the spiritual palate of the elders, or spiritual tasters, and who appealed to this central body against the decision of his own elders, was pretty sure to find himself crushed into obedience, or eventually expelled, that is, excommunicated.

No doubt the leaden pressure of men, who, to my knowledge in my own time, and doubtless long before, were men as spiritually dry as the remainder biscuit, as to all interior life, proved a deadly blight on the ministry of the Society. Of talent they seemed to have an instinctive horror, and called it the moving of the natural man, working in self-strength. Talent, therefore, unless backed by wealth in its possessor, was outlawed by ignorant common-place in these Dogberrys of the conventicle. No wonder, therefore, that the general character of the Quaker preaching became for the most part flat and sapless, though under a system of true inspirational liberty it ought to have bloomed out into a grand and original eloquence.

But it was not simply the Quaker ministry which felt this incubus of *weight*—this burden of a Meeting truly called one of Sufferings, that body was charged also with the censorship of the Press. No work at all touching the doctrines or customs of the Society, called testimonies and peculiarities, could authentically see the light without undergoing its inspection, and the desolating effect of this on all original power may be imagined.

By this means also the primal Quaker doctrine of the non-admission of a creed became neutralized. The dictum of the Meeting of Sufferings on books of a religious character fixed inevitably a standard of orthodoxy; certain doctrines became designated sound, others unsound. There existed, therefore, a creed, which, though unwritten in syllogistic and literal form,

was as fully understood by all Friends, as the Apostles', the Nicene, or Athanasian by the Church of England. Acting on this sub-inducted creed, not only was no one allowed to diverge from the codex of Barclay, but holders of heterodox opinions, were publicly condemned and expelled, as in the cases of Thomas Foster and Hannah Barnard in England, and Elias Hicks in America; in this last case producing a great schism, 60,000 members following their ejected chief. By such subtle means do organizations overthrow principles and doctrines adopted by religious professors in their free original condition, and hence the present aspect of a Society, once the hope of the noblest minds—a society which Admiral Penn assured his son William, the Founder of Pennsylvania, would, if it stood fast by its spiritual faith, put an end for ever to priests and priestcraft.

It was a narrow miss of the first Friends of the great solution of the question of spiritual government. Had they carried out the equality principle thoroughly by equal individual vote, the Society in England now instead of numbering 19,000 might have numbered millions, and produced a religious literature of infinite value to humanity. Their great philanthropic, anti-slavery, anti-war, anti-priest doctrines show what this might have been, since the spirit of these uniting with the same spirit without has achieved human triumphs of the noblest kinds, but triumphs which belong not to the sect, but to the Gospel-soul, overtopping and overflowing all sectarian bounds into the great life-ocean of the Christian world.

Still nearer to the grand solution came the Independents, by proclaiming every individual congregation a perfect self-included, self-existent church; a church made so for ever by the Divine Master when He said, "Wherever two or three are met together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." Words of infinite significance, excluding all hierarchies, Popes, bishops, synods, conclaves, spiritual dignitaries, convocations or dictations whatever. A church however small yet complete: the congregation and its minister, in the presence of the Eternal Minister, leading into all truth. The first Independents grasped the cardinal truth, when they declared that such an individual congregation is independent of all others, and may govern itself in religious matters. That there is no absolute occasion for synods or councils, whose resolutions may be taken for advice, but not as decisions to be peremptorily obeyed. That one church may advise or reprove another, but has no authority to excommunicate.

That is the pure Christian theory of church government; but the succeeding Independents did not steer clear of a creed,

which is a spirit manacle, inconsistent with that spiritual freedom which exists where Christ sits in the centre as Minister and Dispenser of the Gospel at large. So early as 1658 the Independents issued a creed from their conference in the Savoy. In later years they have *organized*; that is, created a Congregational Union in which each individual congregation is represented, and whatever of their original Gospel freedom they have lost they have sacrificed to this control.

Again, John Wesley made a Revival, and collected a great body of followers, but like Fox he protested against this body being a sect. Yet even whilst claiming for it to be only a part and a spiritually quickened part of the Church of England, he gave it a constitution ably and curiously constructed. It had all the elements of popularity to a certain point. He was essentially an organizer and constructive builder—he wrought out means of combination and co-operation—he borrowed and engrafted laws, rites, and customs from other bodies, especially from the Moravian Brethren, and he modelled his people into a human machine, with its prayer meetings, class meetings, love feasts, and the like, so that every man and woman had some specific action in the great body politic; every one if not a wheel was a cog, and a really working one. He gave to this body just the human mechanism that the church he belonged to was wanting of, because it had sprung from the bosom of the papal system, where the priest is everything and the flock nothing *but* a flock, to be guided by the spiritual crook, and be for ever shorn.

To this popular organization Wesleyanism owed its wondrous progress. It was on its first appearance a new and marvellous thing. Its mission was to the poor, the ignorant, the lukewarm, and criminal. It had no Pharisaism, that chills and repels. As Wesley himself, I believe, said, it was a general hospital that took in all the ailing and cured what it could; a blessed and wide-souled scheme, but it was not perfect. Wesley was a priest by education, a priest of the Church National and Established. A priest of the church—the firstborn in this country of Popery—in which the popular cry for thorough Gospel reform had been sternly stifled by royal despotism, and compressed into a bald but dominant similitude of what was called the Holy Mother of the Seven Hills. John Wesley as an awakened Christian was popular and expansive—as a priest he was a fixture in the old church groove. He crowned his admirably popular fabric with a genuine church cupola. He gave to his society an ecclesiastical form of government, The whole control—religious, fiscal and administrative, was put into the hands of priests. The Wesleyan vessel had a laical crew, but the priest sate at the helm, and held it with an iron grip that

no power of opposing numbers could ever relax. Vainly to this day has the Wesleyan body endeavoured to recover to themselves the governmental power, and the consequence has been schism after schism; sect after sect of Methodists have peeled off like the scales of an onion, without, however, breaking down the central solid substance of clerical cohesion. Amid all the progressive spirit of liberty, of legislative expansion, of intellectual effervescence in England, the Wesleyan hierarchy still sits aloft above the great multitude that prays and pays, holding the purse-strings and the conscience-strings with a tenacity worthy of the priests of Rome.

There is a solemn warning against National Association in spiritual matters in this additional fact. What vast and varied benefits might Wesleyan Methodism have brought to the people of England, even beyond what it has done; what triumphs of religion and political liberty, what social and moral advancement, had this popular system been carried in literal homogeneity from base to pinnacle.

This brief review of some of the most popular and successful sects is by no means favourable to the principle of associated control. I have already mentioned its blighting effect on Swedenborgism. But with the exception of Swedenborgism, these sects were, with some vague claims to inspiration in their ministers, substantially human institutions. How widely different is the origin of Spiritualism, to which our National Associators wish to apply the same principle of organization that has ever dwarfed, fettered, and contracted them. Spiritualism has issued openly and avowedly from the onward-moving heavens. No man, however highly endowed with soul-craft, took up its sacred fire and blew it into a flame; no man's sacred erudition or holy enthusiasm pretended to guide it; no man with a man's ambition of apostleship planted the banner of the new Gospel on his particular hill, and with archangelic eloquence startled earth's sleepers and announced the new Kingdom of God. Spiritualism started forth ten thousand strong from the inner heavens; it broke from within the veil—it moved mysteriously but rapidly behind its folds of ages. It flew spectre-like from city to city, land to land. It was here, there, everywhere, nowhere; yet soon men found it all about them in everyday life—in their shops and warehouses, amid their bales and barrels, in their counting-houses, and on 'Change. It was talked of in Courts and Parliaments, in the lawyer's office, and the doctor's dispensary. When it had been somewhat scanned with shy and suspicious looks, felt after and conversed with, amidst demands of "What is it? Why here? And bent on what?" some knelt to it and embraced

it, and clung to it as a new life and salvation. Some denied and defied it; more cried "Avaunt! back to thy hell!" Others declared that they could not see a trace of it; and the world at large mocked at it as the hallucination of the feeble and fanatic. To others, men of the pulpit, it was the great fiend himself—Pan of Pandemonium. A host of philosophers caught at it with their pincers and callipers, but as they could neither get it into their jars, raise it into a gas, or reduce it to the slime of protoplasm, they solemnly denied it an existence. It emerged in visions and trances; shapes and faces of the dead startled the living as if still walking amongst them. Its conjurations, surpassing those of Egypt or Babylon, gave fresh consistency to those long past marvels. In a word, the mysterious power was now a hidden, shapeless vapour, a buried sound, nothing more, then a wildfire gas, and as suddenly a host of spectral beings floating on before the searchers of it, like the cloud-ghosts of Ossian, never tangible, yet laying prostrate the theories of modern philosophy, like the Passover-Angel destroying the first-born of Egypt in the dark.

Anon, it was as if the angels of the higher spheres had descended on God's behests with words and works of Divine confirmation of his long-revealed truths, and that the swarms of the earth-bordering Hades had rushed out after them, making a new chaos. Hence the grand declarations of heavenly wisdom mixed with endless outpourings of follies and stale platitudes. The prophets and seers of the long-spent ages seemed to rise again, and affirm themselves; the old phenomena became once more the freshest novelties. But amid the solemn and august still cropped up the absurd. Silly Platos, drivelling Shakespeares, dull-eyed Franklins, that could never have looked on the live thunder and captured it, played a wretched rôle that scandalized the serious and disgusted the proud. "What a desecration of the high and holy!" cried the pious, "what a degradation of the angelic!—what an insult to the divine dignity of departed saints!"

Yet amid all this folly and reckless violation of all the fixed ideas of the heavens, what noble truths came scattering isolatedly, what new and cheering assurances of advancing and progressive being in the spirit-lands. The very lowest of the spirits from Hades brought with him the proofs of immortality. The Devil, to suit the wishes of his material, philosophical friends, has of late years denied his own existence, but the poorest soul from the intermediate lands stood stoutly on his spirit-being and imperishableness. All spirits, high and low, declared life one continuous and progressive. On this rock, therefore, based in the unfathomable depths of the infinite and eternal, man may

take his stand and can say, "Nothing can interrupt my existence or its work. What I cannot do to-day I can do to-morrow. The light has shone beyond Death, and I see that he is only a masker. I can lay hold of the hand put forth from the inner tabernacle of God and say calmly, 'Burst ye thunders, strike ye lightnings, rage ye tempests, surge ye oceans; amid all that is rude, riotous, hostile and destructive on earth—what are ye all to me?'"

This is the marvellous, multiple, Protean power, erratic, yet real, at once flying and yet fixed, intangible, incomprehensible and untameable. This is the dispensation that defies the most consummate genius to deal with, or give account of, which our National Associationists have undertaken to bring upon their platform, mould to their purpose, guide, protect and promote.

It is a dispensation which no man or set of men could have imagined before it came, and whose future no man can any more imagine. That future may be ten-fold more strange than the past. Who then shall take charge of it? Not mortals, only immortals; not spirits in the flesh, but the same spirits in disembodied freedom and God-infused power who have hitherto led its conquering battalions. As it has ignored all the forces of its enemies, it will ignore those of its mistaken friends. The Associationists are doing their best to reduce it to a sect. Well, there may be a sect of Spiritualists, there may be a dozen, but there can be, and will be, only one Spiritualism. As real Christianity, the genuine Church of Christ, remains outside of all man-made churches—as Swedenborgism remains outside the Swedenborg sect, so Spiritualism, which is as ubiquitous as the air, will remain outside of all schemes for incorporating it. As I have said, the Wise Men of Gotham could not hedge in the cuckoo, so the Wise Men of Spiritualistic Gotham will equally fail. They will find that platform speeches and platform *séances* will not chain down the phoenix of the new Spirit Kingdom. Its flight will be high above the most prosperous Association; its range is beyond that of the eagle, it extends to all lands, it lives only in the life-atmosphere of all souls.

Spiritualism is not a sect, it never can be. You cannot put the whole ocean into a quart pot. Spiritualism is the universal, resistless, indivisible life-element of all nations, people, and tongues. God created it, mingled its elements, daily renews and purifies it; let us inhale it and be content with our allotted portions. Belong who will to the sect, let us belong only to the integral, undivided, universal church.

But, say the Associated Sectarians, shall we not do what we can to aid the great cause? Well, has it asked you to aid it? Has it fainted and called for even a cup of cold water? All

the aid it needs from man it takes as it goes. It puts every man and woman into their places; it says interiorly to them, "Do this, or do that. You are a medium, you a clairvoyant; your mission is to lecture, yours in *séances*. Through you we will show ourselves visibly and palpably. You shall photograph us; you have a purse, you a pen, you a voice. In this or that vocation you are all our servants and friends, masters we have none but the Most Highest."

In a word, should any occasion for combination arise, whether to refute calumny, or to promote funds for mediums or lecturers, the ever-ready press can announce that need, and any number of individuals or local Associations can appoint a committee for the purpose, non-existent beyond the purpose and the need. It is obvious no individual or local Association can possess the influence or authority to become dictatorial and dangerous. But History stands for ever pointing to where the danger lies—namely, in a head-centre, a combined presiding body, which the Devil is for ever tempting to arrogate to itself rule, control, and the despotic power to strangle Truth and Freedom.

MATERIALISATION OF SPIRIT-FORMS.

FURTHER TESTIMONY OF T. P. BARKAS, F.G.S.

The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, of July 14th, contains a second letter from Mr. T. P. Barkas, F.G.S., descriptive of a *séance* at Newcastle-on-Tyne, July 10th, in the same room, with the same mediums (Miss Wood and Miss Fairlamb), and with nearly the same company as at the *séance* quoted in our last number. We omit the description given of the first part of the *séance*, at which a variety of manifestations occurred, and quote *in extenso* his narrative of the second part of the *séance*. Mr. Barkas says:—

"A cabinet was again extemporised in the corner of the room, by placing opposite the recess a four-folding screen. With the exception of long dark curtains hung over the recess, there was not anything in that corner of the room. I carefully examined the recess, and with the assistance of the hostess gathered together all the antimacassars in the room, and rolled them up in the form of a pillow. I placed this extemporised pillow at one end of the recess, in order that the medium, Miss F., might lie on the floor, and rest her head on the pillow. The antimacassars were all formed of dark material; there was not a single white article among them. I introduced Miss F.

to the recess, and before doing so, examined her dress and mode of fastening it. The medium was left alone in the recess, lying on the floor, with her head resting on the pillow already described.

"We then formed a curve of chairs across the room, the curve being immediately below the chandelier. The chairs were nine in number, eight of which were occupied; they were arranged for and occupied by the following ladies and gentlemen in the order in which I have placed them—Mr. R., Mr. B., Miss W., Mr. S., Mr. R., Mr. B., Mr. H., Mr. I., No. 9—the last chair, No. 9, was unoccupied; my sceptical friend occupied the fifth chair from the left, and I occupied the sixth. In the curve of chairs behind the front row sat, reckoning again from the left, Mrs. M., Mr. M., Master M., Miss M., Mr. P., and Mr. T. The sitters being so arranged, all holding the hands of their neighbours, the gas was turned down, but not out. There was sufficient light to enable us to recognise with ease all who were present, to distinguish the pictures on the walls, to trace distinctly the pattern of the hearthrug opposite to me, and when I took out my watch to ascertain the time I saw the time indicated with most perfect ease. I pushed the chandelier close to the ceiling, and before Miss F. entered the recess I requested her to stand on the hearth rug, opposite the mirror, in order that I might register her height by the reflection of the gaslight on the mirror.

"We were holding hand in hand, and for a few minutes sung some popular melodies. In about five minutes the door of the screen began to move, and a small figure cautiously glided or walked out. This small figure was wrapped in what appeared to be luminous white gauze muslin. The apparel appeared to consist of two garments, one garment extending from the waist to the floor, the skirts surrounding the figure with a train of variable dimensions, but usually about 18 inches long, and frequently changing in brightness. The other garment covered the upper part of the body, and extended to the limbs like a tunic. This child-like figure came timidly to the centre of the fireplace opposite to where I sat, and took up in its hands a fire-paper which was lying within the fireplace, and after visibly and audibly shaking it, laid it down. The figure then moved further into the room, and, lifting the skirts of its dress, showed a pair of black feet, extended its arms and showed black hands, drew aside several times the part of the tunic that covered the upper part of its body and showed its black skin. I remarked in a low whisper to the gentleman on my left, 'You see the exact height of this figure by the height of the mantelpiece,' and he said, 'Yes.' The figure, child, apparition, or psychic form,

call it what you will, appeared to have heard the whisper, and moved immediately to the mantelpiece, stood upright under it, turned its face upwards towards it, and raising a little hand rapped audibly against the under surface of the white marble mantelpiece. I remarked to my friend on my left, 'You see that the full length of the figure is one inch less than the height of the mantelpiece.' The figure or child then passed to the side of the room on my extreme left, and kissed the gentleman, Mr. R., who sat there, and returned and stood near where I sat. I said, 'Will you please to come and kiss me?' It immediately with a quaint, child-like, modest expression, shrouded its face with its mantle, drew its head towards its shoulders, and shrank away behind the screen, drawing the fold of the screen after it as it entered.

"This remarkable phenomenon was followed by another yet more remarkable; in fact, as wonderful as any that have yet been recorded, and certainly more striking than any that have been recorded as taking place in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"The next form that moved from behind the screen was a female figure, which at first sight presented a somewhat curious masculine appearance. The long black back hair was drawn forward over the neck, and hung on the breast like a long dark beard, the length of the apparent beard being about 9 inches; it was not, however, difficult to see that this beard was apparent and not real, as it opened and closed with the motion of the figure. The first action of the female figure was to stand before the glass on the mantelpiece, and I observed its height in relation to the reflection of the gas jet, and saw that it was at least four inches less than the medium. The figure moved gracefully about in front of us, dressed in long flowing white robes—robes that resemble no terrestrial fabric with which I am acquainted. Luminous gauze would, perhaps, most nearly resemble it; but then luminous gauze would be tolerably transparent; and yet these white luminous robes are not transparent; they altogether hide the object over which they pass; and I observed that when the figure stood before the dark, black fireplace, the robes did not in the least diminish in whiteness and brightness, which would not have been the case had it been ordinary muslin. Another remarkable feature connected with the robes is this, that there does not appear to be the least indication of folding or rumpling; they are smooth, graceful, and flowing and white, so that I believe 'no fuller on earth could whiten them.' This female figure passed across to the left side of the front circle, and sat or reclined on a large arm-chair which was standing near to Mr. R. Mr. R. asked permission to shake hands with the form, and I distinctly saw the hand

stretched across and shaken by Mr. R. The figure then rose and moved forward opposite to where I sat. I requested it to shake hands with me; it immediately placed its hand on mine, and we as certainly grasped each other's hands, as any two hands in this world ever did grasp each other. The hand was small, soft, and warm. The figure again retreated and again moved forward towards the right side of the room, where stood the unoccupied chair, No. 9. It motioned to have the chair removed, and Mr. F., who sat near the chair removed it; the figure then walked past him, and went deliberately to the piano, which was open, and strummed upon it for about two minutes. I observed the figure as it stood near the piano, and saw that the top of the head covering reached within an inch of the bottom of a picture frame that was hanging on the wall. The figure then drew out the music stool, sat upon it, and again played upon the piano. Before leaving the piano it closed the lid and returned to the front of the circle as before. The figure was then asked if it was related to any one present, each one asking in succession, and to each the reply, by a shake of the head, was 'No.' The figure was then asked to shake hands with the whole company. It deliberately and gracefully went to Mr. R. and shook hands with him, and afterwards went to all present in both circles and shook hands with each. It again came to the front, and sat upon a large arm chair at the left side of the room. It exhibited its hands, lifted the skirts of its dress, and displayed a pair of small, neat, naked feet. It then drew the chair forward to the centre of the hearth rug, rose upon the chair, and looked into the mirror. When in the chair I saw that the top of the head of the figure exactly divided the reflection of the centre ornament of the ceiling, and thus gave me another separate measure of its height. The figure next sat on chair No. 9, and permitted the gentleman who sat on No. 8 to feel the texture of the hair descending from its head. The figure then moved to the table, took from it a large scrap book, sat down on the large arm chair immediately in front of me, placed the book on its knees, opened it, and then extended its hand for a pencil, which was reached to it by Mr. J. from chair No. 8. The figure immediately began slowly and deliberately to write in the presence of the whole company, who distinctly saw the figure writing on the book. I traced the motions of the pencil over the page, and, had the characters been larger, the writing was done so deliberately that I could have read it during the process of writing. The whole page was filled with writing in the course of about three minutes. The book was closed and laid upon the chair, and the figure, which had been with us for fully thirty minutes, passed behind the screen.

"In the course of a few minutes full light was again asked for, the screen was removed, and Miss F. was found lying in the recess, dressed as when she entered, and in a condition of deep trance. I requested the lady of the house to remain with Miss F. until she recovered from the trance, to take her directly into an adjoining bedroom to undress her, and to see if she had any white garment upon her person or in her possession. The hostess did as I desired, and reported that the young lady had not a single white article of wearing apparel on her person, all her clothes, both upper and under, being dark.

"The following is a *verbatim* copy of the writing which I saw the 'materialised female spirit-form' write in a scrap book: 'My friend is not here to-night. I am so sorry, because I cannot say when I will have the power to show myself again. I must bid farewell to all; and my very kind love to Edward, Harry, and Susan, hoping it will be returned. Do good, and in doing good is to receive good. Good-bye, God bless you all, and my fervent prayer is, God protect you from all evil. Your home is in heaven; also my home. Good-night.'

"The phenomena I have described were witnessed by 14 townsmen and townswomen, and if you desire confirmation of my statements, I shall be glad to furnish you with the address of each of them."

TESTIMONY OF DR. HENRY T. CHILD AND ROBERT DALE OWEN.

The *Banner of Light*, July 11th, contains a letter from Dr. Henry T. Child of Philadelphia, and one from Robert Dale Owen, giving an account of a *séance* at the house of Dr. Child, June 7th. Dr. Child is an eminent physician, and a man of great intelligence and strict integrity. Both these gentlemen attest the appearance of the materialized spirit-form in their presence. Dr. Child investigated the case in quite a professional way; he tells us: "At my request she (the spirit) permitted me to count her pulse while she held her arm out in plain sight. It was about 72 per minute, and a perfectly natural pulse. She also permitted me to see her tongue, and then asked playfully if I thought she was 'right well.'" However strange and startling this may be, implying apparently the presence of blood, the action of the heart, and vital functions, in short something like an actual incarnation, yet it must be borne in mind that Mr. Crookes has also, in his scientific investigation of the subject, in like manner felt the pulse of the materialized spirit, and compared its rate of pulsation with that of the medium, as he avers. Mr. Robert Dale Owen writes:—

"All my former experience in Spiritualism, favoured as I

have been, pales before the new manifestations witnessed by me in the course of last month. After the strictest scrutiny, with every facility promptly afforded me by the mediums, to detect imposition had it been attempted, I here avow my conviction that the phenomena are genuine; that I have again and again, on more than twenty occasions, seen, heard, touched forms to appearance human and material, and to sense tangible; that these forms have stepped up close to me; that I have held conversation with them, occasionally receiving advice, sometimes having my thoughts read and adverted to; that I have received, written under my very eyes, by a luminous, detached hand, a communication of some length, purporting to come from an eminent English clergyman who died twenty years ago, the style and the signature serving further to attest its genuine character; finally, that I have seen the form which had spoken to me a minute or two before, fade away till it became a dim shadow, to re-appear, a few minutes later, in all its brightness. I have seen, during a single sitting of an hour and a half, three separate forms completely materialized, walk out from the cabinet to within a foot or two of where I sat, have touched all three, have conversed with all three, and this has occurred in the light, *without any one in the cabinet*, both mediums sitting beside me. Again, I have witnessed on six different occasions the levitation (that is, floating in the air) of a materialized form. So far as I have followed the English record, this goes somewhat beyond anything there set forth. But in the main, our experience on this side is but the counterpart of theirs. Nor do I believe that we could have succeeded as we have, had not the way been prepared for us by them."

The spirit who takes the lead in these manifestations professes to be Annie Morgan, better known to Spiritualists as "Katie King;" and Mr. Owen considers the evidence of her identity to be overwhelming, but he adds:—

"I cannot give the details of my experience during 20 sittings, and of the evidence I have obtained touching Katie's identity, in a letter. Life and health permitting, these shall find a place in a work which I propose still to write, perhaps under the title of, *Phenomenal Proof of a Better Life to Come*."

Mr. Owen concludes his letter with remarking:—

"If now I am asked where all this is to end, what is to come of it, in case familiar converse with visitors from another world shall continue to be permitted here? I reply, that that is not our affair. We have to deal for the present with facts, not with results from facts. We are not the governors of this world, and need not trouble ourselves with predictions looking to the ultimate consequences of natural phenomena. Cosmical order

has never, so far, been disarranged by any new class of truths ; and if we fear that it ever will be, we shall merit the reproach, ' Oh, ye of little faith ! ' "

Spiritualists on both sides of the Atlantic will hail with satisfaction the above announcement of a new work in preparation by him. Mr. Epes Sargent, of Boston, also has in the press a pamphlet on this subject, entitled *The Proof Made Palpable*. Already we have on this interesting phase of spirit manifestation a mass of evidence overwhelming in quality, as well as in amount, and in both respects it is daily increasing.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

THE FREED SPIRIT.

Locked in mutual fond embrace,
Reflecting each the other's face,
Lingering long—as loth to part—
Were flesh and spirit, mind and heart.

Weary eyes, and heart, and brain,
For threescore years with toil and pain
Faithful servants, now to you
I for ever bid adieu !

No longer fed with base desires,
By passion driven—earthly fires
Are quenched—through mortal strife
From Earth I passed to Spirit-life.

Enfranchised now, I feel the glow
Of nobler impulses, and know
The sweet delight, the calm repose
That follow on life's earthly close.

Yet life in Heaven is active bliss,
No lazy lubber-land is this ;
But life more varied, real, intense,
The life of true beneficence.

Of larger vision, clearer thought,
With pure Divine affection fraught ;
Like God's own love—which failing never,
Flows freely on, and flows for ever.

T. S.

MRS. TAPPAN ON HER WORK IN ENGLAND.

WE are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter from Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, dated July 2nd, to a friend in this city (Boston, U.S.A.). Though not written for publication, the frank, earnest and graphic account she gives of her own labours in England, cannot fail to interest our readers:—

“Since Sunday I have lived an age in work and wonder. I was to lecture in Guiseley, (one mile from Yeadon and seven miles from Bradford), on Sunday, and in Yeadon on Monday night. One man and his wife are Spiritualists in Yeadon—Mr. John Waugh, grocer. He has circulated sundry copies of the *Daybreak*, containing my addresses, creating much enquiry, but no one absolutely joining him in the matter. He took the hall, made suitable arrangements, and called the people together from their factories and workshops. A thunderstorm kept the women away in the afternoon, but the audience of noble stalwart-looking men more than half filled the hall. And I wish you could have heard them sing! We had chosen such hymns from the Wesleyan collection as we thought would be known to all, and I have never heard—in opera, oratorio, or other choruses—such fine music. They chose the subject for the lecture and for the poem.

“In the evening, the hall being filled with ladies and gentlemen, they again sang, again chose the subjects, asked questions, and manifested such enthusiasm as I have rarely seen. Remember, these were not Spiritualists—and that during the questioning there was severe opposition from both ‘secularists’ and Orthodox Christians. But the answers—always mild, clear and dignified, carried the sympathies of the audience. We went home to Mr. Waugh’s.

“At Yeadon, on Sunday night, after partaking of some refreshment, a young man came in with a friend, asked pardon for intruding, and gave as an excuse that he had been prevented from attending the lecture by a swollen and painful foot. I looked at his foot, which was encased in a large low shoe, cut entirely open in slits to prevent any pressure. He carried a cane, seeming to walk with great difficulty; said that his foot had been swollen a week. We talked of the lecture and various matters, he sitting more than ten feet from me. Presently I saw a white cloud surrounding his limb below the knee, and two hands making passes. No one else saw this, of course. I said nothing, but the young man looked a little frightened, and quite pale, and said, ‘I feel strangely; my leg is quite numb.’ I replied, ‘It will do you no harm;’ and we kept on talking.

Meanwhile, he continued working his large joint, which he declared he had not done before for a week or ten days; and, after a little, he rose to go, saying he felt much better.

"We learned subsequently that he had walked home *quite well*, without his cane, and that in the morning he had put on his boot and laced it up. About noon he came to us, looking very radiant, saying, 'I could not help coming to let you see that I am well!' and he was. The foot was in a boot, and laced precisely like the other, and he walked perfectly well. He went about the streets telling all his friends what had happened. So many people (all working people) came to the house that I was obliged to keep my room.

"In the evening the whole way from the house to the hall was lined with children and grown people, and at the hall the throng outside was immense and the room *packed* in every part. A shout of applause greeted our entrance. A chairman was chosen from among the audience (a manufacturer). The singing was again most fine. The audience chose the subject—something about 'God,' and for the poem 'Dr. Livingstone.' At the close the chairman made a complimentary speech. The audience cheered in a most enthusiastic manner, and during the questioning all were civil, respectful, and *nearly* all sincere seekers for truth. They followed our cab home, and gave a loud cheer as the door closed. I felt so strongly the spiritual outpouring, especially when the women thronged around me, at the close, and said they could have listened all night!

"We drove in a cab that same night to Bradford. Tuesday, came to Liverpool, speaking the same night, and again last night to two of the most *stormy* meetings I have ever addressed—not stormy from *opposition*, but *eagerness*, and a few opponents.

"Dr. Hitchman, who presided, is a splendid specimen of the '*genus homo*'—more than six feet high, very immense, with gigantic intellect.

"He is a member of most of the learned societies of Europe, and an ardent student of Spiritual Philosophy. The audience received us with applause as we entered. The subject for the first lecture, 'The Future Life,' had been announced, and it was listened to with profound silence. Opportunity was given for asking questions, and I suppose the scene that followed was more like Pandemonium than anything else. However, every question received an intelligent answer, and each answer carried the sympathies of the audience. The questioners, who were sometimes idiotic, sometimes persistent, and sometimes insolent, were all met in the same spirit of candour and power. The subject for a poem was chosen, and the audience were enthusiastic.

"Last night a larger audience, more excitement and greater enthusiasm prevailed. The audience, after much sparring, chose the subject for the lecture from three presented by the committee, 'The Utility of Spiritualism,' and the usual scene took place during the asking of questions. Finally, when some persistent individuals carried by a large majority the subject of the poem—'Death of Marshal Concha' (Spanish General), and the poem was unhesitatingly given, the enthusiasm was unbounded. It was an ovation. But remember I am telling you this not in a spirit of vanity, but only to show the power of my beloved guides. Dr. Hitchman himself gave to the addresses the highest praise that language could bestow, and the audience rose to give the cheer and parting applause. And this was unquestionably in an audience of whom the majority were not Spiritualists.

"I am resting until Sunday (when I go to Oldham) in the midst of flowers; literally emparadised amid everything that Nature and art can give—flowers, birds, fresh air from the sea, pictures, books, children, and kind, intelligent people.

"You will certainly consider that I write without egotism, when I say that my work in England has both surprised and delighted me. I have never found a field of more useful labour; and I feel that the appreciation which has met me here is due solely to those wise and good spirit-guides who have given me strength and health to perform my work. There was never a time in my whole experience when the power and fervour of spiritual things held such sway over me. Nor can I express to you how full of sublime thought and reality are the glorious truths that have been given me from the angel-world."—*Banner of Light*, July 25th.

THE FUTURE OF SPIRITUALISM.—Mrs. Tappan concluded a paper on this subject, read at the Conference, with the following simile:—

"There is a vine growing in the islands of the tropical seas that thrives best upon the ancient ruins or crumbling walls of some edifice built by man; yet ever as it thrives, the tiny tendrils penetrate between the fibres of the stone, cutting and cutting till the whole fabric disappears, leaving only the verdant mass of the foliage of the living vine. Spiritualism is to the future humanity what this vine is to the ancient ruin."

SPIRIT RAPPING, HEALING, VOICES SINGING, MUSIC, DRAWING, AND OTHER MANIFESTATIONS IN SUNDERLAND, IN 1840;

ATTESTED BY A FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY AND FIFTEEN
WITNESSES.

By W. M. WILKINSON.

THE plentiful crops of weedy writers in reviews and newspapers, who give the world the benefit of extracting a lesson from their ignorance, are wont to attribute the commencement of Spiritualism to the rappings in America, and they speak of it as quite a new hallucination of the mind, and as if it were only at this day that our senses could be so deluded by our imagination as to believe in it. We on the contrary are looking, and not without success, for the evidences of like occurrences in the past ages, and already we find their continuous flow, and that there has never been a time when they were not exhibited to view, and authenticated by wise and learned men. The Bible is the great book of Spiritualism and is not, as is generally supposed, a worn-out book whose facts are not embedded in humanity. We prefer holding to its facts and showing, not only their prominence, but their continuance. What in the then state of the world was considered as miraculous, it is ours to elaborate under a higher law, and to bring within the divine order of our being. Here, in the field of Spirit, is a task proposed for us, in which discoveries are to be made more vast than those of the material laws which Newton's mind was gifted to make known.

Now indeed that some attention is given to this subject, we hope that it is being placed on a better stand-point, by having a larger body of instances grouped together and arranged for use. Enough there is to prove that all natural objects exist only by reason of a spiritual creative force, which projects and sustains them in the realm of matter, which we call the world, and that to have a manifestation of this spiritual force, it is only necessary that some conjoint conditions of mind and body should be so arranged as to be favourable to that end. The person in whom this occurs, is called a medium; but what those conditions and arrangements may be, is at present far beyond us. It is clear, however, that there is, and has always been in some, that mediumship which enables the spiritual to make itself known. There is a special value attached to instances of this mediumship occurring in past times, and down to our recent day, because not being expected or noted by their observers, as

part of a system, they are not open to the stigma of being produced by enthusiasm, or by a biological state, or by any other of those modes in which they are now sought to be accounted for, and these theories, it is clear, would not apply to a solitary instance occurring before Spiritualism was heard of.

I propose, therefore, to give some account of a pamphlet which has come to my hands, and in which I have taken a special interest, not only because it contains an account embracing most of the wonderful kinds of manifestations of the present day, but because the writer of it was a friend of my early years, and intimately known by me and many members of my family. I can therefore give my testimony to his truth, his intelligence, and ability. The title of the book (now out of print) is *A Faithful Record of the Miraculous Case of Mary Jobson, by W. Reid Clanny, M.D., F.R.S., &c., Physician in Ordinary to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, and Senior Physician of the Sunderland Infirmary.* The facts stated in it are deposed to by 16 witnesses, of whom two are physicians, three surgeons, and the others in respectable grades, and their evidences are given at full length, and with a particularity which space will not permit me to imitate. I must, therefore, give a short description of the case, making only extracts of the more remarkable passages.

Mary Jobson, then aged 13 years, the daughter of John and Elizabeth Jobson, living in Sunderland was taken ill in November, 1839, and not recovering under medical advice, another surgeon, Mr. R. B. Embleton, was sent for in February, 1840: who says he found her complaining of great pain in the back of her head, which increased on pressure, and dimness of sight. Not being able to relieve her, he called in Mr. T. Embleton, and they persevered without success in a course "of calomel, jalap, castor oil, leeches, and blisters," the result of which in these days of homœopathy we cannot wonder that the doctors in their testimony have to record in the words "no improvement taking place, the parents began to be uneasy, and wished to have some further advice." Convulsions ensued at intervals for 11 weeks, during which she appeared insensible to all around; for several days she went almost without food, and during the last four of the 11 weeks she lost her speech. The first time her mother left her after she was seized with the fits, she heard three loud knocks in the sick room, and instantly ran back and found the child alone and asleep. The mother, much alarmed, told her husband, when he returned to dinner, of this, and again when he returned in the evening his wife told him she had heard repeated knocks during the afternoon. He was sitting in the bed room whilst she lay in a quiet sleep with her

hands folded, when he heard three loud knocks proceed from the bed-board, and next day also, and for several days afterwards he again heard them, but for long he was very sceptical about their origin; they were again heard by Messrs. Embleton and their assistant Mr. Beattie. Mr. Embleton says in his statement, "We were astonished, for we could not account for them; we several times afterwards heard them, and although I examined carefully about the bed, I could discover nothing that was capable of explaining the mystery." Dr. Drury says, that on going up the stairs he heard three distinct knocks, and after entering the room knockings followed each other, three after three, at minute intervals; after a short period there were three very loud knocks, and Mary Jobson became totally convulsed. "Soon afterwards I heard a sound as of violent scratchings, which noises seemed at first to proceed from solids, and then changed to superficial or aerial sounds; the door of the room opened and shut violently four or five times. There was no one with me during the visit, which was continued at least an hour, except her mother, who sat knitting. Two days afterwards I visited her; I remained an hour and a half, during which time noises, scratchings, shrieks, and most indescribable sounds were heard; subsequently I visited her, accompanied by a friend, and the noises were continued all the time we were there. My friend tried to make Mrs. Jobson accept of some silver, which she would not do, although I was there 14 times in all; I never gave anything but once a sixpence to a little girl when the mother was from home, and at which she was displeased, and wished to return it again."

Mr. R. B. Embleton, continues in his statement, "One morning I found the child in bed, severely convulsed, and not seeming to take any notice of those about her. I watched the child attentively, she was excessively agitated, and the bed clothes were shaken by the movements. She suddenly opened her eyes, and fixed them upon me. I observed also that her mouth was wide open, and the tongue could be seen moving rapidly about. After looking at me, a voice commenced speaking," and he took down the words. "Several sentences were completely lost in consequence of the voice speaking so rapidly. After the voice had done speaking, several loud knocks were heard, as if proceeding from the bed, then a scratching, like a person, or rather several persons, scraping their nails along the table. The voice was certainly entirely different from her own natural voice. Previous to this time, throughout the disease, the voice was soft and feeble, and she spoke in a whining or childish tone. It was now on the contrary, loud and strong, and spoken in a tone of authority,

yet it had such a delightful sweet sound that it came more up to my ideas of the angelic than anything I had ever before heard."

The substance of what "the voice" said, was, that a miracle would be wrought in her person by restoring her to health, and which all the Doctors unite in saying would not be short of a miracle.

Her father, William Jobson, says, "She was now attended by Mr. Ward, who ordered a blister and medicine without effect; he then endeavoured to make her mouth sore by medicine, but could not: he afterwards brought Dr. Brown, who ordered another blister. Now there had been heard in the house, for some days previous to the visit of Dr. Brown, a strange voice, which told my wife and me the pedigree of both our families, of the greater part of which I had no record, nor to my knowledge had ever heard mentioned, but on enquiry, I found it to be correct. We were also now told that these doctor's orders should not be attended to, and that a miracle would be worked upon the child. I persisted that the knocks and the voice came from the child, and that the doctor's orders should be obeyed. The blister was applied by her mother and me, when knocks were heard louder than ever, and a rumbling noise like distant thunder. The tenant down stairs thought that the house was coming down, and asked what it could mean. The blister was then taken off, when the noise ceased. At night a good and pious man, who had been in the habit of coming to my house, called and sat down at the bedside, when I asked his opinion about the noise. I observed to him, 'You see the child's hands and feet are outside the clothes—the knocks you hear—a voice you hear—we cannot see the child's lips move—there is a noise like the clashing of swords—you hear a noise like the crumpling of paper, There is no person in the house except us three. I hope you see it is neither her nor myself.' He said 'The ways of God are inscrutable.' I felt concerned, for some people had said that it was some person playing tricks. This I deny, for I examined everything as minutely as man could do, and we removed her from one room to another. When the signs were increasing, and they were the same in the mid-hour of the night as in the day, I knew not what to do—many nights I sat by myself, and heard and saw fresh signs, such as loud knocks, clashing of arms, the sweetest of music, and footsteps stamping, but could not see any person, large quantities of water falling on the floor before my eyes, doors were unlocked, and footsteps heard at midnight, and still no person to be seen. I was told by this voice that the child was blind, deaf, and dumb.

"Before this time I could not believe that there was anything supernatural; I persisted that Dr. Brown's and Mr. Ward's orders as to treatment should be tried, as they considered it a trick of the child, and they advised me to punish her with hard words. As a father, my feelings would not allow me to do this to my child, who for 23 weeks had hardly rested in her bed for pain, and with so many blisters and medicines. They at first thought it water on the brain, then an abscess, then a contraction, in fact their skill was baffled. We were told from the first by the voice that doctors might try their skill, but it would be to no purpose, and that the child would be restored to perfect health as by a miracle. This I doubted in my mind, for every part of her body was deformed by the violent fits. I sat up at night by myself, when I heard knocks louder than before, as if they proceeded from the top of the bed. I instantly examined every part of the room, opened the door, and went downstairs, the outer doors were all fastened, the tenant below had been in bed three hours; I returned upstairs, when I heard the sweetest music for nearly two hours; I was spoken to by the same voice. I then began to believe the case. From the hardness of my unbelief at the time, I was told by the voice I should see visible signs, when to my surprise it was no sooner spoken than water appeared on the floor, from small quantities to large ones, which I looked at earnestly, not once, but twenty times; it continued for weeks at intervals; I had my hands on it, and it felt as water usually does. By the miracles that were wrought with my child I was brought to a sense of my unbelief."

Elizabeth Jobson, the mother, gives details similar to those of her husband, and says in addition, "As my sister, and daughter Elizabeth, a girl 11 years of age, and I, were sitting up at night, between the hours of 12 and 1, footsteps were heard coming upstairs, the door of the kitchen was heard to open and shut distinctly, then to go downstairs, along the passage, and the outer door was heard to open and shut, although the house doors had all been fastened at 10 o'clock. The person living in the lower part of the house heard nothing, and had gone to bed at nine o'clock; he was a widower, and had no servant at the house. My child Mary was laying in the middle room at this time, she was then removed into the kitchen, thinking that no more knocks would be heard to disturb us; but there were more, and louder both night and day, together with sweet singing and music, the most impressive that could be imagined, this was heard by different people. The sweetest heavenly music was heard at intervals during several weeks. At this time a woman, who lived near the house, made great mockings of the case; she was ordered by

the voice to be sent for; she came, and was convinced, when she heard signs and the voice speaking before her. The signs continued, and the voice spoke at different times till the 22nd of June, 1840. On the morning of that day the child was exceedingly ill, and it was thought she could not live long; she continued so up to 5 o'clock, when the voice ordered the clothes that she usually wore before her illness to be laid out, and you may judge what we experienced. There were present at the time Joseph Ragg, Anne Ragg, Margaret Watson, and myself. The voice ordered us all out of the room; we were out of the room a quarter of an hour, when a loud voice called 'Come in,' and on entering the room we found the child sitting on a chair, with her youngest sister sitting on her knee; she was completely dressed in all her clothes that were ordered to be laid out; she appeared as though she had not had one day's illness, and has so continued up to this 30th January, 1841."

Margaret Watson, amongst other parts of her statements, says, "The first time I heard anything remarkable was on the 3rd of April, 1840, when I was in the room in which Mary Jobson was in bed asleep. I heard three distinct knocks, which again were heard when she awoke. I visited her several times afterwards and heard similar signs at each visit. On the 27th of April I visited her, and soon after my arrival I heard a voice speak. I heard loud sounds rolling like thunder round the room—my knees trembled, at which the voice said, 'Be thou not afraid, believe in God, for thou believest the Scriptures.' The voice called for water to be sprinkled, and which to my astonishment was done, for water was sprinkled upon the door, as if one had put the hand into a basin of water and sprinkled it on the door, and soon afterwards the water was called to fall on the floor, and accordingly no sooner was the word said, than water was seen at the side of the bed, and the quilt of the bed was wetted. I wrung the water out of the quilt soon afterwards. I often heard music which delighted me—sometimes I heard sounds as of bells ringing at some distance during public rejoicings. Two earthenware mugs were at different times taken away, one of them was away for a week, and was returned. One night, when I was sitting, I saw a lamb which passed the room door, and it appeared to me as if it went into the pantry on the landing of the stairs, in which her father was at the time, but he did not see anything."

Catharine Storie says, "On the 13th of May the voice sent for me. I heard most beautiful music." The voice spoke in different tones, and told her many things which could not be known to the child, and of which Mrs. Storie says, "All the above were facts." The voice now said to us in the room,

"Look up; and you will see the sun and moon upon the ceiling;" we did so, and observed beautiful representatives of the sun and moon on the ceiling. Next day, Elizabeth Wood, my sister, went with me again, and when we arrived and were seated, loud knocks, and grinding as it were of teeth were heard, which continued for about ten minutes; the voice also spoke—its tone was most beautiful, harmonious, clear, and loud, and quite different from any voice that I ever heard before or since that time. Elizabeth Wood corroborates this, and Elizabeth Vasey gives similar testimony. Phillis Thompson says, "I twice visited her and heard loud knocks and clappings as of wings. Both times the child was lying in a state of insensibility and did not appear to me to have the power of utterance."

Joseph Ragg, and Ann his wife, say, that being intimate friends, they visited very frequently the child, and during her long illness, sometimes they heard most beautiful music which they cannot describe as it surpassed any they had ever heard—they frequently heard a voice in the room, clear and sweet, and very distinct—it quoted considerable portions of the Scriptures, including the whole of the 3rd and 5th chapters of Daniel. The voice also stated the glories of Heaven were beyond all description, and gave some particulars relative to the blessed state of the angels, and afterwards expounded, in a beautiful and impressive manner, different portions of the Scriptures. Many times the voice lectured for hours together, and such was the delight which the hearers experienced, that they never felt tired, but on the contrary, regretted when the discourses ended. One night, when they and the family were sitting round the bed of the child, a voice told them to look up to the ceiling of the room, where they would see a representation of the sun, moon, and stars, and to their astonishment they beheld beautiful representations of them in pleasing and brilliant colours. The voice at different times ordered water in large or small quantities to appear, and the orders were instantly obeyed, and water in small or large quantities actually sprung up through the floor of the room in which they were. On one occasion the voice said, "The child is dead to the world, her spirit is removed, a pure spirit, is placed within her body, and she is used as a speaking trumpet." These persons were also present at the wonderful recovery of the child.

John Ragg, junior, speaks of hearing "most beautiful music, and also loud knocks and scratchings as if upon boards, with strong finger nails," and says, "I heard voices lecture upon pious subjects more than a dozen times, and I was several times told the names of those whose voices we were about to hear."

Jemima Elizabeth Gauntlett, says, "On the 31st of March,

1840, as I was attending to some domestic affairs in my mother's house, I was greatly surprised at hearing a strange voice say, 'Be thou faithful and thou shalt see the works of thy God, and shalt hear with thine ears.' Upon hearing this, I cried out, 'My God, what can this be?' Soon afterwards I saw a large white cloud. I soon after heard a knock at the outer door and said, 'Walk in,' but no person was there. About tea time of that day, I heard the same voice say, 'Mary Jobson, one of your scholars is sick, go and see her, and it will be good for you.' I did not at that time know where Mary Jobson lived, but as I went forth I met her sister, Elizabeth, who took me to her father's. At the door I saw a young woman who told me I could not, at that time, see Mary Jobson, but soon after I was astonished at hearing the same clear loud voice which I had heard at my mother's house, say, 'You must go up.' When I went into the house I heard a different voice, which amongst other things said, 'To-night, when you are in your mother's house, at the hour of ten, you will see a sign and hear loud knocks. Attend to that which you will hear.' That night, at half-past nine o'clock, I took up my Bible, and it fell from my hand. Not long afterwards I heard knocks upon the table and a voice said, 'It is I, be not afraid; for if you keep my commandments, it will be well with you.' On the 8th of April, I went to the house again, and at the front door I again heard the loud clear voice telling me to come into the house. I sat down by the bedside and again the voice spoke to me. Soon after I heard a strange voice at the top of the child's bed. The voice said, 'It is the voice of your brother who died in March, 1822, when he was fifteen and a half years old.' At different times I heard beautiful instrumental music, and also hymns by one or by three voices. I well knew the words of the hymns which were sung, as they were pronounced very distinctly."

"Mr. Torbock, surgeon, narrates some remarkable instances and thus writes to Dr. Clanny:—"I have had, at different times and places, lengthened and very serious conversations with nearly all the persons that have borne testimony to this miraculous case, and I am well assured that they are persons who are known to be religious and trustworthy, and moreover, that they have faithfully discharged their duty in this important affair between God and man."

Dr. Clanny himself only became aware of the case by having to go to the house on other business, but hearing of it, he visited the child shortly before her recovery, and he described her state thus:—"I was convinced that the brain was the seat of the disease. When her mother had finished her touching and artless account of the case, I could not remove from my

mind the impression that supernatural agency must have been in continuous operation. I have reason to rejoice that up to this time I have continued firm in my belief, that in this miraculous case deception was never attempted by any individual." The doctor, with the assistance of Dr. Drury and the other medical men, enquired minutely into all the particulars and says, "I am perfectly satisfied with regard to their accuracy. Some persons may believe that errors of the senses may have produced all the signs and wonders which I record. Now, as a physician of many years' experience, I can testify that this is untenable, for be it known that they were generally made manifest to several witnesses in the same room, or in different rooms of the same house, and upon comparing their accounts of what they heard and saw, they did not differ in the least; this to me is very striking. The reader has these details from the fountain head, and from living witnesses who have no interest in their being made public."

Dr. Clanny visited her some days after her recovery, and says, "I found that she was bashful and had slipped into another room. I followed her and she smiled kindly and appeared afraid on seeing me, when I said, 'Why are you so shy with me, I am your friend; pray shake hands with me,' which she did, but evidently not without some reluctance. At our next interview, we became more intimate and I asked her why she was so backward with me at our first meeting after her recovery? She half whispered to me in a childish voice, 'You were a stranger to me, for I had never seen you before that time, and I saw an angel standing at your back.' One day, not long after, she said she knew I firmly believed in supernatural agency in regard to herself, and said I would have several signs before the end of the year, and which turned out to be perfectly true. I had too much firmness of mind to be afraid or to think much on the subject; however, about the middle of August I had the first. During sleep in the night time, I was awakened by a very loud blow on the floor near the side of the bed, and which was twice repeated at intervals of seconds. These knocks were so loud that I thought I heard the floor crash, on its receiving the second and third blows. A few days afterwards I saw Mary Jobson, when she took the first word, and said, 'You had a sign the other night,' mentioning the night, and added, 'You heard the knocks in your bed room.' I asked the hour, and she said, looking up for a moment, 'At daybreak.' The second sign took place in the same room, when my wife was residing at the Spa Hotel, Shotley Bridge. This I noted on the page of my almanack, October 9th. I had been laying awake for some little time, and

just after I had offered up a prayer, I heard a violent blow upon the top of an East Indian leather covered chest. The third sign was on the 11th of the same month. I had retired to bed about 11 o'clock, and had remarked the sound of the servants' feet as they went to bed, had said prayers and was about to compose myself to sleep, when I heard a violent blow as if struck by a hard whip upon my bed-room door. The door rang from the stroke, and I candidly acknowledge that from the suddenness of the blow I started with surprise.

"Not long after, I was one morning, after breakfast, sitting in a musing state near the fire, when I observed a large printed card to come down in a twirling manner from the mantel-piece and fall at my feet. This card had been firmly placed among the legs of a pretty large marble figure of a horse, and could not have been displaced by any common agency. It is needful to remark that there were circumstances connected with this card in which Mary Jobson was greatly interested, for her parents had left it to me to fix on the school she should attend, and I had made particular inquiries, but had not made up my mind which of the schools was most suitable. The fall of the card decided me, and I am happy to add she is making rapid progress in her education. One night afterwards I heard loud continued knocks on the room door, very steady and regular. I called out 'Come!' but no notice was taken of my invitation. After the knocks ceased I opened the door, but all was silent and dark. I then returned to the room and shut the door, and near to the bed and nearly as high as the ceiling I heard some distinct and loud knocks. Soon after Mary Jobson was restored to health, her mother showed me the figures of the sun and moon upon the ceiling, and though her husband, in his then state of unbelief, had whitewashed over them, they were still distinct."

In the second edition of the pamphlet dated December 25th, 1841, the Doctor, on referring to a long list of appropriate texts which she had given to him, "as rapidly as I could write them down," says, "A few days ago I asked whether, as I conjectured from her fixed attitude, she read the texts in the air. She said that a figure clothed in white, having a somewhat dark complexion, stood before her and pronounced them to her in a deliberate manner, whilst I wrote them down," and he adds, "It is a remarkable fact that the families of John Jobson and Joseph Ragg have, up to this hour, frequently heard heavenly music during the night time."

Dr. Drury says, "I visited her two or three times after her wonderful recovery. One day I visited her: it was a beautiful afternoon—she was sewing. I had much difficulty in drawing her into a conversation, but at last she suddenly exclaimed,

'Oh, what music!' and on listening I distinctly heard most exquisite music, which continued during the time I might count a hundred. This she told me she often heard," and in his letter to Dr. Clanny, he refers to his having, with him, made personal inquiry of "all the individuals who bear testimony, and when we compared their evidences, taken from them on the instant, and several of them on the same day, we were astonished at the manner in which these worthy persons corroborated each other."

I have now finished the statements, and no reader can well complain of there not being enough to surprise him. Perhaps much of it may be a little too surprising for some, but to me the remarkable circumstance is the union in this one case of so many manifestations. There are few who have been inquiring into this subject who are not acquainted with cases comprising two, three or more of such manifestations, and I know of one case which embraced them all except the pictures. The voice in that case was quite independent of any bodily organs being used "as a speaking trumpet," and was heard in all parts of the house, both in speaking and singing, and the water was seen in large quantities and on frequent occasions. It was not, however, in any way coincident with illness, and lasted for many months.

I dare say our sceptical friends will ask how the water was produced, as they should also, to be consistent, how the water was produced when the rock was struck by Moses, and how the vibrations of the air were produced by the voice which spoke to Paul, and the numerous other instances in which it was heard, both in the old and new Word. Naturalism, against which Spiritualism is the protest, can just as easily account for the one as the other, and it is not the mere difference in point of time that would make it believe in Moses any more than in Mary Jobson.

We may add that at the time the facts occurred the case excited considerable interest. Dr. Clanny, in his pamphlet, expresses his satisfaction "at the number of believers in this miraculous case; some of them holding high rank in our national Church, and others devout ministers of our faith, under the denominations of Presbyterians and Wesleyans," besides "a considerable number of lay members of society, who are highly respected for learning and piety."

On the other hand, the case met with virulent opposition; and Dr. Clanny, for writing his "Faithful Record" of it, was assailed with personal vituperation. Some anonymous scribblers in the *Globe* newspaper stigmatised him as "a fanatical physi-

cian," and his pamphlet as "disgusting," and the spiritual manifestations themselves as "vile deception," "blasphemy with trickery," with more of the same kind of complimentary language. Dr. Clanny, vindicated himself and those implicated with him in these charges in a letter to the editor of the *Globe*; which that functionary, in the exercise of "a sound discretion," and "for reasons which were deemed sufficiently cogent," declined to insert. It was, however, with the letters of his assailants, subsequently published in a separate form.

In this letter Dr. Clanny says, "I am a sincere member of the Church of England, as is well known to all persons in this quarter; and will assert, without fear of contradiction, that I have ever been the reverse of that which this anonymous slanderer has been pleased to designate me. I have passed a long and unwearied life in the faithful discharge of my professional duties as a physician; and in the performance of chemical investigations for the advancement of science—more especially in respect to objects connected with humanity,—and I may remark that my intimate friends have, generally speaking, been distinguished for science, morality and humanity. Having made these observations, I fearlessly quote the following trite adage,—‘Tell me who you are with, and I will tell you who you are.’”

In respect to the truth of the facts narrated in his pamphlet, he remarks, "No man dare dispute in a court of justice, face to face, the living witnesses in respect to all the facts to which they have given indisputable testimony. Let any unbeliever try this plan if he dare. Let such persons even privately examine the evidence in any manner he may please, and he will find that ‘God is not mocked.’”

Although after the publication of this letter, Dr. Clanny's anonymous slanderers reiterated their former libels, we need not say that they dared not accept the challenge he had thus given.

Dr. Clanny, in summing up the case in his pamphlet, considers that "the object of these signs and wonders is for the direct advancement of the pure doctrines of Christianity;" He adds, "If we believe in the Holy Scriptures, we must, *a fortiori*, believe in a world of spirits, and also that from all time spirits have been seen and heard by many persons at different periods, moreover if spirits have assumed visible forms, we are compelled to acknowledge that what has been may be again, not only in our own day, but to the end of the world."

[Mary Jobson (now a married woman and the mother of a family) is, or was recently, still residing in Sunderland. Can any of our friends there inform us whether she has had any further experiences of a remarkable nature, and whether her mediumship still continues?—Ed.]

THE ICEBERG:

A Trance Communication Versified.

MORE seems it than four hundred years,
 Though it can but forty be,
 Since last I sighted Bristol piers,
 Bound for the northern sea.
 The ship a whaler was, old style,
 A clumsy tub of a boat,
 Full stout for shock of icy isle,
 Slow, but a right one to float.
 We reached the destined wintry wave,
 And nought had gone amiss,
 And little was dreamed of an ocean
 grave,

And least by the teller of this.
 But Death is nearer to us oft
 When most we deem it far;
 The lightning's fire strikes from aloft
 Where lately beamed a star.
 One day there came a gale of wind,
 And the waves beat over the ship;
 A boat got loose—I ran to bind—
 But the ropes cracked like a whip.
 I sprang inside, as a heavy sea
 Over the bulwarks leaped;
 But it swept like a cork the boat and me
 In briny billow steeped.
 The good boat weathered all the storm,
 With neither spar nor oar;
 My mates could but their all perform,
 They never saw me more.
 A terrible dance on the bubbling foam
 That good boat danced with me;
 I thought of my friends, I thought of
 the home

That was mine nevermore to be.
 I clutched the creaking, quivering sides,
 And cowered down under the spray,
 And sought for the strength that Death
 derides

In hope of a brighter day.
 And nearer, nearer, every bound
 To the poise on the top of a wave,
 A grisly iceberg coldly frowned
 Like the chill that lurks in a grave.
 Still nearer, until the boat was hurled
 High up on a slippery ledge,
 And my sense made dark to all of the
 world

By shock with an ice-rock's edge.
 How long I lay as one of the dead
 Might never be known by me;
 No loving one's hand to pour balm on
 my head,

No voice but the plash of the sea.
 Yet life came back, spite of hurt and
 of cold,

How strange soe'er it may seem;
 Death's fearsome clasp and skeleton fold
 Were rived like a nightmare dream.

I rose to my feet not far from the boat
 That scarce had been shattered at
 all,

And wearily, painfully, wended to note
 The place and what chance might
 befall.

Two miles to the full, on the slippery
 track,

I skirted the pitiless wave;
 Two miles—and the boat I had left at
 my back

Told my eyes of a floating grave.
 And quite seven hundred crystal feet
 Beat down my upward gaze,—
 But love of life was strong to meet
 Fool-tasks of former days.

I clambered up the icy steep,
 With hands and feet and knees;
 Scarce any warmth my clothes could
 keep,

Almost my blood did freeze.
 Up, up, in strength of mute despair,
 Till to the top I clung
 And turned my eyes, with a glassy
 stare,

The tumbling waves among.
 Not a speck of white in the dreary
 round,

Save the white of the restless foam,
 And the horrible whiteness that held
 me bound,

And the sea-bird far from home.

My only hope in a passing sail,
 And hour was linked to hour,
 Till love of life began to fail,
 And waned my frenzied power.

Only a waste of sea and sky,
 And day was drooping fast,
 And I left inch by inch to die

Like one from the world outcast.
 Down, like a man in a dream, I toiled,
 Down, down to the boat once more;
 And my shivering limbs within it I
 coiled,

As in cradle of days of yore.
 The moon arose, and the stars peeped
 out,

And I knew that I drifted south;
 I closed my eyes but to toss about,
 And parched were my lips and
 mouth.

And sometimes I'd start with the
 snatch of a dream

That was wondrously pleasant to
 me;

But it faded at sight of the moon's clear
 gleam

Caressing the lonely sea.

I dreamt that I lay in a little low bed,
 And sweet eyes were looking through
 mine,
 And so tender a hand was passed over
 my head
 With a love too deep to divine !
 The eyes I knew, and the touch so soft,
 Coming back, through all the years,
 With the dead mother's love that had
 haunted me oft
 When my soul was a fountain of tears.
 And heart-thrilling tones were mur-
 muring then
 Of happiness near at hand,
 Of rest for the weary and stricken of
 men,
 And love in a beautiful land.
 But what were dreams to a desperate
 man,
 At the dawn of another day ?
 No dream the anguish that began
 To gnaw my heart away !
 Hunger and thirst were driving me
 mad,
 While fairer shone the sun ;
 Fierce words my nature else forbade
 Unmeaning utterance won.
 I tried to suck the glistening ice,
 But it scorched my tongue like fire—
 "O, God, could only this suffice
 To turn away Thine ire !"
 Again I scaled the cold, cold heights,
 My veins like molten streams,
 Struggling as one who frantic fights
 For what his all he deems.
 I reached the top I knew not how,
 Awaking there as from sleep,
 And I listlessly gazed on the waters
 below
 Of the peaceful, sunlit deep.
 Not a breath of wind, nor a rippling wave,
 Nor a cloud in the arching sky,
 Nor the faintest sign of aught that
 could save
 A poor wretch waiting to die !
 The iceberg was a sight to see,
 In the glow of the morning rays,—
 But beauty had nought to do with me
 At the darkening of my days.
 In an emerald sea, like a diamond set,
 With wonderful rainbow hues—
 But its lustre in me could no hoping
 beget,
 And, God wot ! it could not amuse.
 Not a breath of wind, nor a rippling
 wave,
 Yet the ice rocked to and fro—
 Or was it that dying men oftentimes
 rave
 And I falsely deemed it so ?

I did not rave, and I truly deemed,
 For the water had warmer grown,
 And was thawing the base while each
 pinnacle gleamed
 As if winds nevermore could be blown.
 Wind came ere long and the glittering
 pile
 Smote its image in the deep,
 And I was hurled afar the while,
 And not one moment to weep :
 For there comes a time when the
 bravest man
 Must yield his heart to fear ;
 Courage has but a human span
 When sudden fates appear.
 I had borne the cold, and the hunger
 and thirst,
 And the sickening sense of despair,
 And the dying aloof like a thing
 accursed—
 But I shrank as I shot through the
 air.
 Down, down I sank till my body seemed
 Pressed to a pigmy size ;
 Then all was nought till a new light
 gleamed
 And I saw as with newer eyes.
 I felt that the change called death had
 been,
 Yet I knew myself as before,
 And hovered in air, just over the scene
 I despaired of beholding more.
 My body was still in sight below,
 Though the ice had drifted away ;
 Like crystal was all the watery show
 At dawn of the spirit's day.
 Upward, but not direct, my course,
 As if with a wafting wind ;
 I did not walk, and could feel no force,
 Nor knew the end designed.
 But, by-and-bye, I saw afar
 A many shadowy forms,
 And, faintly, where the havens are
 For the wrecks of earthly storms.
 The forms grew bright, and the pros-
 pect too,
 And friends soon welcomed me—
 Friends who had never met my view,
 But whom I joyed to see :
 For all their life flowed into mine,
 And mine flowed into theirs ;
 For them for me one truth did shine,
 One bliss till now each shares.
 I was but forty-one or so,
 When up aloft I came ;
 Few missed me in the throng below—
 Dick Irving was my name.

HENRY PRIDE.

June, 1874.

A FEW WORDS TO SPIRITUALISTS ON "DOGMA."

By THOMAS BREVIER.

THE President of the late Conference, in his opening Address, contended that Spiritualism could not be sectarian, because all sects were based on dogma, while Spiritualism was based solely on facts, and had no dogmas. Almost the first business that came before the Conference was a proposition to rescind the "Declaration of Principles," put forth by the Council of the British National Association, on the ground that the Association had only to do with facts and purposes, and that it should have no principles, which were only dogmas under another name. It was finally referred to the Council to reconsider whether the Association should have any principles or do without them; so far, at least, as its Prospectus is concerned. The Council seems likely to have a warm time of it, and may find it difficult to steer the bark of the Association between Scylla and Charybdis. If it avows principles, it will be charged with putting forth dogmas and being sectarian; and if it has no principles, no dogmas, it will be open to the retort that it has no truths; for a dogma is only the affirmation of some general truth or what is believed to be so; or, as the dictionaries give it, "a settled opinion, principle, or tenet." And without this it may be asked what is there to permanently bind an Association together, especially when, as in the case of the British National Association, it is composed of members holding diverse, discordant and conflicting views on most important questions. Will the common recognition of certain observed facts suffice to counteract these repellant forces?

Now we may observe that a dogma is not necessarily a bad thing: it may be good or bad, true or false; and it may be either philosophical, scientific or theological. But whether it is one of Aristotle or of Plato, of Newton or of Parallax, of Calvin or of Priestley, is comparatively indifferent so long as it is held in perfect freedom. All error indeed is according to its nature and degree in some way prejudicial, and we are therefore, among other reasons, bound to use our best efforts to attain truth, and to this end freedom is a necessary condition. It is only when this condition is violated, and it is sought to force some dogma on our acceptance, under penalties temporal or spiritual on its rejection, that it becomes a duty to protest against it as a common injury and a public nuisance. It matters not in this case whether the dogma is true or false. If, for instance, the dogma of gravitation was sought to be enforced

upon us by Act of Parliament under penalty of fine and imprisonment, or by a dominant church on pain of excommunication in this world, and eternal punishment in another; then however true the dogma, this enforcement of it would be an infringement on one of the most sacred rights of the individual, and a great public evil. It is this abuse of dogma that has brought it into such ill repute that the term is most commonly used only in its offensive and bad sense; but dogmas there must be; and it is the constant aim of every thoughtful man to reach some dogma—some well-established principle or tenet on the subject of his inquiry; for mere facts or phenomena are of little value except for the underlying principle or dogma to which they lead.

This is eminently so in Spiritualism. Many of its phenomena are—as its opponents object—in themselves trivial. They derive their significance and value almost wholly from the dogmas they establish and illustrate; and surely there are some of these which may be said to have the unfeigned assent and consent of all Spiritualists.

Thus I think all will agree in the dogmas of the immortality of the soul; and again, in that of a continuous communion between men on earth and the inhabitants of the spirit-world; and again, every (or nearly, if not quite every) Spiritualist holds to the dogma of a belief in God. If I am told that these are facts rather than dogmas, I acknowledge of course that they are facts, and also that the fact far transcends any dogma concerning it; but this may be said of all dogmas which are but the expression of some fact, or what is held to be a fact, or of a truth based upon it. Spiritualists then have their “dogmas,” articles of faith, established principles, or whatever term may be used to signify what to them are settled truths.

Is then Spiritualism sectarian? I think not. A sect is a part cut off, separated from the general body. Now do these dogmas separate or cut off those who hold them from the general body of their fellows? On the contrary, they are the common doctrines of every age and clime, of faith and creed. Spiritualism only vitalises them, demonstrates them as a present reality. They are held by nearly all who are not Materialists or sceptics. Spiritualism is the broadest of broad churches. It is not these dogmas but the additions made to them which divide mankind and split men into contending sects. If there is a bond of true catholic unity anywhere it is in Spiritualism; if not there, we may sweep the mental horizon for it in vain. Are its dogmas broad enough and binding enough for a basis of union among Spiritualists themselves?—or do Spiritualists generally feel that the things in which they differ are more

important than those in which they agree? Or have they not sufficient charity and good sense to avoid obtruding these differences on unsuitable occasions, or in a way to irritate and offend those who differ with them? If so, there is little hope of common courteous action except for very limited purposes. There can be no broad durable association. Internal harmony among Spiritualists themselves must precede any permanent external union.

I purposely limit these remarks to the specific point under consideration, without entering on the general question as to whether any National Association of Spiritualists is advisable or otherwise.

SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS.—AUTHORITY AND FREEDOM.

For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do.—*Phil.* ii. 13.

It may be, as, indeed, many suppose to be the case, that this text should be restricted in its application to those who are sanctified by truth; to those who thus naturally will and do, only as God wills to have them. But whether the writer would apply this language only to a particular class of men, or to all men, is a matter of indifference to our present purpose. It will be seen, at least, that the idea of authority or control on the part of God, over the volitions and actions of those to whom the text was intended to apply, seemed uppermost in the Apostle's mind.

But notwithstanding God is here said to work in them, both to will and to do, apparently thus to control their volitions and actions, is it to be supposed that this control on God's part was at all inconsistent with the real and substantial freedom of those of whom the text is predicated? Does the fact that God worketh in them both to will and to do, the fact that he thus influences and controls them, render them the less free as moral beings? Undoubtedly not. If any man is free, it is the fully unfolded Christian. Those whose will and desires, whose entire moral natures have become subordinate to the Divine will, on whom and in whom God exercises His supreme, almost absolute authority, we are wont to esteem, and the Scriptures constantly concur in representing, as the freest of the free. Christ says, "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make

you free." The Apostle exhorts to "stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free." These are those, of whom it is said, God worketh in them, both to will and to do.

Would it not seem from these circumstances, that there is somehow possibly an entire reconciliation between what we term Authority and Freedom? Is it not possible that the Divine sovereignty may be found to be, after all, perfectly consistent with man's conscious freedom? I confess that such appears to me plainly and frequently implied in the Scriptures. Indeed, I conceive it the aim of Christianity, in its high development of man, to place him in that condition, when, at the same time he bows to the absolute will of Jehovah, feels God is all in all, he still possesses the entire consciousness that he is free; that he enjoys the most perfect and blissful freedom.

I desire to offer a few suggestions upon the subject of *Authority and Freedom*; and this more especially with a view to indicate their possible entire reconciliation with each other.—Your attention is invited then,

1.—*To the Nature of Authority.*

Perhaps there never was an age, when men usually seemed so exceedingly jealous of every species of Authority, as now in this present age. They seem to associate with this idea only that of despotic control. Authority is almost universally conceived as only the most opposite thing to freedom, and hence utterly irreconcilable with freedom. Freedom is generally defined to be the absence of control. Thus, where there is control, where authority is exercised, in just so far the individual is not free.

Conceiving these two subjects in this light, we may account for that endless discussion, to no definite result, respecting the doctrine of necessity, and that of the freedom of the human will. Men have said, now if God controls man's volitions, then man is not free. If Divine sovereignty is a true hypothesis, then freedom is a delusion. Man is a mere machine. But does not man feel that he is free? Yes. Then the idea of Divine sovereignty is a delusion. Thus these two doctrines are arrayed, one against the other; the possibility of their perfect harmony with each other not being conceived.

Now we take the ground that authority and freedom are not only consistent with each other, but that in fact they depend one upon the other; inasmuch that absolute authority is the very basis, the only possible condition of absolute freedom. I think the Scriptures already alluded to fully embody this idea. But let us examine a little into the nature of authority—of absolute authority.

Suppose a person is forced to perform a certain act, by mere brute power. Here is one species of authority. It is naked, sheer compulsion. The individual did not desire to act in this way, but, on the contrary, preferred not to do it. He felt a deep, utter repulsion toward performing the act; still, he was made to do it, by the application of external brute force.

Now, evidently, in this case, the person was not free, and sorely felt that he was not. Here we see despotic control. Here is an instance of slavery, so to speak. Any such authority is certainly not consistent with freedom. If God's sovereignty over man were maintained only in this way, by external brute force, then would it indeed convert him into a mere machine. It is well understood, however, that God never seeks to control man in this way. If He controls man at all, it is by a far more ethereal and consistent force.

Then, again, this is not absolute control; for the person's feelings, wishes, entire mind and heart, were in constant rebellion to that mechanical power, by which simply the outward act was forced upon him. His entire being was not controlled, but the body simply. Certainly this does not amount to absolute authority. But here is another way to control human action. You do not apply brute force, but simply fear; for instance, the fear of punishment—you threaten the person with punishment—you present some evil or misery, to which he will be subjected if he does not perform the act you command him. The person thus controlled is a slave in the ordinary and proper sense of the term. The slave, in constant fear and dread of the lash, performs his task, not because he wishes to, or is willing to do so—he hates that task; but he would rather do it than suffer the punishment that awaits him if he refuses. Ordinarily political despotism is of this nature; brute force is not employed, but fear of punishment. The subject submits to be scourged by his tyrant rather than suffer the rack or any other cruelty which the despot may fancy to inflict.

What we call moral bondage is of this kind. The individual does not love God—does not desire to obey Him; but, awed by the threatenings, dreading the punishment of guilt, he consents to yield an external obedience, while his heart is in utter rebellion to that control. This was more especially the character of the Jewish Church. The Jews are said to have been in bondage under the law. God said to them, observe my statutes, or I will send the famine, the sweeping pestilence, the scourge of war, the ruin of your hopes and prospects. They obeyed, if at all, out of fear and dread of these evils. They did not wish to obey, but preferred doing so to suffering those severe punishments. The professed Christian, who seeks reli-

gion, attempts to live a pious life—not for the love of God, not for the love of moral excellence, but because he wishes to escape hell—is in a like state of moral bondage.

Now, here is a species of authority which is not consistent with what we call freedom. It engenders a feeling of restraint—of bondage. We see here what is the very essence of slavery. It is being compelled, by means of these external appeals, to do that which we desire not to do. This is the very essence of slavery.

Nor is this authority, on the other hand, what may be called strictly absolute authority. It is very far from it. While fear, dread, compels the individual to act in a certain manner, his wishes, his aspiration, all the rest of his being, is rebellious toward that control. The heart is not wielded here. That only is absolute, total control, which sways the entire man; works in him to will, wish, and perform. God only can exercise this complete, this entire control over man; He alone can energize our whole being; and only then, consciously at least, when our will bows in perfect subordination to His.

The great difficulty with all human authorities is, that they are not absolute, being human. They must be to some extent external. Often, they consist only in external control; in outward restraint; while the heart, the desires, perhaps the holiest aspirations of the individual, are in constant rebellion to this external control. By this outward restraint, thus imposed upon them by various means, men are compelled to do what they desire not to do;—are not permitted to do what they most desire. The heart is not reconciled with the control—is not in unison with it. The authority is thus irksome, and we feel it to be despotic. We feel ourselves slaves, in just so far as we are compelled to act contrary to our internal wishes and desires. Here is the very essence of slavery;—not in the authority—as we shall show—but in being coerced into obedience to an authority, when we would do otherwise.

It is obvious that any such authority as that at which we have glanced is not consistent with freedom. Take any institution, either of the Church or State, which rules only in this arbitrary, external manner, and that institution will be felt and realized as utterly despotic. As a general thing, all human institutions partake more or less of this character. Men obey, become subservient and passive to them, not from any deep ground of sympathy and love, but they are awed into a superficial conformity by an appeal to the lower animal instincts.

But the authority, which we have just described, is not that which is described in the text. That is not external merely, but internal also. In fact, it is external, *because it is internal.*

God worketh in you both to will and to do. Controlling the volition even, He of course controls the action. This is absolute authority. It takes hold of the heart, the will, the desire, the aspiration, yea, and rules the entire realm of being. There is no opposing will, wish, or thought. God is all in all. This is absolute authority. Anything short of this is not absolute, and should not be falsely termed and esteemed such. This absolute authority is the basis of absolute freedom; and why? Because we then act, with no wish to act otherwise. Not even wishing to act otherwise, we feel perfectly free in that which we do. Here is the essence of liberty. Not, *in doing just as we please*, but in *pleasing to do just as we do*; in not possessing a wish to do otherwise. An authority which takes this hold upon every affection, every desire and thought, is thus the basis of freedom.

2.—*To the subject of Freedom.*

Let us go into a more minute investigation as to the nature and essence of what we term Freedom. The more general impression with regard to the nature of freedom, is, that it consists in the absence of authority or control. Nothing is more incorrect, in my estimation, than this idea. Men talk of the freedom of the human will. Their conception of it is, that God has left man to do as he pleases, not seeking to control his thoughts, willing and action, but leaving him to think, will and act, as seemeth to himself good. This is the more usual idea of freedom. And it is owing to this mistaken conception, as to the very essence of liberty, that men find it impossible to reconcile Divine authority with it. It is owing to this also, that the world has ever been rent with fruitless discussions upon the subject of free will on one hand, and Divine sovereignty on the other. One says, does not experience demonstrate that man is controlled by circumstances? Does not the idea of cause conduct us from the great First Cause, down to all effects and events which happen in the world? This cannot be disputed. It never has, and it never could be successfully controverted. But then, another says, if such be the case, man is a mere machine! You thus annihilate freedom. So there is no reconciliation between authority and freedom. The question remains unsettled. Men either abide by Divine sovereignty, and reject the idea that man is free, or they assume man to be free, at any rate, and hence reject the doctrine of Divine sovereignty. The truth of the matter is, both these ideas are immutable facts. The error is in the conception as to what constitutes the essence of liberty; in defining it to be the absence of authority. It has happened with this question, as with many others, which have created so much controversy

in the world. Both parties are correct; the difference being in the fact, that each party views only the opposite side of the same truth. Or rather, perhaps, that each party considers his fact perfectly irreconcilable with his opponent's idea, and hence maintains his own, to the entire exclusion of the other. I repeat, however, that it is not the case, as has been so generally conceived, one or the other of these ideas must be esteemed false, in order to make room for the truth of the opposite one. They are in harmony. They are both true. Man is essentially, substantially free, and yet God worketh in him, both to will and to do, But let us proceed to illustrate the nature and essence of liberty.

We will suppose a case, in which I induce an individual to serve me in a certain respect, by an appeal to his interest and affection. I actually make it for his interest to serve me in this particular, and make him feel and realize it is for his interest to do so. Not only this, but I secure his love, affection, his aspiration, in favour of doing it. I make it a matter of inclination to serve me in this particular, and he performs the service. Now, we will suppose a different case. I compel a person to do this same service, by external means. I compel him to do it, contrary to his interest, contrary to his wishes, desires and entire feeling in the matter. He, too, performs the service. These two instances will suffice for our present purpose. In the case of the first individual, you say he acted freely. In the other case, by compulsion. The first individual was exercising the entire prerogative of a free man. The other was made a slave. Now let me ask, if there was any less authority in the first instance, than in the second? The authority was of a different nature, it is true. But did I not as much control the individual in one case as in the other? Evidently I did; and yet you say that one acted freely, while the other obeyed as a slave. Authority was despotic here, while there it was not. We may go still farther. In the instance in which, as you say, the man acted freely, my authority, my control was *more* absolute, than in the case of the individual, who acted, as you say, from compulsion. It was more complete, more absolute, because I not only controlled his action, as in the other case, but even the willing, the affection, the entire heart. Do you not perceive, then, that authority is not incompatible with freedom? Do you not perceive even that the more absolute the authority, the more perfect the freedom?—even that which you say is freedom. What then, does it appear, is the essence of liberty? It is not in doing as you please, but in pleasing to do as you do. It does not consist in the absence of authority and control, but in the absence of all feeling or wish to do other-

wise than as we are controlled to do. Now this idea of freedom answers to your daily practical conception of it. The cases which I have supposed are practical cases. In one, you say the man is a free man, and in the other a slave. And yet, this free man is controlled by a more absolute authority than the other. I not merely controlled his action, but his will and affection. His entire heart was in unison with my control; and this was the reason why the control was not esteemed despotic—why he was esteemed to act freely. Let us now go back to the sentiment expressed in the text.

“For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do.” If God so controlled man as to compel him to act contrary to his inclination, his affection and desire, then man would not feel himself free as he now does. But as God controls both his willing and action, he feels free in whatsoever he does. This absolute authority is the very reason why he feels free. If God’s authority over us was not absolute, no man would ever mistrust that he was a free agent. The authority is the basis of the freedom; absolute authority is the only ground for absolute freedom. Hence the philosophy, the reason of the command to love God with all the heart, might, mind and strength. In this case the whole realm of thought, desire and affection is in unison with the Divine sovereignty; and hence the individual is one of the freest of the free. If the whole heart was not thus in unison with the Divine control, if there was any internal feeling of rebellion, the individual in so far would feel himself a slave.

I will notice one prominent objection to this view. If God controls our willing and action, it may be asked, then, what is the propriety of all those invitations on his part which the Scriptures extend to us, to come to Christ and receive salvation? Why say, “Come unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be saved?” Why not make them come? Why say, as in the very verse preceding our text, “Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling?” If God controls our volition and action, why not save us Himself?—why tell us to work out our own salvation? I am aware that here is a grave objection to the views we have presented, and yet the matter is explained in one sentence. These invitations to come, these commands to do, these threatenings and punishments if we do not, are only other means of controlling us. God appeals to us by invitations to come to Christ; they influence us and we come. Thus the invitations are one of the very means of control. In fact, the very nature of absolute authority renders it necessary to appeal to man in this way. If God exercised only external control, He could force us to comply, yet we should feel ourselves slaves in being thus controlled; but as God must wield the affection, the will, the

desire, in order to render His authority complete and absolute over man, He must needs appeal to the affection, will and desire. Hence, He invites, entreats, persuades, commands, promises rewards, threatens punishment, and employs a thousand means of a like character, all of which, and which alone, are calculated to control and influence our inner being. These invitations and promises and commands, therefore, even go to show that God's authority is absolute, and not that men act in the absence of authority.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE CONFERENCE AND THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

A CONFERENCE of Spiritualists, convened by the above Association, was held at Lawson's Rooms, Gower Street, London, July 5th and 6th, and at the Crystal Palace on the 7th. The Conference was preceded by a *soirée* at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, July 4th, presided over by Mr. Coleman—a very pleasant gathering of Metropolitan and Provincial Spiritualists. From the report read by the Secretary it appears that the Association now numbers about 190 ordinary members, eight of whom are life members, 14 vice-presidents, and 49 members of council. Among its honorary or corresponding members are Robert Dale Owen, Alexandre Aksakof, the Baron and Baroness Von Vay, Miss Anna Blackwell, Mr. J. M. Peebles, and Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten. The attendance at the Conference was not numerous, though a slight gradual increase in numbers was apparent. After an opening address by Dr. Gully, who presided, a question was raised, and excited considerable discussion as to the legality of the action of the Council. Some constitutional amendments were passed, and it was proposed that the "Declaration of Principles and Purposes be rescinded." After much debate the subject was finally referred to the Council for re-consideration. The general feeling of the Conference being evidently adverse to the Declaration in its present form, some members of the Conference expressing a strong opinion that the Association should put forth no principles, but only facts and purposes.

Papers were then read by Mr. W. H. Harrison, on "The Promotion of National Organization;" by Mr. E. T. Bennet, on "The Prospectus of the Association;" by Mr. Robert Cooper, on "Physical Manifestations;" by Mr. T. Everett, on "Direct Spirit-voice and Writing;" by Mr. J. J. Morse, on "Trance Mediumship;" by the Rev. C. Maurice Davies, D.D., on

"Spiritualism and the Church of England;" by Mrs. Fitzgerald, on "Spiritualism of the Bible, and *Cui bono?*" by Mr. Harper, on "Compound Consciousness in connection with Mediumship;" and by Mrs. Tappan, on "The Future of Spiritualism." Some interesting discussions followed the reading of these Papers. On the first morning of the Conference a letter was read from Mr. Martheze, on the establishment of a college or school for the children of Spiritualists, and offering to subscribe £200 a year for five or six years if twelve subscribers would unite with him to do the same, so as to begin on a small scale at once. The papers read at the Conference might usefully be collated and published in a separate form.

A CHILDREN'S LYCEUM AND LECTURE HALL FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

A Children's Lyceum and Lecture Hall, to hold 300 persons, has just been built at Sowerby Bridge, near Halifax, as a place of meeting for Spiritualists, and for the education of their children. The total cost of the building is £1,500, and as our Yorkshire friends are nearly all working people, we trust their appeal for aid will meet with a generous response, especially from the more wealthy Spiritualists. It is not quite creditable to London Spiritualists that Yorkshire should in this respect be so far ahead of them—that they should not have a building of their own for meetings, for education, or any purpose; and but for the Spiritual Institute for years past they would have had no regular place of meeting for friends and visitors, and for information to enquirers. We hope the generous offer of Mr. Martheze at the late Conference will lead to some well considered effort to meet a want so widely felt among us, and that in the meantime existing agencies, and especially that of our friends at Sowerby Bridge, should be well sustained. Subscriptions and books for the library may be sent to H. Lord, Union Street, Beech, Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire, or to our publisher, 15, Southampton Row, London.

AN INGENUOUS "EXAMINER."

The *Examiner* of August 22nd has an article headed "Spiritualism and its Proofs;" based on the late Conference of Spiritualists in London, and written in that flippant, disingenuous fashion common enough a dozen years ago, but now happily becoming scarce. By isolating a few sentences here and there, and picking out statements of fact apart from their connection and purpose, or presenting them in one totally different from that for which they were introduced, with other literary artifices, and a due admixture of banter and *persiflage*, the writer may probably have succeeded in misleading uninformed readers

unsuspicious of these trade tricks, more completely than by the clumsy method of direct lying; though this were the more honest of the two. Yet this literary thimble-rigging is presented by our ingenuous *Examiner* as "Spiritualism and its Proofs." With free handling, and little touches of exaggeration, it is easy to produce a sketch to bear some resemblance to the original, yet which is not a portrait but a caricature. Indeed, we almost fancy that the article in our contemporary was written for one of the comic papers, on the model of *Punch's* Parliamentary Reports, and found its way into the *Examiner* by mistake.

A SPIRITUALIST FUNERAL.

A Spiritualist funeral took place July 30th, at Willesden Cemetery, when the body of the beloved child, Beatrice Augustine Drake, 2½ years of age, the daughter of Mr. Walter Drake, of Modena Terrace, Upper Westbourne Park, was given back to the earth four days after it had been cast off by the happy little spirit who needed it no longer. No mourning of any kind was allowed. The ladies, six in number, were all dressed in white, the gentlemen all in their usual light clothes, and each having a bouquet of flowers. The little coffin was covered with white, with no pall or drapery of any kind. When the carriages arrived in the cemetery the company walked to the grave, and, standing around it while the sexton did his usual duties, sang the first and last verses from the 93rd hymn in the *Spiritual Lyre*. Mr. W. Whitley, who had been requested to officiate on the occasion, then delivered an appropriate address to the friends present, after which they scattered the remaining flowers on the grave; and after further singing some verses of another hymn, returned home from this simple but most suitable and impressive ceremony.

Notices of New Books.

SPIRIT-DRAWINGS THROUGH A CHILD TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.*

WE cannot better bring this book of Spirit-drawings before our readers than by quoting *in extenso* the Introduction:—

"The history of these symbolical sketches is as follows—In the year 1865, there passed away an aged gentleman, whose initial names were G. B. As a young man he had been greatly

* *Drawings, Descriptive of Spirit-Life and Progress, by a Child of Twelve Years of Age.* ALLEN, Ave Maria Lane.

attached to a young lady who, however, married some one else and died very soon afterwards, leaving one little daughter. He himself never married; but all through her life took great interest in the daughter of his first love. She, in her turn, married, and died some few years afterwards. Although very few opportunities of his meeting her children occurred, he had always expressed great interest in their welfare. When the author of these sketches was just passing her twelfth year, G. B. passed away at an advanced age. He was a lawyer by profession, was fond of art and had a fair knowledge and appreciation of painting, but he had never drawn a line himself. He had seen this child only twice and it was not at all probable that thoughts of one she had known so little personally should have been much in her mind. About three months after his departure, the girl of twelve years began to enter on the subject of these sketches apparently for no reason and exhibiting no aim, and with wonderful rapidity she used to design and execute them with but small interest in the subject. Every now and then what might be called 'letter press' accompanied the drawings, taking the form either of messages from the spirit-world or explanations of the designs. Whence the drawings or messages came neither she nor those about her had any conjecture, until one day a beautiful message was signed by the completed name of G. B., who seemingly still hovered over the grandchild of his first love, giving her intuitions of bright and lofty mental conditions and aiding her in her delineations of them. I may here add that the young girl herself had great artistic power in drawing, but her subjects had never, before the date above mentioned, had the smallest alliance with these of this series of drawings; and since these last ceased she has not at any time reverted to any resembling them in any degree.

"The first which were produced is the series in the present issue, comprehending the history of the spirit from the moment of its quitting the earthly body to its elevation into a lighter and brighter sphere. Then came the table of emblems, as if to explain the long train of symbolical sketches which were to follow, and which, spreading over two years of time became more and more exquisite in subject and curious in execution, far, far transcending in deep meaning anything that could possibly originate in the mind of a child of twelve years old, whose thoughts, I can positively state, had never been directed towards transcendentalism in any form of religion or philosophy, and who, when she portrayed these passages in the spirit's exit from the body, had never beheld the act of dying or a human corpse in all her life.

"The letter press when it is found on the same sheet as the

drawing, is always what her hand wrote immediately after finishing the latter, and seems to come from the same source. The titles given to the different sketches are also what were written by the young girl at the moment. I have alluded to a long series of drawings produced as I have described. I must add that they amount in number to 248. After going through the spirit's history in its passage hence, the subjects run upon the highest and holiest conditions of the spirit both in, and when freed from, the body, its conditions of love, faith, and charity, the mode of influence from them above to those on the earth, the communion of spirits among themselves, &c., all with a wondrous meaning, wondrously illustrated by a child twelve years old. Should the present issue find favour with and interest the public, much more curious subjects and deeper meaning emblems will follow in future numbers. Remains only to say that the youthful author of these emblematical, I may even say as regards some of them, historical drawings, moves in the highest circles of society, and has been intimately known to me for the last fifteen years: that there has been hesitation on the part of her friends to the publication of them: that I overcame that hesitation in the interest of elevating and purifying Spiritualism; and that I hold myself responsible for the truth of the statements regarding their production made in this introduction.

"J. M. GULLY.

"March, 1874."

The twelve lithographic sketches thus introduced are well executed, the price is 3s. 6d., and we hope the sale will encourage the publication of further issues of these very interesting and remarkable specimens of spirit-drawing.

Correspondence.

MY GODFATHER'S GHOST AT ABBOTSFORD.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—It may interest you to know that the Mr. George Bullock you refer to in connection with the Scott ghost story, and who was my godfather, was a very remarkable man in his way, one of exquisite taste in the designs and performance of his works, and had interested Scott much, and particularly in respect to the fitting up of his library and bookcase, which brought the two minds into intimate relationship at the time, and with a high respect and warm friendly feeling on the part of Scott, and Bullock was intimate with Scott's friend Terry, the actor, who dramatized some of Scott's novels, or Terrified them as Scott used to say. My father was a friend of Sir Walter as well as the architect of Abbotsford,

and I still have in my possession about 60 letters of Scott's to my father, showing what a particular and deep interest he took in the work in all its detail, in fact the building of Abbotsford was a complete hobby. And I have also numerous sketches and drawings made by Scott, some very elaborate, whether copied from books or otherwise, but sent as suggestive of some work of embellishment that was being proceeded with; though he would say of himself that if he tried to draw a house it was always more like a hay-stack. But the point in question is that George Bullock, at the time of his death, was constantly in his thoughts, and Bullock was constantly thinking of Scott and his doings for Abbotsford, and anxious for the completion of the works in hand, which Scott was urgently desirous of receiving. Without this explanation there would hardly seem a sufficient reason for connecting the noise in question with the death of George Bullock.

As regards Sir Walter's head, I have the original cast, taken during life. The peculiarity of the form is the very remarkable height, particularly in the region of veneration, supposed to give an interest in all matters of antiquity; and of course the height of the head causes a great elevation of forehead, presenting a very striking and unusual appearance, and somewhat resembling the head of Shakespeare.

HENRY GEORGE ATKINSON.

(Named George after George Bullock.)

18, Quai de la Douane, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

P.S.—When Lockhart was writing the *Life* of Scott, he was anxious to see the letters referred to, but for some cause my father was very angry with Lockhart (Scott's son-in-law), and refused to let him have the letters, so that their contents are not referred to in the *Life*. The noise recurring the second night was curious.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

THE DIVINE NAME.

Our Father! Spirit! Comforter!

By whatsoever name we call

On Thee, who still art ever near,

The One Supreme—the Lord of all:

No form of words that we can frame,

No prayer, or psalm, or human creed,

Can all express Thy sacred name,

Or set forth all the soul's deep need.

But when in silent pensive mood,

Our souls to Thee would draw more near

In filial fervent gratitude

For all our human hearts hold dear;

A holy calm doth o'er us steal,

And then all other names above,

Which best expresses Thee, we feel

Is—The Supreme and Perfect Love.

T. S.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1874.

THE REALM OF SPIRIT.

An Oration by CORA L. V. TAPPAN.

FOR many centuries the earth's surface has been the scene of constant explorations and voyages. From the North to the South Pole, from the extreme East to the extreme Western Indies, there have been voyages from all civilised countries to discover what unknown lands lay beyond the regions heretofore known, and supposed to be inhabited by man. Formerly the earth's surface was confined, or supposed to be confined, to Asia and the Hellenic nations bordering upon the Mediterranean; and it was believed that beyond the pillars of Hercules was a vast unknown sea, inhabited by all kinds of evils and demons of terror, and when at last the British Islands and Eastern Europe were discovered, it was regarded as a wonderful instance of man's adventure—he had simply found what had always been in existence. But the most daring discovery of all was that of the entire Western Continent—which to all the nations of the East had been a sealed book—an unknown land for thousands of years. But daring voyagers, inspired by the thought that the world being round there must be some balancing continent on its opposite surface, commenced their explorations; and while Americus Vesputius gets credit for the discovery, he died without knowing that the land he had discovered belonged to another continent, believing that he had found Asia by traversing the globe; but Columbus knew that he had reached another world, peopled by a strange race, where a new and strong generation should one day spring up.

All explorers to distant lands go out laden with prayers from their human habitations, and the least word from them is looked forward to with the greatest anxiety; and the whole scientific

world is on the *qui vive* to know what they will discover. Now, it is claimed that beyond the sea of death, beyond the Gorgon-heads of terror and darkness which have shrouded the other world, beyond the tomb, there is a realm—real, tangible, positive; inhabited, not by strangers, not by an unknown race of beings, not by barbarians and cannibals, in whom the world takes such a startling interest because of their novelty, but inhabited by your own friends, those that plunged into the sea of death, and were swallowed up and lost to sight, and of whose existence you could have no evidence save through the eye of faith. It has been declared that, in the light of modern Spiritualism, there is a tangible world; that those friends inhabit a real realm of the spirit, that is, indeed, their home; and that voyagers to and fro are constantly passing with messages from you to them, and from them to you. One would think that an announcement so startling, a proposition so astounding, would at once command the attention of the whole enlightened portion of humanity. But it so happens that when grief is worn away and sorrow has accustomed you to forget the external presence of your friends, the spiritual longing is quenched, and the material satisfies, and satisfies fully and wholly—though there is still a yearning, still a longing, still a desire to know if, in some distant undiscovered country, they can know and comprehend what is passing on earth.

The realm of the spirit has been heretofore a mystical, dreamy, transcendental region, or one so utterly materialistic as to repel all inquiring minds into the nature of its existence. The ancients believed in a material form of re-incarnation, wherein the soul might become immortal by passing into other forms of the material world; and Pythagoras taught the transmigration of souls into other forms, claiming that he once before inhabited a material form and taught on earth. In this way, according to the ancients, the soul's immortality could be perpetuated. But among the revealed religions, that of the Hebrews is very indistinct with reference to immortality, except the immortality to be given to the children of Israel in the new Jerusalem, and except the immortality specially bequeathed by the Divine Mind to those who inherit His transcendent favour. Christians have an idea of the spiritual realm; the kingdom of heaven is a city—its snowy temples built of alabaster, or some other material substance, and its streets paved with gold, undoubtedly form attractive elements to most of earth's inhabitants. It has diamonds and rubies and other precious stones emblazoning all its gateways and temples. Diamonds and rubies and precious stones are valuable in the eyes of men. There are plains lying beyond this great city, and trees and

landscapes teeming with beauty, and in the gardens of God the children of His salvation shall be gathered together beneath the eye of the Infinite Spirit, and Christ the Saviour shall bless it with the glory of His countenance. But this heaven is far too small for mankind; it is far too exclusive for all the children of God. For, remember, the children of God are of all the nations of the earth, of all conditions of people.

The heaven of the Mohammedan is wonderful in the voluptuousness of its physical delights. The male alone is immortal. The female Mohammedan cannot become immortal unless she pray to be transformed into a male soul at death: if this prayer be granted, she is immortal. The paradise of the Mohammedan possesses far more physical attractions than that of the Christian. This region of infinite blessedness is one wherein every sense is preserved, where the taste is never satiated, where the eye never grows weary because of renewed delights, where the hours, not of earth, but of heaven, are created for the especial delight of the blessed, and never fade and grow old; where the land teems with flowers, fruits, and beauteous foliage; and where, beneath the eye of Allah, are gathered together all the elect, the followers of the Prophet. We could picture the delights of this region, but they are of such a material nature, and so revolting to every idea of spiritual existence, that they could only have had their origin in the super-sensuous nature of the man who invented the Mohammedan religion.

But the realm of the spirit is far different from this. It is not limited to time, or space, or locality; and yet the actual habitation of the disembodied spirit is as tangible to the spiritual sense as your earth is to your sense. But do not mistake us in what we are about to say: remember, you must always separate the spiritual from the material sense. There might be ten thousand spiritual worlds, yet you could never see them with the material eye. There might be myriads of spirits around you, without your being able to perceive them with the physical sight. The region of the spirit is directly opposite, in its substance and formation, to the senses. The material world is objective as you term it. That which appeals to your physical sense, has an existence, and unless some one of the senses is gratified you do not consider that there is a world about you. The spiritual world, on the other hand, is what you term subjective; but bear in mind that that which is subjective to the sense becomes objective to the spirit, and that matter is only mutable and perishable while mind is immortal and eternal, consequently there is no material substance, in the usual acceptance of that term, in the spiritual realm; that this room, these appointments, all splendours of the world, or the beauty that appeals to the

eye, is of no importance to the soul sense; that rocks, mountains, valleys, trees, rivers, and all material substances, are not of the nature of spiritual existence. The spiritual sense is the one sense alone which the soul possesses, and that we may call perception, for want of a better name. You call the spirit to testify from within your bodies to the sense of sight, the sense of hearing, the sense of touch, and all the senses that delight you; but these are only avenues through which external nature impresses itself upon the spirit, and through which the spirit reaches material life. When rid of your material bodies, you require but one absolute sense, even as the ray of light is white and pure, until it is broken into fragments by the prism. The ray of white light starting from the sun is clear and pure; but when it is broken by refraction through some prismatic substance it becomes red, blue, yellow, &c. So the soul, white and pure in its original temple, within the embodied form is broken into rays, and, to the outer sense, manifests the variety of colours you call senses, but which are only the doors whereby the soul looks out into the material world and manifests its presence. You are accustomed to say such a one has large intelligence, and another one great virtue; and this one is possessed of Christian kindness, while as for that one he is debased. It is not true: these distinctions are only modified expressions of the spirit. If soul could speak to soul, there would be but white light responding to white light. But material organs, imperfectly-developed surroundings and circumstances, so clothe upon the spirit as to make one soul dark and another light, one red and another yellow; but all gathered in the spectrum of God's eye are white—only white.

The spiritual realm of our planet is that portion of the atmosphere beyond the material atmosphere, which may express the spiritual zone surrounding the planet. As the aura surrounding distant planets is visible to you, so another aura, invisible to you, is around every planet, forming its spiritual atmosphere. This is the spiritual law of every planet. There is beyond this realm a higher degree of spiritual existence, where the planets merge their spheres together, where the more advanced souls experience higher degrees of spiritual life, and where, in some measure, the ties which bound them to earth are broken, and they associate with spirits from other worlds than their own. Now the spirit-world that your friends inhabit, is a realm just outside the limits of the atmosphere belonging to the earth's surface and incident on its motion. They are not confined to that habitation, but have there chosen to abide because of their desire to be near you; and between you and these spiritual beings there is an inter-atmosphere that

forms their means of communication, and through which they pass to and fro. This inter-atmosphere is that which is employed by spirits to control mediums to manifest their presence; to clothe and render themselves tangible, when they require to do so, in order to reach your material sense. Do not, any one of you, if you have seen a spiritual form in a *séance*, imagine a spirit has touched you, because it is not a real spiritual form you see: it is only a form created or clothed upon by the spirit from this inter-atmosphere, whereby they make themselves tangible in order to reach your senses. Do not think, because spirits come knocking on your tables, that they are material and gross. You must bear in mind that the spirits adapt themselves to your conditions. If a friend raps at the door in order to come in, he does not stop at the door and continue knocking, but you open the door and hear what he has to say. But when the spiritual world inhabiting this realm came knocking around your earth's temples, you said, "Why, this is too revolting; I cannot believe our dear friends would come knocking in this ridiculous manner." Did it never occur to you that music is produced from an instrument made of wood with wires stretched across, and that upon an instrument of this simple construction the most ravishing melodies are played? That the poet makes use of the quill of a goose with which to write down his most rapturous strains, and that the artist does not cavil at the implement he has to use? This inter-atmosphere that forms the means of communication between the two worlds is a spiritual and not a material atmosphere. It has not been analysed by any scientific man on earth; there is no subtle chemistry that can discover it. It belongs to the realm of mind, and the spirit is clothed upon by it; and when it enters your atmosphere it becomes the power whereby spirits manifest their presence. Clairvoyance, and clear-willing, are properties of the spirit; the will is supreme over matter. Understanding all the requirements necessary to act upon material substance and force, the spirit wills to lift matter, and matter becomes mobile and pliable in its hands, just as the form you inhabit is rendered pliable through your voluntary action. You will to raise your hand, and do so. The disembodied spirit, with the force it can bring to bear, wills to raise a table, and straightway it is done: wills to raise a body in the atmosphere, and it is done—of course under certain conditions. The more advanced a spirit is, the more perfect is its control over matter. Electricity, magnetism, force—whatever be the name you have given to those subtle elements you do not understand—form the means of communication between the spiritual world and yours. Thought forms the food of the disembodied

mind in the spiritual world, as best suited for its sustenance, since mind has made all. Mind is imponderable to anything except mind. Mind can control matter; but matter, except to narrow it down in your physical bodies, cannot control or govern mind. Hence the spiritual world is either objective or subjective. According to your standard it is subjective; to the eye of the spirit, however, it is objective, since that alone is tangible to the spirit.

Have the spirits form? you ask. Yes; the human form on earth in its highest state of development is the epitome and the representation of the spiritual form. It is not the form that shapes the spirit, but the spirit that shapes the form; and just in proportion as the spirit is advanced when freed from its earthly body, so is the spiritual form harmonious and complete. The human form represents matter and spirit combined,—the spiritual form represents spirit only; the likeness, fashioned of light, is the outgrowth of the mind or the spirit, as clothed upon by whatsoever deeds it has done, or thoughts it has conceived on earth. Has the spirit senses? We have said it has one sense, and that is perception. It takes in all knowledge through this one sense. It does not depend upon hearing, sight, outward touch, but upon presence—upon that faculty which allies man to the infinite. Is the land which the spirit inhabits tangible? Yes, tangible to the spirit, we say. How is it fashioned? It is composed of the substance of the thought the spirit has made. The habitation of each individual here is being builded now. Whatever there is in your earthly life, that has a spirit; and whatever thought or deed you perform, that becomes your spiritual habitation. But kings, are they rulers? and are there paupers in the spiritual realm? There are kings, but they belong to the kingdom of thought; there are paupers, but they often are those who were great on earth. No retinue, no slaves in livery, no gilded thrones or sceptre around the disembodied earthly monarch; but whatsoever deeds of charity he has done, or whatsoever acts of kindness performed, these rise and form the substance of his spiritual home. Then there be those who on earth were lowly who have grander habitations than they. Ah, truly! They who walk humbly and do their duty to their fellow-men—they who every day think a good thought or do a kindly deed, not for praise of men, but for the love of goodness—these are building stronger habitations than the man who sits behind a fortress, or in a gilded palace, and slays his fellow-men, or only indulges in selfish ease. The spiritual realm is composed of just such thoughts and feelings as are daily going out from your midst; and oh, in that realm how many cares and sorrows find their shadowy resting-

place? We have seen the man of splendour and power on earth, who lived in gorgeous palaces, and had minions robed in purple at his hand—we have seen him enter the world of souls alone, clothed in a few rags of sackcloth and ashes, vainly trying to conceal from the Infinite the deformity of his spiritual body. Then perchance a poor beggar whom he had benefited on earth comes with a flower of charity, and says: "This is my offering; will this help you?" Or some soul he had dropped a tear for brings a bright gem for his spiritual habitation. But the humility that begets compassion enters the heart of the fallen monarch, and he sees, as only the eye of the spirit can see, that the loving soul is supreme in the realm of spirit. Here is a pauper, perhaps fallen by the hand of man into the lowest depths of sin; maybe he has died a drunkard's death; but he has, however, never refused alms to the suffering, and has wept when others have wept; but he is the victim of an unfortunate organisation, and he goes out into the world of souls, and these are pitying angels around, who come to him and give him flowers, like the blossoms of the deeds of charity he has performed; and instead of ruin, want and shame, he sees a temple fashioned of his early deeds of human kindness, and in his humility he thanks God for his home. Oh, the loving hands that are weaving garlands for you! Oh, the shining temples for those bright thoughts that are not to be corrupted and bartered by man! Oh, the bright and glorious beauty of that home fashioned of simplicity and love! Not for the ostentation of charity; not for those who give that it may resound in the ears of men; but the kindly deeds that spring from the love of the human family; the generous act that would disenthral the lowliest child of earth; the pitying tear dropped when no one is nigh—these help to build the spiritual temple. Martyrs, saints, sages—the earth has stoned them, crucified them, burned them; but there they come into their shining abodes through flames, persecution, and dungeon walls, and angels guard the gateways of their future home.

Do they require food in the spirit-land? The food of the spirit is thought. Whatsoever nourishes the mind, that is food. Do they wear garments, and what are they like? The garments they wear are dark or light, according as the spirit has bright thoughts, or thoughts which are shadows. As the lily clothes itself from within, taking the rays of sunlight which belong to its whiteness, and unfolds petal after petal to the clear light of heaven, so does spirit bask in the sunlight of God's presence, and dress itself in the garments of purity. Some are dressed as the roses are—in the red of human kindness; some are golden like the tropical lily; some are purple, like the shady

violet, and modest in their humility; but all are clothed upon by the light of that love which is supreme. How then shall we know our friends when we meet them? Oh, the eye of love sees with the spirit that the face and form all wear the comeliness and the expression of kindness you love, only transfigured and made beautiful in the light of their heavenly habitations. And are there evil spirits in the spiritual realm? you ask. There are just such spirits as you are sending daily from your midst. Thousands go out from the earth with every instant of time. Who receives them? who cares for them? into what realm do they go? you ask. "In my Father's house are many mansions." They go into abodes they have fashioned, or that have been fashioned for them from their own thoughts. There is a place, there is room for all; and the spiritual land is thronged with those beings, light or dark, half-way light or half-way dark, that you are sending daily and hourly from your midst; but they are all somebody's loved ones, and that chain of love, howsoever dim and soiled by outward circumstances or crime, is kept alive by an angel-mother, or some friend that loved them; and they are thus drawn to their spiritual home, and it is at last made brighter and happier for them. The earthly mother never forgets her child; though crime and degradation may soil, though prison cell may encage, she sits waiting, waiting, asking that her child may be there. The spirit-mother does not lose that love. Link by link the spiritual chain is drawn out. At the other end of the chain there is ever an angel waiting to draw you upwards; and through the knowledge and progress that come from suffering, that angel-mother will teach there as here, and draw you to the light. Then do the evil spirits sometimes come and lead us astray? There is a law in chemistry that is known as chemical affinity, whereby certain substances attract other substances that are similar, or may be opposite but have similar tendencies. There is a law in nature called gravitation, whereby certain objects are attracted to others. There is a law of spirit, more subtle than this but more powerful, whereby you attract such spirits as are like yourself, and if you are in danger of being troubled by undeveloped spirits you know what it implies. Those who are pure, and free, and enlightened, fear no class of evil spirits; and we assure you there is no class of spirits in the spiritual world any worse than those that are upon your earth, and we have never seen one upon your earth that had not a spark of lovingkindness beneath the coatings of crime; for the criminal in his dungeon-cell will weep when you speak to him about his mother, and the poor Magdalen in the street will shed tears when reminded of her childhood's home. There is no soul so dark that you need fear

it, if you only keep the truth in sight and the clear white light of heaven in your view.

How do spirits employ their time, you ask, in the spiritual realm? Are there material occupations, agricultural, mechanical, as there are here? Every occupation on earth has its prototype in spiritual life, but it is of the spirit and not of matter. No invention ever reaches humanity that is not first known by some spirit in the world of light; the cause, being nearer the spirit-realm than this, every invention lying in the world of causes is therefore understood there before it reaches the mind that is prepared for it here. Every inventor is inspired; every discovery of a new truth only reveals through inspiration that which is known to spiritual existence. Then why do we not have some invention or discovery for such and such a purpose? says one. The world moves by stages and not by sudden leaps. You cannot mount from the first stair to the top of the flight at a bound, you must go up step by step; so the spiritual world cannot flood your world with things you cannot understand, but as soon as there is a demand for a new invention it always comes. What new motor is wanted to-day? you shall have it. What new fuel is required? There lies an abundance of carbon ready for your use, to be mingled with oxygen and hydrogen, and when it is needed it will come. What new labour-saving machine is wanted? it is already invented. As fast as the hands of toil are ready, and need uplifting from their labours, some new employment is invented, and some new adaptation of an old principle is discovered. But, you ask, why is it not known that it is the result of inspiration? It does not matter whence truth comes. If the inventor is not the originator of these thoughts it is foolish to cavil about whence they come. Are there psychists in the spirit-land? Yes; Humboldt still inquires into the system and laws of nature, and he sees with the eye of the spirit and understands with the comprehension of the soul those vast inner elements of nature that were hidden mysteries before. Herschel in the spiritual world still discerns new planets. The poet sings his songs, but they are woven of deeds of charity to fellow-beings. The artist still sees in the grand pictures of spiritual life the revelation of his genius; but he paints them, not with brushes upon canvas, but upon the hearts of men, that they may live and become realities to the soul. Raphael still dreams his inspired vision of the Madonna; but they are of the Madonna, the mother of humanity, who shall give birth to the saviour truth; and these pictures are imaged on the mind of every brother artist he can reach. Beethoven still dreams his pæans of living melody, but they reach your earth in deeds of love. Here the patriot and sage still picture to themselves the

perfection of enfranchised governments; and those known in history as leaders and liberators of nations stand in solemn council around the altars of their spiritual temples, and found future governments that are yet to be born on earth, that the earth is waiting and longing for, and that shall come by-and-bye; when the world is old enough and mankind have thoughts free enough, these new laws shall come. The Spartan Lycurgus, who enfranchised his people and then expatriated himself, is the first of those around the altar watching over the nations of the earth, over which, with others, he sits in council, waiting for the day of their enfranchisement. Whatever nation has a prophet, he is inspired. Is there a leader among you?—he is led by that voice and hears from those higher councils above the nations of the earth. Not one nation, not one country, not a small patriotism is theirs; but the nationality of mankind, the country of the globe, the whole principality of souls, with the laws that Deity has enstamped thereon—these are the subjects of their meditations.

How are spirits employed? Can you conceive a world filled with countless myriads of souls with nothing to do? Can you conceive that those who have never failed to have the care of their loved ones on earth would fail in having something to do in the higher region of usefulness of the spiritual world? Here are children to be taught, grown-up children to educate in the mysteries of spiritual existence. Here are all the laws of all the worlds that these teachers receive from higher spheres—these are to be imparted. The employment of those in the spiritual life—and this is their sole employment—is to receive knowledge and to impart knowledge. Room enough here for all the toil of all the brains and all the spirit-hands that can be found; for here is somebody's babe that is dead; who in spirit-life shall take that tender bud and rear it up? There are gardens in which God transplants these buds, and they are watered by the tears of angels; and these attendants take charge of the children and rear them in the light of the spiritual life. Then, with buds and blossoms of truth, they return to scatter them around your careworn and weary way: and sometimes, as you brush away the dust from your eyes, you think you see the cherub faces, and the cool flutter of leaves comes upon your brow. Oh, it was not a dream, but a reality, for they are there. Work to do! Why the mills of heaven are busily engaged in grinding out the truths of ages, and God's handmaidens are holding back the doors of the temple of truth to the still plodding souls of time to make room for humanity to come in. Oh, there is work enough! It is not to delve alone in matter; it is not to adorn and beautify the earth alone,

though this is given you to do; but it is that, side by side with the material temple that you rear, you shall also erect a spiritual habitation. You shall consider the importance of the spiritual; and, when you adorn your outward forms, remember that the inner adornment is that which the angels see, and that the enlargement of the spirit counts for more than all the gems you may wear.

"But," says one, "this is too transcendental; I cannot understand this." Do not expect to understand it with the material sense, you might as well expect to see your own thoughts, or to hear the throbbing of your own innermost spirit. "I cannot see this realm," says the astronomer; "I turn my telescope to the heavens in vain." Ah, but your spiritual telescope is reversed. You expect to see God with the material eye—to solve the spiritual world in your crucibles of science. Take the other telescope with which heaven has endowed you—the eye of spiritual intuition; point it there, and then you will see with faith and hope and love and charity—those fine lenses through which you can discern the realm of the spirit. It is kindness, pure thoughts, intuitive prayers, that make the frame of the telescope, but the spirit must point it heavenward in order to find this realm.

Andrew Jackson Davis, a distinguished seer of America, who has founded the Harmonial Philosophy, has seen portions of the Summer-land in the far-off region of the Milky Way, where he says the disenthralled and disembodied spirits first assemble. This is to a certain extent true of all those spirits who are not attached to, or have broken off their allegiance to, particular planets. Into this sphere they enter, attracted thither by the universal aim and object of gaining knowledge. They do not belong alone to your life, but are also of other planets, and find there the atmosphere most favourable to them. For spirits are in degrees according to their attractions, according to the quality and nature of their highest loves and aspirations, just as on earth we are distinguished by our different affections. In some it is love of country, in some love of parents, and in some love of humanity; so the more advanced regions of thought are those where families or groups of spirits are gathered together by other laws than you know on earth, but still all governed by law, each intent upon benefiting the mass of other souls that are in existence. But this realm, boundless as it is, has its direct links, its cables of thought, binding all souls together; not one cable alone binding your earth to the spiritual realm. There is a link wherever hearts have loved and have supposed they have lost; there is a tie wherever there is aspiration and interest in the benefit of human kind. There is,

even though unconsciously, a silent chord that binds you, and uplifts you all, and sustains you even in your hours of sorest trial and adversity. You could no more live without this spiritual presence than you could live without the atmosphere you breathe. You are not aware of it, but it is the atmosphere your spirits inhale; it is that which keeps your souls alive; it is the direct flame from the altar of God's infinite sunlight, whereby your thoughts do not stagnate, and your souls do not become wholly immured in material life. The one divine spark which lives in the human spirit is kept alive by this steady constant flame, and the world of spirits lends its atmosphere which extends your heritage to the spirit-world. Oh, it is not far, it is near! It is not away, but by your side! and they, the loving ones, are for ever ready to bear messages to and fro. The one great message that they bring, the one sole science, the one religion, is that of your immortality, of the love of God for you, of the love of angels for one another and for their fellow-beings.

A poem was then recited by Mrs. Tappan. It was one given by her under inspiration, about three years before at Washington. We give only the concluding stanzas.

Would ye know the name of that
beautiful land

Where the emerald waters roll
In gentle waves on a beautiful strand?

It is called the Land of the Soul;
And the beautiful flow'rs that ever blow
Are the beautiful thoughts ye have
below.

And the beautiful pathways are your
life deeds

Which fashion your future homes,
And the temples grand are the world's
great needs,

While your saviours have reared
the domes;

And the beautiful gates which swing
so slow
Are the beautiful truths ye have
learn'd below.

The beautiful valleys are formed of
thought,

Of all that the world has been,
And the beautiful mountains are tears
outwrought

Through immortal sunlight seen;
And the beautiful life-trees that ever
grow

Are the beautiful hopes ye have
cherished below.

All the beautiful melody is prayer,
That is echoed in music's powers;

And the beautiful perfumes floating
there

Are the spirits of all earth's flowers;
And the beautiful stream that divides
you so

Is the beautiful river named Death
below.

The beautiful flashes across the
stream

Are your inspirations grand,
While the beautiful meaning of every
dream

Is the real in this fair land;
And the beautiful million-coloured
bow

Is formed of your tears for each other's
woe.

The beautiful barges are all the years
That bear you away from pain,

And the beautiful banners, transformed
from fears,

Are returning to bless you again;
And the beautiful forms crossing to
and fro

Are the beautiful ones ye have loved
below.

MATERIALISATION OF SPIRIT-FORMS.

ROBERT DALE OWEN AND THE CORRESPONDENT OF THE "NEW YORK TIMES" ON THE MANIFESTATIONS IN PHILADELPHIA.

In a letter to the *Spiritualist* of August 28th, Mr. Owen gives some further particulars of the phenomena witnessed by him in addition to those presented in our last number. He says:—

"During a visit of six weeks (commencing June 5th) to Philadelphia, I had forty sittings with the Holmes's, and witnessed, then and there, what has never been equalled in this country, nor ever, I think, in some of its details, in any other.

"Substantially, indeed, it was but a reproduction and confirmation of the marvellous phenomena, so patiently sought out and so accurately described by Mr. Crookes. But we obtained these results *without any human being in the cabinet*, and without any entrancement of the mediums. The cabinet used was so constructed that entrance to it, or exit therefrom, except by a door which opened on the parlour in which we sat, was, as we verified by thorough examination, *a physical impossibility*. Additional precautions of the most stringent character were taken, but I need not record them, for they were superfluous.

"We usually sat about 8 feet from the cabinet, and there was light enough distinctly to recognise the features and actions of every person in the room. The door of the parlour was locked, except on one occasion, when a gentleman, at his special request, was allowed to sit in the corridor outside, so as to assure himself that no one passed up or down stairs; and on that evening the parlour door was left open.

"Under the circumstances, we had, I think, *every* phenomenon which Mr. Crookes has recorded, saving this, that Katie did not remain with us in the parlour, in full form, more than five minutes at any one time without re-entering the cabinet: but she was in the habit of coming out as often as five or six times in one evening, if we had a small, select circle, and two or three times when 20 or more persons were present. I have conversed with Katie at the aperture more than 70 or 80 times, frequently in regard to the manner of conducting the sittings. On several of these occasions she read and replied to my thoughts. I am as certain that it was the *same* spirit, from first to last, as I can be in regard to the identical individuality of any friend whom I meet daily. Not only by the bright play of the features and the large, somewhat sad eyes, with their earnest, honest look, but by the tone and tenor of her conver-

sation, evincing alike good sense and good feeling, did I recognise a distinct and uniform, and, I may add, an amiable and estimable character.

"I have seen Katie issue from the cabinet more than a 100 times in full form; passing, in her graceful way, around the circle and addressing a kind word or two, or a 'God bless you!' to the friends she knew. She has suffered me to cut from her head a lock of hair: and she has herself cut for me, and in my presence, a piece of her dress, and also of her veil, the former being apparently fine bishop's lawn, and the latter a bit of lace, either of the finest quality of Honiton, or else of *point de Venise*, I am not certain which. She has allowed me to touch her hand, her face, her person, and to kiss her on the forehead; she then taking my face in both her hands, and giving me a similar kiss in return. She has handed me from the cabinet aperture a nosegay of red and white roses, wet as with heavy dew, and I found among them a little note, asking my acceptance of them. During a private sitting I gave her a mother-of-pearl cross, with a piece of white silk cord attached, together with a small note, folded up, in which I had written: 'I offer you this, dear Katie, because, though it be simple, it is white and pure and beautiful, as you are.' She took both, did not open the note, suspended the cross from her neck, kissed it, and retreated to the cabinet closing the door. In a minute or two she returned, with the cross in one hand and the folded note in the other, bent over me and said, in her low, earnest voice, and with her charming smile: 'White and pure and beautiful like me—is it?' How did she read that note? The cabinet, with its door closed, and its apertures covered with black curtains, is, as I have often verified, quite dark. Ever after, when she appeared, she wore that cross on her breast, reminding one of the well-known lines in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. I observed that, at times, when she issued from the cabinet, this cross shone, as with a phosphorescent lustre. She had also given to her, by visitors, a ring, a bracelet, and a locket, which she frequently wore. The most usual gifts, however, were nosegays, and these seemed to give her especial pleasure; she frequently, after smelling them, remarked to me how charmingly fragrant they were. On one occasion I handed to her a hair chain which had been presented to me by a friend, since deceased. This she took with her and returned next day with a message from her who had given it to me.

"I was in the habit, after each sitting, of carefully examining the cabinet; but neither cross, nor ring, nor bracelet, nor locket, nor chain was ever to be found; minute search, with a light, did not even reveal a roseleaf.

"With such or similar phenomena you are doubtless familiar ; but I have seen Katie on seven or eight different occasions, suspended, in full form, about two feet from the ground for ten or fifteen seconds. It was within the cabinet, but in full view ; and she moved her arms and feet gently, as a swimmer upright in the water might do. I have seen her on five several evenings disappear and reappear before my eyes, and not more than 8 or 9 feet distant. On one occasion, when I had given her a Calla lily, she gradually vanished, holding it in her hand, and fading out from the head down ; and the lily remained visible after the hand which held it was gone ; the flower, however, finally disappearing also. When she reappeared, the lily came back also, at first as a bright spot only, which gradually expanded into the flower. Then Katie stepped out from the cabinet, waving to us, with all her wonted grace, her adieu ere she retired for the evening. Thus I have seen a material object, as well as a spirit, vanish and reappear.

"At the close of my farewell sitting, which had been appointed by Katie herself for mid-day, July 16th, the door of the cabinet opened slowly, without visible agency. Nothing was to be seen within except the black walnut boards ; but after a minute or two there appeared—exactly as if emerging from the floor—first the head and shoulders of Katie, then her entire body ; and, as on previous occasions, after standing a few seconds, she stepped into the parlour and saluted us. Immediately under the parlour and the cabinet was a shop where musical instruments were sold ; at that hour open to, and frequented by customers. When the amazement created by such a sight had somewhat subsided, I thought of the text which speaks of Samuel, at Endor, 'arising out of the earth.'

"I may add that, during an evening sitting at which my friend Mrs. L. Andrews, of Springfield, Massachusetts, and I alone were present, there issued, in full form, from the cabinet, two figures besides Katie, namely an Indian girl, taller than Katie, with dark face and rich Indian costume, who advanced to us, allowed us to touch her hands and her dress, and gave her name as Saunttee ; and afterwards a sailor boy, who told us he was Dick, a spirit that had several times spoken to us in a dark circle. It was the first time either of these had appeared. They were as perfectly materialised as Katie herself, came close up to us and spoke to us distinctly, though only a few words.

"If Mr. Serjeant Cox had been present at the best of these *séances* (settling for ever the *cabinet* question) he would have admitted (to use his own words) that 'the most wonderful fact the world has ever witnessed' is 'established beyond controversy.' He was unwise in one of his efforts after the truth, for in

spiritual research the Gordian knot must not be cut, but patiently untied: yet I find no fault with it that he exacts, in a case like this, incontrovertible evidence. Christ did not chide Thomas because he withheld belief until he had seen with his eyes and touched with his hands."

The Philadelphia correspondent of the *New York Times*, devotes a letter to the account of a *séance* for spirit-materialisation he attended; and notwithstanding the tone of levity he here and there assumes (and which all public journalists seem to think it necessary to adopt on this subject), he was deeply impressed with what he witnessed, as is evident from the following passage:—

"But the most wonderful part was still to come. 'Katie,' said Mrs. Holmes, 'Can you disappear with the door open to-night?' 'I'll try,' said Katie; and presently she came again, and while the door stood open she gradually faded away, seeming to retire slowly into the depths of a space only just large enough to hold her at the first. The bouquets, and all other material substances about her, disappeared at the same time, and when nothing was left but the hem of her white dress shimmering on the floor, she came again, seeming to gather herself from thin air, like a forming cloud, more and more distinct, until she again stood in mortal guise before a delighted audience. Naturally, you will ask for a solution of the mystery. I have none to give. There were, or seem to be, a solid floor beneath, a solid ceiling above, a solid wall on one side, a solidly-closed door on the other. Sceptics have taken the cabinet to pieces; committees, including some of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, have investigated in every way; one would think that no mortal could disappear, even through an acknowledged opening, as readily as Katie King does, without being seen by some of the audience, gazing, as they do, point blank through the open door."

AT OUR ANTIPODES.

The phase of manifestation above exemplified, like the phases of spirit-manifestation preceding it, is now making the circuit of the globe. The *Herald of Light* for July, published at Melbourne, gives an account of a circle at Sandhurst, which has met for investigation twice a week for two years and a half. They have been amply rewarded in the phenomena obtained; which have included materialised spirit-forms, fully developed, repeatedly seen and felt by all present (sometimes as many as 20); but the incidents are so similar to those already given that we need not occupy space by a detailed narration of them.

For the same reason we omit some recent manifestations of this kind witnessed at Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, through the mediumship of Mr. Eves; but it may be of interest to quote from the *Spiritualist* the following—

APPLICATION OF TESTS.

Mr. Charles Blackburn, of Parkfield, Manchester, in a letter dated August 13th, writes:—

“When last in London I had not the opportunity of seeing anything of Miss Showers’s mediumship, as she and Mrs. Showers had returned home to Teignmouth; therefore I wrote and asked permission to go there and have some *séances* privately. This was promptly replied to by inviting me; so I went to an hotel there, and remained a week, but called every evening at Mrs. Showers’s,—whose kindness and hospitality were everything I could desire.

“Now I had previously thought over how I must set about proving the truth, or otherwise, of this young lady’s mediumship, and I concluded that it merely required the substantiating of three points, *viz.*: 1st, The spirit-voice, that it was not her by ventriloquism. 2nd, When a face appeared, that it was not her with a mask. 3rd, When a full form appeared, that it was not her own bodily form at all. I consider these to be the points to be solved in all these phenomena in their present condition of progress.

“1.—*The Spirit-Voice*.—After hearing three or four different voices singing in the dark, whilst Miss Showers played the piano, I lit the candles and asked her away from the piano to a chair, with its back against the wall, so that I could see her face all the time; I then made her take a mouthful of water, and asked the spirit ‘Peter’ to speak; he instantly shouted in his robust voice, ‘Will that do for you?’ Miss Showers then spat the water from her mouth into a basin, and *this experiment was repeated*. The loud voice seemed to come from about 12 or 14 inches above her head, and fully satisfied me it was not done by her.

“2.—*Faces appearing*.—A curtain was fixed in front of a small dressing-room doorway, reaching to about six inches from the top, and Miss Showers sat just within the curtain. I tied a tape close round her waist and sealed it, and brought the ends outside, fastening them with nails, visibly to all eyes, exactly level with her waist as she sat on a very low seat. It was not possible she could reach the top of the curtain within a yard, and, had she got up, the tape and nails must have been rent asunder. She became entranced, and various faces appeared: the spirit shortly afterwards told us to go inside and see. We

did so, and found her in a trance, tied exactly as I had fastened her; therefore it was not her doing.

"3.—*Full form appearing and coming out of cabinet amongst us.*—The same little dressing-room and curtained door was used, but the curtain was nailed to the top of the moulding of the door to shut out all light, and a couch was placed inside. Now, in this important test I took her left earring out, and passed a threaded needle through the aperture, with five yards of thread. Miss Showers lay down on the couch and I threaded the two ends of the strings through where the door hinges, and fastened them to a nail driven by a gentleman into the door casing, and visible to all; thus she had a single thread through her ear in her dark room, and we had the two ends in the light room. She was quickly entranced, and very shortly a spirit named 'Lenore' came forth amongst us perfectly destitute of any thread fastening. We all felt her ears; she had no boring whatever through her ears, and the lobes were very thin and far smaller than Miss Showers's. She had only one large toe to each foot; the other four toes were ossifications, and not toes at all. We all examined her very small feet with our hands and eyes; nor are we in the slightest mistaken. She told us her feet would have been perfected had there been more power. When this figure retired, we all went into the cabinet with faint light, and awoke Miss Showers. She had the thread through her ear just as when she first lay down on the couch. We cut the threads close to her ear, and traced it direct to the nail without a knot or piercing in it. Miss Showers's feet, I scarcely need say, are perfect, and were examined."

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

THE SPIRIT AND THE BODY.

ARE we not very ghosts in sooth,
Clad in the garb of flesh and blood;
Spirits in earthly mould? A truth
E'en yet but dimly understood.

The house in which I live and move,
And look abroad each new-born day,
Shall soon—as time will surely prove—
Fall to swift ruin and decay:

While I—its ghostly tenant—dwell
In fairer mansion it may be;
Glorious and incorruptible
Through all the vast Eternity. T. S.

TESTS IN SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHY AND SPIRIT-WRITING.

IF spirit-photography has its difficulties, and furnishes peculiar facilities for fraud, the means by which the unwary may be thus deceived are now pretty well known, and may be readily guarded against. It is a strong presumption in favour of spirit-photographs that they not only hold their ground, but steadily advance, being themselves in many cases the sufficient evidence that they are truly what they profess to be. Had they been altogether an imposture, whatever success might at first have attended them, they would have collapsed when the means by which they could be fabricated was made known. Yet the most experienced photographers have admitted that under the conditions in which some of these photographs were taken no such pictures could be produced by any means known to them. Indeed, there is one proof quite conclusive, and which needs no expert. When the portrait is recognised as clearly that of a departed friend unknown to the photographer, and of whom no likeness existed, the proof is complete and permanent. No man has in the same time had more abundant evidence of this kind than Mr. Hudson, who we are glad to find is again at work, and in a better studio and more favourable locality. Mr. Wallace's recent article in the *Fortnightly Review* has drawn increased attention to the subject, and the first of a series of articles on it has just appeared in *Human Nature* from the pen of "M. A., Oxon.," to which we shall probably advert in a future number. In the meantime we quote a letter from him to the *Medium*, concerning—

MR. HUDSON'S NEW STUDIO—SUCCESSFUL SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

"To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—In your last issue you allude to the re-establishment of Mr. Hudson in premises at the West End of London, and to successful *séances* with him in his new home. It may interest your readers to know that I paid him a visit the other day in order to experiment prior to the publication of an article on Spirit-photography which I am preparing for *Human Nature*, and that I obtained a very good spirit-photograph under conditions which were thoroughly satisfactory.

"Mr. Hudson received me with complete frankness, and permitted me, without a shadow of objection, to do anything I liked, and to make any suggestion I pleased. On the principle on which I always like to act—'Speak of a man as you find him'—I desire to say that I have always found Mr. Hudson

open and straightforward. He has allowed me to do as I please, to test him in any way I like, and to poke and pry into any and every part of the process that I may see fit. I have never found the least cause to suspect him of any shuffling. This I say because the reverse has been freely stated by others. I have *not* found it so, and I speak of the man as I have found him.

"This particular photograph was taken under these circumstances. I took with me an intimate personal friend, and he or I watched every plate throughout. Seven plates were exposed and on one only was there a spirit-form. That plate I watched throughout myself. The glass was selected from a packet of new ones. I examined it and saw it cleaned. The process was not well done, and on my objection it was repeated. I breathed on the glass and found it to be clean, with no trace of anything upon it. I went into the dark room and watched its preparation throughout, until it was duly sensitised. It was a poor plate, but I overruled Mr. Hudson's desire to prepare another. The camera I had previously turned inside out, and ransacked; altering the focus, in view of ghosts previously painted with bisulphate of quinine on the background. I saw the slide put into the camera, and then took my seat. The exposure over, I followed into the dark room again, and watched the process of developing. The result is a very good spirit-picture, a copy of which I send you for the inspection of anyone who may desire to see it. I never lost sight of Hudson nor of the plate throughout, and I believe imposture to be impossible under such conditions. At any rate, I asked a well-known photographer afterwards whether he was prepared to 'do me a ghost' under similar conditions, and he declared it to be impossible. He had no faith in Hudson, but apparently still less in himself. The superhuman power of deception that is credited to this simple man astounds me. Machiavelli was a child to him, a mere babe in knowledge. If it be so, let the clever men who know how it's done stick a pin into the bubble and explode it. If it be not so, but a great truth lies partly hidden, let the *savans* help us to dig it out. And let all, whether they be exposers or believers, go to Hudson, and add their mite towards either the exposure of an accomplished knave, or the help of a struggling man who deserves it.

"M. A. (Oxon.)"

The editor of the *Medium* adds as a note to this letter:—

"The photograph alluded to above is well defined, and the face is quite visible. We have also visited Mr. Hudson, and saw the negative of a picture taken from a group of Mr. Lamont

and friends from Liverpool. A spirit-form appears standing in the midst. It is a profile, and so distinct, that if the person whom it represents were known to the sitters, there would not be much difficulty in its being recognised."

TESTIMONY FROM CALIFORNIA.

We have received a copy of *Common Sense; a Journal of Live Ideas*, published at San Francisco, California, for July 4th. It contains one of a series of articles on "Spiritual Phenomena," and which with a few unimportant omissions, we quote entire. It presents one of many instances in which spirit photography is corroborated by direct communication from the spirit whose portrait appears, and given through another medium knowing nothing either of the portrait or of the facts communicated.

"Whilst living in Palermo, Sicily, a few years ago, I fell in with some Spiritualists from Boston, who showed me several spirit-photographs, which, being likenesses of relatives of their own, taken under test conditions, they considered genuine. Hearing that a Mr. Hudson of London was successful in taking such also, X. and I paid him a visit. He instructed us to bring any article we had that had belonged to or had been much used by the person whose photograph we desired to get. Having twice been told by clairvoyants who had never before seen me—once in London and again in San José—that I was always attended by the spirits of my mother and brother, whose appearance they described with apparent accuracy, these were the only spirits I expected to obtain likenesses of. The only article I possessed that had any connection with either spirit was a half-finished water-colour painting of a wreath of flowers, on a card, done by my mother shortly before her death. I tried to get this; but I had given it into the charge of my sister-in-law, who had gone to Brighton. I wrote for it; it did not arrive in time.

"On the appointed morning X. and I found ourselves in Mr. Hudson's studio. . . . Mr. Hudson allowed X. to make a thorough examination of his dark room, camera, and plates. I sat for the first picture. The exposure—determined by the medium—was inordinately long, lasting, I should think, a quarter of an hour. When the negative had been developed, we saw upon it a figure, over which a loose cloth like a sheet was thrown, surmounted by a trailing wreath of ivy. The features, a three-quarter face, were visible. The figure appeared to be seated behind me. I expected the face of a woman—my

mother; but after a careful examination I said to X., 'Well, if that is the likeness of anyone I ever knew, it is that of Arthur Jones.' I had had no thought of Arthur Jones at the time, had not thought of him for months. It was nearly five years since I saw his ghost in Kandy. We sat several times more, but only got a satisfactory picture once, although drapery covered with wreaths, or patches and blurs, appeared on the plate each time. X. and I sat together once, and then a distinct figure was seen standing over each of us, clad in the same strange fashion as before, the hoods of the drapery which concealed their forms covering the heads but not the faces. The figure nearest to X. showed the sweet features of a lovely woman bending over him; that one behind me had Jones' profile without a doubt. X. sat again, and this time the female figure appeared alone, with its hand stretched out over X.'s head, in the attitude of blessing him. The faces, however, were not distinct and clear, as many others taken by Mr. Hudson have been; and both he and the medium were dissatisfied with the result, and wished us to come again and have a free sitting.

"As I was taking off my clothes that night in Crawley's Hotel, it suddenly occurred to me that I had worn to the photographer's a pair of Jones's pants and his vest. I at once went into X.'s room—he had just got into bed—and standing by his bedside said, 'It's a curious thing, X., and if the medium's theory is sound, may account for Jones's presence to-day, instead of my mother's; I find that I was wearing Jones's pants and vest. I have a rug of his at Blackheath; we will go again, and I'll take the rug with me, too, and see if we cannot get a better likeness of Jones.'

"Next day, having heard of Mrs. Hollis, the American medium, I called on her, saw her companion, Mrs. Holmes, and made an appointment for the following morning at 11 o'clock. X. and I were punctual. We found Mrs. Hollis seated in her drawing room, a pleasant, placid-looking woman, of about thirty apparently, dressed in black. She did not seem disposed to talk, but proceeded at once to business. She had never set eyes on X. before, having only just arrived from Paris; and I do not think she knew the names of either of us, certainly not his.

"Mrs. Hollis showed us a small skeleton table, about three feet by two, made of very thin light wood; folding on hinges in the centre, and having four slim legs fitting into sockets, for the convenience of carriage in a box. She allowed us to inspect it as we pleased; we satisfied ourselves that mechanism in connection with it was impossible. She unfolded it, fixed the

legs, and set it up in the full light of the windows, before the fire. She then threw over it a thin red cloth, which fell on all sides nearly to the floor. She next took up an ordinary school slate, threw upon it a piece of slate pencil, with the point broken off; allowed this to roll to the further end of it; grasped the slate with the thumb and fingers of the right hand; and turning up her sleeve a little, so that we could see the wrist, introduced the slate beneath the cloth, and held it there. The cloth she allowed me to turn back, so that the muscles of the ball of the thumb were exposed to view, and it was impossible for her to use them without our seeing it. Her left hand lay upon her lap in our full view. She allowed us to sit as close to her as we chose; to put our ears close to the table, and to do anything but lift the cloth. I asked if there was any spirit wishing to communicate with us. Almost at once there was an audible scratching on the slate; when it ceased Mrs. Hollis drew it out, and handed it to me, remarking coolly, 'Pretty fair writing for a beginner.' On the slate was scrawled, in very bad writing, and with no attention to the horizontal these words: 'Arthur Jones, your cousin; Baylis, this is *me*.' Mrs. Hollis rubbed it out, after I had transferred it to paper, and reintroduced the slate. I said: 'Why do you come?' Again the pencil began to scratch along the slate. Holding our ears to the table, it was impossible not to believe that a human hand was writing; yet Mrs. Hollis's muscles were absolutely motionless.

"The scratching ceased, and we heard the pencil thrown down. We read: 'You have on my pants, they are bound; my vest, and picture.' It was true, I had at that moment Jones's pants and vest upon me, and I had his photograph in my pocket, which I had received that day by post from a relative to compare with Hudson's photos. I knew Jones's pants, because my wife had bound them at the bottom with braid. It was impossible for Mrs. Hollis to know any of these circumstances. The pencil scratched and wrote: 'The rugy (*sic*) would do no good, when you had the clothes.' We could not make out the word 'ruggy,' and asked what it meant. It wrote: 'You wanted to get the rugy to take my picture.' And again: 'You wanted to get my rug from first.' Mrs. Hollis insisting that we should make him explain himself, there was written: 'Yes, that is what I wrote; *rug* is the word.' Evidently referring in all this to my conversation with X. the previous night, when Jones must have been present; for it is clear that Mrs. Hollis could know no more of what took place at 12 p.m. in X.'s bed room, in Albemarle Street, than the man in the moon. We asked: 'Why do you write and spell so badly?'

Answer: 'I could not see to do better; but am blind when I am *martyred*.' Not being able to make this out, we made him write it over and over till the word 'materialized' was distinctly written. In answer to another query, after several failures, he wrote: 'You have no more telegraph.' Having been kept awake the night previous by raps on my walls and on my pillow, after retiring from my walk with X., I asked if this had been done by him. He wrote: 'Yes, I was raping (*sic*). I do not wear my hat on the back of my —.' A remark I had made to X. about the supposed spirit which I saw in Kandy. Wishing a test, I now asked the name of the paper we published together. He wrote: 'Kind—Knd—' And this was all we could get. The name of the paper was the *Kandy Herald*. Mrs. Hollis could not have guessed as near as Knd. I asked if he would come and rap again. He wrote: 'I will be sure and come. You did not shave my head, did you? It was not you? Aunt Ana is here with me.' 'Who?' 'Anna.' I asked: 'What was the name of the paper we bought in Ceylon? Was it the *Observer*?' Answer: '*Times*, not *Observer*.' This was correct. 'Do you dislike to write the name of the paper we started?' 'Yes, that paper was the cause of my death. I know all about it; you have my pants—am going now.' 'Is the photograph taken by Hudson yours?' Yes, it is mine. I can write you a long letter when I practise more. I am doing the best I can.' 'How did the paper cause your death?' 'Bi—Bicau—Because I took the fever. I have no more now. A. A. J.' 'Where did you die?' 'You took me to my brother. Cool—Col—Columbo. They said the air would do me good.' 'How long is this ago?' 'Seven years ago?'

"All these answers were correct except the date. It is just five years now since his death. His remark that he was blind when materialized is very curious. His signature, A. A. J., X. declared, and I believe to have been, a *fac-simile* of Jones's writing when in life. But I thought the repetition of the A. a mistake. The whole of the handwriting was just Jones's blind scrawl. On the other hand, the errors in spelling and grammar were not like him, nor would he have used the words 'pants and vest,' unless he were merely copying my words. The difficulty he seemed to have in writing all names was suspicious, but then he was always nearer to them than it was possible for the medium to have got. I don't know why he should make such a mistake about the date of his death. He told me by raps with the pencil on the slate, that it was he who had disturbed the pæan in the house in Kandy, and whom I had seen there. It seems clear that in this, as in all other manifestations, the communications of spirits are coloured and altered by

the conditions of the medium through whom they pass. This is natural.

"When Jones had ceased to write, X. said, 'I wonder if anyone would like to speak to me.' The pencil scratched away as before, and on the slate appeared one short sentence, written in a neat, diminutive, female hand, and scrupulously straight: only this, 'Not to-day, Charles. Your Aunt Mary.' X's scepticism was a good deal shaken by this *séance*; he could not account for Jones's handwriting, nor for the correctness of his answers, except on the spiritualistic theory; neither could he understand the 'Charles.' But he denied that he had ever lost an Aunt Mary. When we got back to Crawley's, however, he came to me and said, 'I'm not certain about my aunt's name. I had an aunt who died. I'll write and ask my sister.' He simply inquired the name of the aunt in question. Next morning the answer came: 'The name of our aunt was Mary.'

"That I was wearing clothes that had belonged to Jones was the merest accident in the world. When he died in Kandy a box of his with his name upon it remained with me. It contained some black clothes, almost new. Of these, a pair of pants and vest were put by my wife in my box when I left for England, and I put them on without noticing that they were not my own, for they exactly fitted me.

"The other day as I was dressing in my room at home, my eye fell on Jones's big chest, painted blue, with his name on it in large black letters—'A. A. Jones.' I was forcibly reminded then of this and the *séance* to be detailed in our next; on both of which occasions the spirit-communications, first on the slate and then *viva voce*, declared and insisted upon it that his name was A. A. Jones; whilst I would have it that he mistook, and that his name was simply Arthur Jones. On the whole I do not see how a better test was possible. I had just arrived from California, X. from Borneo, Mrs. Hollis from Paris. I an Englishman, X. an Irishman, and the medium an American from the South, who could know nothing whatever of our belongings or antecedents; whilst in both X.'s case and mine the theories of thought-reading and unconscious cerebration are shut out by the fact that the spirits gave several names correctly which we were at the time fully persuaded were mistakes.

"Yours,

"MEDICUS."

The *Revue Spirite* is giving a series of articles on spirit-photographs, illustrated with spirit-portraits taken by M. Buguet. Our readers, however, will probably feel more interested in the testimony of one well known to them, and who gives his

experience with M. Buguet when the latter was in London. We therefore subjoin his narrative:—

THE LAST OF THE "PIG-TAILS."

Mr. S. C. Hall writes:—

"While M. Buguet was in London I sat to him. I was not only not expecting any result—I was more than suspicious. I ought not to have been so, for many persons as worthy of confidence as I hope I am had given to me testimony such as I now give to others.

"He produced three photographs of me; in each there was a form besides my own. There was no 'medium' present, and, as far as I could judge, nothing by which the manipulator could have been guided or influenced or assisted. Of course, I watched his proceedings narrowly.

"One of the three I could not help recognising as my father; I will tell you why. The face is so obscure that I cannot determine the likeness by the features; but the face is round, the head is bald; there are neither beard, moustache or whiskers. That was exactly my father's head; but there are thousands of heads to which a similar description would apply. There was one peculiarity, however, which not one in a thousand could have had; I explain it. My father, Colonel Hall, was an old officer, and he wore *the queue* up to his 'death;' it was buried with him. That was in his time, 60 or 70 years ago, the common 'head-costume' of soldier officers, but it has long gone out, and I question if one of your many readers has ever seen the fashionable 'pig-tail' of the beginning of the present century. Now, in the photograph to which I refer (one of which I enclose to you) this *queue* is perfectly distinct—as clear as if a brush had painted it in—white (he was a very aged man when he died, and had been an officer more than 60 years), and proceeding from the back of the head down the back of the body, standing out, indeed, and apart from the shoulders, as you will see.

"M. Buguet may be a cheat in spite of abundant testimony to the contrary, but his knowledge must have been, at any rate, superhuman if he (having never seen me before, and knowing nothing about me) could have known the characteristics of my venerable father's head, and that he was among the last, if not the last, of the 'pig-tails.'

"I ought to add that on another of the three photographs the features are much more distinct, but that is a full face, and of course the *queue* is not seen."

PROTEST AGAINST THE DECLARATIONS OF THE CONGRESS OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

HELD IN LONDON, AUGUST 5TH, 1874.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

"Internal harmony among Spiritualists themselves must precede any permanent external union."—ED. *Spiritual Magazine*.

MEMBERS of the National Association at this Congress proposed to expunge all mention of sympathy with the doctrines of the Gospel from the principles and objects of the National Association of Spiritualists, "because it is impossible to please everybody." Mr. Morse, the medium, approved of this, and proposed that all mention of sympathy with the teachings of the New Testament be expunged from the rules of the National Association. No dissent from the proposition was expressed, so far as appeared in the report of the meeting in the *Daily News* of August 6th. The Association therefore, tacitly accepted and proclaimed its adherence to this astonishing principle. This is the doctrine of the National Associationists in their first great London Conference of 1874. Is this an Association that can meet the approval of British Spiritualists? Are we come to this, to allow a knot of self-appointed representatives of English Spiritualism to brand us all as hostile to Christianity? I for one enter my solemn protest against an assumption so totally unwarranted, so odious, and so absurd.

Let us look a little at the inevitable consequences and inferences of such a public declaration of principles. First, Spiritualists profess to be, and many are, scandalized by clergymen and others, by the whole Catholic church, branding Spiritualism as delusive and devilish, as inspired by misleading spirits, certain to conduct their dupes into fatal error. But why do Spiritualists, even the most sound and Christian, complain, if they allow these men of their own profession, these self-elected National Representatives of Spiritualism, thus before all the world to declare their rejection of Christianity? Here is this so-called National Association meeting in public congress in the capital of the British Empire, and having their proceedings reported by one of the most popular of the daily papers, doing the very things which our enemies have charged upon us. They denounce Christianity, and propose to expunge all sympathy with it from their accepted rules and principles. Is not this, if not absolutely devilish, an actual leap into that dark gulf of heathenism from which Christianity had rescued the world at the cost of ages of bloody and fiery persecution, at the cost

of public butcheries, burnings, and torturings of its heroic martyrs?

The Gospel, which they thus coolly renounce, is the professed avowal of the will and wisdom of God. That it should bear on its front the unmistakeable and ineradicable proofs of its Divine origin, it was predicted from the very hour of the fall of man. The seed of the woman, it was at once asserted, should bruise the head of the serpent of deceit and seduction. From age to age, for four thousand years, the advent of Christ on earth was clearly and positively announced by a succession of prophets, who all proclaimed the great event, who all pre-described the attendant circumstances of his birth, life, and death; and yet, not living contemporaneously, could not conspire for this object. Christ came bearing in his person all the predicted characteristics, and by the most wonderful series of Divine and beneficent miracles confirmed the dicta of the seers, and still more by his meek heroism, by the broad and heretofore unconceived moral grandeur of his doctrines, which laid the foundations of human freedom and spiritual progress in the declarations that God had made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and was no respecter of persons; that there should be no longer any lording it of one man over another, for that all were one in Christ Jesus.

By these most noble doctrines Christianity at once crushed every pretence of tyranny, secular or spiritual. Christianity became the charter of eternal freedom, moral equality, and brotherhood in the human race. True, it did not pretend to effectuate at once this grand emancipation of humanity. That would have been to exert a despotism on behalf of the extinction of despotism; but Christianity commenced throughout all known nations that great contest against every evil and every arbitrary principle, which is still going on, and out of this has grown the whole civilisation of to-day. The heavenly doctrine of "peace on earth, and good-will amongst men;" of the eradication of all human lusts and human selfishnesses, although still resisted by men, monarchs, and ministers—falsely calling themselves Christians—these are still the essential doctrines of Christianity, and have, spite of all opposition, already led mankind to a condition of civil order, and of spiritual knowledge, such as the world never saw, nor ever comprehended before. The civilisation of Greece and Rome, compared with the philanthropic spirit of present civilisation, was barbarism, shocking and gross. No genius of antiquity, not even that of Plato and Socrates, far less that of Seneca, Cicero, or Marcus Aurelius, ever grasped the simple but sublime truths dictated by Christ. It is the spirit of Christianity,

operating through noble natures imbued with its essence, which has put down slavery and serfdom; which has softened the savage character of men in their national and social existence; which has abolished inquisitions and *auto-da-fés*, discountenanced persecutions for religious principles, ameliorated the condition of prisons; in many countries abolished the punishment of death, and in all reduced their Draconian codes to a much more humane condition. It has elevated the status of woman, and is still labouring to elevate it still more. It is in fact, the law of universal justice, liberty and progress. It extends that progress to the yet invisible world, declaring all men who will accept it, not only the heirs of immortal life, but immortal happiness; all that it requires of you is to love God with all your soul, and your brother as yourself.

Now I defy anyone, however able or learned, to point out any other religion which has the same authority of age-long prophecies, of the correspondent character of the Messiah predicted, of the same noble character, of the same all-comprehensive greatness and divinity of its moral code. No system can possibly go higher than to teach the most perfect liberty of life or of soul, the profoundest justice, the most magnanimous love to God and man. None can produce equal historical or moral evidences of its being the system of God himself for the gradual civilisation and immortalisation of the race. No religion can possibly teach higher or more divine sentiments and principles.

The very men who affect now-a-days to set Christianity aside, and endeavour to persuade us that we can arrive at something better, something more beneficial to mankind, merely talk vague nonsense. They cannot show us where this better and higher is, or where we shall get hold of it. It is a phantasm, that vanishes the moment we demand of them to produce it. We ask them to place before us a more divine precept than that of loving God and your fellow-men as yourselves. If there be a superior rule of religion or morals, let us have it. But we ask for it in vain. They cannot produce an impossibility. That is a miracle they cannot perform: and all their vague dreams, vaunts, and preachings of something more elevated and ethereal, remain but the fogs of Hades—the philosophy of fools.

Why, all these vapours and vapouring new lights of a specious Spiritualism take their stand on the platform of Christianity itself, and are teaching in blind folly what it has engrained into their very natures, and which they would vainly attribute to something else yet unrevealed, except by certain nameless spirits. It is impossible for them in the present age

to extricate themselves from Christianity. It has made them and the world what they are. In its noble principles and humanizing axioms the world has been educated for these nearly 2,000 years. It has infiltrated itself into the religious and social constitution of the world; it has amalgamated itself with the very life-blood of humanity. We of this age are become part and parcel of it; and our modern anti-Christian Spiritualists, in the very pretension of developing something new, are but bringing forth the old and eternal truths of the system which they affect to despise because they neither know nor comprehend it. It is on its divine teaching of purity of soul, of love of God and of men, of justice and mercy to men and beasts, that our civilization is entirely based, and if not yet fully built up is anxiously reaching after. The noblest man, the noblest woman, the noblest laws, the noblest principles of life and philosophy, all that makes men kindly and gentle, pure and benevolent—all that creates the finest aspirations, that inspires the most glorious sacrifices for the race, the most intrepid enterprises for the development of knowledge—all the products of Christianity as vitalized and solidified in the human mind of to-day;—the spread of science, the widening of the field of human action and of enjoyment—spring from the soul of Christianity and become homogeneated with the soul of man. Even whilst science ignores this great psychic agent, it lives and feeds on its energies so long domiciled in the deepest recesses of the soul. It is the spirit of Christianity breathed through modern kingdoms which is for ever battling with the fiercest and most deadly powers of superstition and despotism. Its truth is for ever grappling with legal and ecclesiastical falsehood. Anything beyond the spirit or principles of Christianity to which ignorant men and fallacious spirits may profess to lead individuals, is worse than false, it is poisonous to the inner life, and destructive to real social or spiritual advance. Anything, I do not say beyond, but even approaching to the greatness, the moral power, and the Divine philosophy, even distantly approaching these, no spirits or their fond votaries have ever yet shown us, or ever can show us.

And here we have the first fruits of the National Association, against which I have earnestly warned the founders. Hitherto we have claimed for Spiritualism a divinely elevating nature, but now we have a body of men putting themselves at the head of British Spiritualism, and assuming to represent it, who have at once stamped upon it an anti-Christian character, and that on the authority of spirits unknown, un-introduced by God's open revelation or God's prophecy; spirits without genealogy, without historic proof, without any obvious guarantee for their

real issue from the celestial courts of God. For such spirits without credentials, without even a specific name, we are asked to set aside the oracles of ages, inaugurated in Paradise, confirmed on Mount Sinai, corroborated through the centuries of most self-proving seership; glorified on Mount Calvary by the most sublime sacrifice of testimony that the world has seen, and made triumphantly manifest by centuries of the operation of the most spirit-strengthening principles, the most ennobling morals, and a civilization for ever ascending and extending in its humanizing character.

Such is the scandal which the National Association has already stamped on British Spiritualism. They have proclaimed it in the face and in the great metropolis of a Christian nation, the avowed enemy of Christianity. The religion of the Christian world is declared to be excluded from the sympathy of these would-be guides of the future world. If they dare not express their sympathy for Christianity because, as one of them asserted, they cannot please everybody, is not this a declaration of moral cowardice of the most despicable nature? Will they dare to say that they honour, believe in, and hold firm their Christianity, and yet are ready to ignore it because they cannot please its opponents? Oh, shameful confession! Oh! unworthy pretenders to that religion which thousands of martyrs have perished in proclaiming—noble men, to whom death was preferable to denial of their Divine faith. And shall we accept such dastards, such apostates to truth and nobility of soul, for our leaders? God forbid! All honourable men and women forbid it. And for those amongst them who do renounce this Divine charter of man's independence on earth, and immortality of virtue in heaven, shall we accept *them* as our leaders? Shall they who are led by obscure, visionary, infatuated spirits, of no name and no status or character, lead us? Heaven and earth and all sound minds forbid! This is the first of their scandals, but not their last. Henceforth, in vain may we hope for any real and sober Christians to cast the most distant glance at Spiritualism, except such as they would give to some monster, unless we repudiate these would-be leaders and all their doctrines and doings.

Fortunately, they find that they cannot please everybody. No, they certainly cannot please the intelligent Christian world by wiping out of their associative constitution all sympathy for the teachings of Christianity. They have struck a blow at Spiritualism which must be death and eternal infamy to it, unless the more sane and rational Spiritualists declare their utter abhorrence of such doctrines. We must, if we would save Spiritualism, call on all honourable and Christian men

and women to come out from amongst them, and to be not of them.

No such deadly blow to Spiritualism could have been given by the enemies of the cause, single or confederate. A certain religious admiral, well known in both England and abroad, on hearing the name of another well-known man, said, "Oh, that gentleman I regret to say is not a Christian, he is a Spiritualist." This gentleman naturally declined to admit that a Spiritualist was of course no Christian. But what shall he say now? The National Association of English Spiritualists has destroyed the force of his denial of such a charge. What shall he do? He and every man who values his good name and the good name of Spiritualism must do this. He must protest against any body of men, and especially of men little known to the world as the earnest workers for and expounders of the truths of Spiritualism, giving to the general body of Spiritualists the character of heathens. These men if they please—for opinion however erroneous is free—may go back from the genial light of Christianity into the gloomy limbo of Heathenism, but they have no right by assuming a national position to brand their nation with an odious and unwholesome cognomen. I, for one, abjure all connection with them—I protest solemnly and sacredly against their proceedings and declarations, as unwarrantable, libellous, and an infamy to their nationality. They have no right to give their fellow Spiritualists by implication, that is, by assuming the national name and style, the disgraceful appellation of heathens and infidels. "Their primary and fundamental object," said one of their speakers, "is to form a bond of union between all Spiritualists of every shade of opinion." I, for one, declare that I will have nothing to do with any such a Noah's Ark. There can be no real bond of union betwixt good and evil, wisdom and folly, between clean and unclean, it is not in nature. Let Spiritualists of every shade go their own ways. However they may try at it, there can be no permanent union betwixt such incongruous elements. I myself have but one way, and that is the way of truth, righteousness and sound sense, as they are taught in Jesus Christ. I am a man, and because I am a man, I am not obliged to share the opinions, or the deeds, or the absurdities of men of all shades of opinion. With the murderer, the adulterer, the swindler, the blasphemer, or the drunkard, I have nothing to do. I cannot help being a man, but I am not, therefore, bound to share the follies or the crimes of other men. I must share their human nature, but I protest against their distorted and degenerated nature. I can form no bond of union with men of their different shades of opinion and propensities.

I cannot help being a Spiritualist, because Spiritualism is a great fact of human nature, but I beg leave to steer as clear as possible of men who follow any wrong-headed or mischievous spirits who would lead us back from the religion of love and light, into phantasmal heathenism—whether Buddhism, Moham-medanism, Brahminism, Confucism, or Fetishism, on pretence of leading us to some fool's paradise of the impossibly ideal. I declare off from all communion or co-operation with filthy Re-incarnation, so filthy, that it thinks all eternity not wide or strong enough to purge the sensual soul, but it must come back to run another swine's career of wallowing in the sinks and sewers of earth. I have nothing to do with Freeloivism, or any other shade of the Spiritualistic bedlam, but I hold fast by the Divine life and the holy doctrines of Jesus Christ.

This Association, however, deems it a merit to jumble all the oddities of spiritual belief and profession into one "harmonious band." I for my part am perfectly willing to meet my fellow-men—of all professions—in general society, but so far from wishing to shake hands, and make common membership with the eccentricities of opinion, I decline to be tarred with the same confederate brush, and stamped with the brand of a motley herd that owns individually neither the same shepherd, the same fold, nor even the same fleece. I am not disposed to hob-nob in collective fellowship and one bond of union with either Freelovers, Shakers, Mormons, or Yezidees (that is, Devil-Worshippers), for they are all Spiritualists, though of different shades; but being such, however shady they may be, are clearly entitled to become members, and to sit in the ample Council of the National Association of Spiritualists, by its recognised rules. It may be said that some of these are not British; but they are quite as British as a number of names paraded there, and, therefore, as they are admissible on the score of nationality, they are equally so by their adhesion to Spiritualism—the National Association proposing to embrace those of "every shade of opinion."

Some people tell me, by way of apology for Spiritualists who imagine that they have advanced beyond Christianity, and are now advocating heathenism, and exemption from the ties of marriage and other moral ties, that if we knew their antecedent condition of mind, we should perceive that this fool's paradise is to them a real advance. It may be so, and I wish them every advance in genuine knowledge and moral propriety, but it does not make me the more desirous of becoming a chum of theirs, nor the more inclined to bear the responsibilities of their diseased crotchets. There are, I have not the least doubt, thousands of crack-brained spirits wandering about Hades, out of whose intellect it will take ages to wash the queer conun-

drums, and who will come and preach them to weak creatures who, utterly incapable of estimating moral or historic evidence, will accept them as philosophers of the purest and highest type. But for the disciples of these insane *incubi* I have not the more respect on that account. There are plenty of men, too, in the purlieus of London who are on the advance a little, but they are not yet exactly the individuals that we would like to be seen with. A debauchee may be slowly on the way to a cleaner life and a better set of ideas, and we wish him well, and would be disposed to help him along by good advice, but at present he is not quite in the condition in which we would take him into our friendship, and say to all the world at Lawson's Rooms or the Crystal Palace, "Behold our friend!—of a variety of opinion from ourselves indeed, but one of our peculiar Association, which aims at forming a bond of social union with all." The late murderer may now content himself with simple robbery, and the wholesale robber with merely a little petty larceny. Good, let them go on in the right way, it is meritorious; but just at their present *locus standi* they are not exactly the persons with whom one would wish to identify oneself as of the same set. Not a whit the more is it desirable or politic to identify ourselves with Spiritualists of certain creeds and propensities simply because they are Spiritualists. It is necessary for the sound and beneficial progress of Spiritualism that we should hold fast by healthy views and rational opinions. That we should exhibit it as standing on the truth, proved by the wear and tear of ages; truth which bears the unmistakable impress of its Divine source, which has passed through the fires of centuries of trial, and has produced its fruits of sound mind, celestial charity, pure conduct, and good report.

Spiritualism can have no alliance with holders of dogmas of a dark, or even dubious, character. It can have no bond of union with many of the shades of opinion, generated in America, and wafted on the winds of diseased fancy hither. It must, like all other bodies, bear the disgrace of morbid-spirited or fantastic disciples. The National Association, by its late proceedings, has published to all the world an invitation to all strange cattle to take refuge within its enclosure. Men of all shades and varieties of opinion, if they can only pronounce the shibboleth of Spiritualism, are to be welcome there—to be of one nap and texture. This is startling to begin with; and into what infamy this unlucky Association will drag the new and nobly-growing dispensation, God only knows. For ourselves, we can only keep ourselves clear; steer clear of the leprous and the contagious, though they may assert their new charter of universal right as nominal Spiritualists. The only remedy

for this disaster is to make known, far and wide, our dissent from, our disgust with, the proceedings and doctrines of this body, and to assert our adhesion to the Gospel, pure and undefiled. Henceforth, unless we do this and bear aloft the standard of our Divine faith, there is an end of the truly religious, intelligent and respectable even-thinking of Spiritualism. Let all who value the exercise of a sound and enlightened judgment in their religion "come out from amongst these rickety Associationists, and be not of them."

But, fortunately, the seeds of inevitable death are in this Association. No, you cannot please everybody. Such a medley of queer thinkers cannot possibly hold together. They are a rope of sand. To be united and effective, people must be of one mind; but this Association is of all sorts of minds. As well might oil and water, sparks and gunpowder, light and darkness expect to hold together. A bond of union, embracing every variety of opinion, is one of those impossibilities which so many of the wild heads of America imagine to be perfectly commonplace facts, and with which they have infected the light-headed here. Let the public only be well advertised of the truth, that the National Association is not the National Spiritualism, but merely a disorder of it, and time will do the rest.

Let us, however, do justice to these National Associationists. As inexperienced projectors, they cannot certainly have foreseen the consequences of assuming a national, and, therefore, a representative character and position. Some of these consequences I have shown them, some others I will show them on another occasion; and of some of them particular members appear to have already an inkling, for they propose to declare themselves as *having no principles*. Having no principles! cancelling all expression of principles from their rules! In other words, to become an unprincipled set! Why, a body without principles is like a fly without a head, a windmill without sails, a ship without a rudder. Such absurdities inevitably beset rash and unballasted organizers. This folly however others have noticed, what concerns us more is the Association's peculiar animus against Christianity, the only doctrine to which they expressly object, whilst proposing to embrace every other shade of opinion, however grotesque, diseased, or erratic.

But circumstances are speedily bringing upon them the most awful dilemmas. I see it stated in the newspapers that two most notorious women who claim to be Spiritualists are coming over to England. The fire of public opinion which they have long outraged in America, is burning their skirts too briskly for them to remain there any longer. I need not name them, they are too well known to all properly-informed Spiritualists. These

notorious women, whose infamous teachings are familiar to all who have read their articles in *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, exalt obscenity into a deity, and pronounce the indulgence of unbridled sensuality the highest and noblest object of human nature. The arguments of the most notorious of these women, as given in the *American* and some of the English newspapers, particularly in a journal called the *Herald and Helpmate*, in favour of the alleged dissoluteness of the Rev. Ward Beecher, are the most atrociously vile and beastly avowals that ever were made by the most abandoned of their sex. She declares that Mr. Beecher cannot help, and ought not to help debauching what he calls "the noble and cultured women of his congregation." That this asserted conduct of his "is the noblest and grandest of the endowments of this truly great representative man."

This foul woman proclaims in print that such a man as Mr. Beecher is quite right in turning his church into a stew of the rankest description, and that the world is preposterously wrong in blaming him for such conduct. That "he is right, and public opinion and the Gospel are wrong, and are really compulsory hypocrisy and systematic falsehood, which is infused and inwrought into the very structure of society to the consequent and wide-spread injury of the whole community." The animal instincts, she declares, are infinitely more noble and more admirable than the finest spiritual faculties, the most exalted endowments of genius, the most brilliant imagination, the purest and most generous affections; in fact, than everything which mankind in all ages has deemed most sacred and divine.

Degraded, debased, and demoralized woman! And shall these be held to be the genuine and natural products of Spiritualism? Shall the really grand truths of Spiritualism be blackened by the pestilent breaths and reptile contact with such apostles of the lowest regions? Yet these are the direct consequences of the proclamation of the National Association, that it proposes to include people of all shades of opinion. They must receive these women as avowed Spiritualists, or they must at once abjure their acknowledged principles. No, I forget, they propose to have no principles! But principles or no principles, these female apostles of vice will take them at their word. Delightful news it must be to them, who could not have the most distant chance of reception into any decent society, to read the invitation of the National Association "to Spiritualists of all shades of opinion," and happy they will be to enroll themselves amongst them.

Whatever course the Association shall adopt, Spiritualists at large must disown these loose and perilous principles, or Spiritualism will stink in the nostrils of all the world, and every one who has already in good faith avowed himself a Spiritualist

must hide his head, and shrink aside from deserved public contempt and reprobation. No enemies, however fierce, subtle, or destructive can do such damage as such fatal friends as these. They are such as these who furnish the enemies with their weapons, and enable them to say that the dispensation is from the devil. We must, in fact, deny the doctrines of this unlucky Association, or we cannot deny that frequent charge.

ABORIGINAL SPIRITUALISM.

(From the "*Pioneer of Progress*.)

"IN *The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man*, by Sir John Lubbock, Bart., published in 1870, there are numerous accounts of manners and customs among uncivilized races, which to the student of Spiritualism indicate the presence of phenomena allied to the modern European and American manifestations.

"Two of the most remarkable are apparently cases of 'trance-mediumship,' and of the 'direct spirit-voice.' On the authority of Williams, the missionary, the following scene is described as occurring in Fiji:—

" 'Unbroken silence follows. The priest becomes absorbed in thought, and all eyes watch him with unblinking steadiness. In a few minutes he trembles; slight distortions are seen in his face, and twitching movements in his limbs. These increase to a violent muscular action, which spreads, until the whole frame is strongly convulsed, and the man shivers as with a strong ague fit. . . . The priest is now possessed by his "god," and all his words and actions are considered as no longer his own, but those of the deity who has entered into him. Shrill cries of "Koi au, Koi au!"—"It is I, it is I!" fill the air, and the "god" is supposed thus to notify his approach. While giving the answer, the priest's eyes stand out and roll as in a frenzy; his voice is unnatural, his face pale, his lips livid, his breathing depressed, and his entire appearance like that of a furious madman; the sweat runs from every pore, and tears start from his strained eyes; after which the symptoms gradually disappear. The priest looks round with a vacant stare, and the god says, "I depart," announces his actual departure by violently flinging himself down on the mat, or by suddenly striking the ground with his club, when those at a distance are informed by blasts on the conch or the firing of a musket, that the deity has returned into the world of spirits.' (p. 224.)

"We will now take an instance from the Arctic regions.

The 'Shamans' in Siberia and the 'Angekoks' in Greenland, are a class of persons professing to be inspired by spirits or deities who live in a world of their own, but who occasionally visit the earth. A *séance* is thus described in *Graah's Voyage to Greenland*:

" 'The Angekok came in the evening, and the lamps being extinguished, and skins hung before the windows,—for such arts, for evident reasons, (!?) are best practised in the dark—took his station on the floor, close by a well-dried seal-skin there suspended, and commenced rattling it, beating the tambourine, and singing, in which last he was seconded by all present. From time to time his chant was interrupted by a cry of "Gore! Gore! Gore!" the meaning of which I did not comprehend, coming first from one corner of the hut, and then from the other. . . . A whole hour elapsed before the wizard could make the "torngak" or spirit obey his summons. Come he did, however, at last; and his approach was announced by a strange rushing sound, very like the sound of a large bird flying beneath the roof. The Angekok still chanting, now proposed his questions, which were replied to in a voice quite strange to my ears, but which seemed to me to proceed from the entrance passage, near which the Angekok had taken his station. These responses were, however, somewhat oracular, insomuch that Ernenek's wives were obliged to request some more explicit answer, whereupon they received the comfortable assurance that he was alive and well, and would shortly make his appearance.' (p. 223.)

"To those acquainted with the 'phenomena called spiritual' the similarity of these curious manifestations to those now occurring among ourselves, is obvious. It is indeed quite evident that Sir John Lubbock and the missionaries and travelers he quotes from are not satisfied in their own minds as to the exact nature of these things. Some even of our recent missionaries, according to Williams, believed that the Polynesian wizards really possessed supernatural powers, and were 'agents of the infernal powers.' Even Williams himself thought it 'not impossible.' We may well be surprised that Europeans should believe in such things; and missionaries so credulous and ignorant ought, one might suppose, rather to learn than to teach; on the other hand, it is not surprising that savages should believe in witchcraft, nor even that the wizards should believe in themselves. We must indeed by no means suppose that sorcerers were always, or indeed generally impostors. The Shamans of Siberia are, says Wrangel, by no means ordinary deceivers, but a psychological phenomenon well deserving of attention. (p. 152.)

"Traces may be met with of a great variety of manifestations, even one of 'direct writing.' 'Like our spirit-rappers and table-turners, the Chinese magicians, though they have

never seen the person who consults them, they tell his name, and all the circumstances of his family; in what manner his house is situated, how many children he has, their names and age; with a hundred other particulars, which may be naturally enough supposed known to the demons, but are strangely surprising to weak and credulous minds among the vulgar. Some of these conjurors, after invoking the demons, cause the figures of the chief of their sect and of their idols to appear in the air. Formerly they could make a pencil write of itself, without anybody touching it, upon paper or sand, the answers to questions.' (pp. 148-9, quoted from *Astley's Voyages*.)

"There is a 'manifestation' which so far as we know, has not occurred through any of our 'mediums.' 'At Maskat there are such sorcerers that they eat the inside of a thing, only fixing their eyes upon it. . . . One of these fascinators fixing his eyes on a water melon, sucked out the inside; for being cut open to try the experiment, it was found empty; and the wizard, to satisfy the spectators, vomited it up again!' (p. 149.)

"Sir John Lubbock evidently considers it no part of the object of his work to offer any explanation of these phenomena, though he implies that ordinary laws are insufficient to account for some of them. Further investigation in this interesting field, would probably lead to the discovery of much that would be both curious and valuable.

"E. T. B."

THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

Our human life is dual—one of sense
And Nature, appetite and greed,
Instinct and passion: blind, discordant, hence
All impotent to meet our inward need.

For deep within us lives another life,
' Transcending Nature, awful and eterne:
And through the internecine strife
Of these two contraries we come to learn
How God works ever out His high intent,
That human souls, dwelling in space and time,
Made strong, may climb the steep ascent
From earth and lower aims to Life Divine.

Of these—of loving souls wherever found,
Humble, devout, of Truth in earnest search:
Of all in whom sweet charities abound—
The living stones—God builds His Spiritual Church.

T. S.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE "TIMES" OFFICE.

Two winters ago, some time before the death of Mr. Mowbray Morris, one of the chief members of the *Times* staff, he was in Rome. At that time the writer of this statement happened to call with a lady—well known for her active proselytism in the spiritual circles of London—on a Mrs. B., the wife of another member of the staff of the *Times*. They were immediately and eagerly pressed to join a spiritual *séance*, to be held that very evening, at the house of this Mrs. B. They learned that the *Times* people, then in Rome, were in the habit of holding *séances*. They were told that Mr. H., the then *Times* special correspondent at Rome (since removed to Paris), and his wife would be there too. The London lady-apostle of Spiritualism immediately accepted the invitation; the writer of this, who could scarcely believe his ears, on hearing that the *Times* writers were such zealous Spiritualists, declined, candidly observing that he could not expect anything very edifying in a *séance* composed of people who, whilst they publicly in their capacity of writers on the regular staff of the *Times*, did all the mischief in their power to the cause of Spiritualism—abusing, mocking, and misrepresenting it,—were in private zealous believers in, and practisers of it. This brusque declaration fell like a wet blanket on the lady of the *Times* circle, and a most thunderous gloom fell over her brow, and indeed, over her whole person, betraying the great indignation at the free criticism which she had elicited; and on the visitors taking their leave, this lady of the *Times* secret conclave of Spiritualists displayed towards the blunt offender a stiffness and *hauteur* worthy of an incensed tragedy queen. The London lady,—the zealous proselyter, however, attended the *Times* *séance*, and reported to the plain-speaking man that it was a very poor affair indeed—exactly as he had predicted.

These particulars the writer, whose name and standing are well-known to the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* and given in confidence, can assure its readers are perfectly correct. They are a curious revelation of the interior condition and proceedings of the leading newspaper offices, whence issue such continual rumblings of affected thunder against Spiritualism. They furnish a fine exhibition of the moral principle of the writers of newspapers, the self-elected teachers of the nation, who abuse for daily bread the very truth which in secret they acknowledge and endeavour to avail themselves of. What sort

of spirits must attend such circles? Most probably the former editors and scribes of these very honest journals, which continue to act on the policy of Mr. Facing-two-ways, and will so continue until Spiritualism becomes sufficiently popular to pay for confessing it. Need we ask which are the more contemptible, these wriggling literary eels, or the honest, open-faced avowers of a great truth on which these disciples of Janus pour all their contempt?

MRS. GUPPY AT BELFAST.

The *Freeman's Journal* of August 31st, in allusion to the late meeting of the British Association at Belfast, says:—

"Mrs. Guppy, the well-known medium, was among the visitors drawn to the Northern capital. She was a constant attendant at the sittings of the Association, and it might have been expected that she would have exhibited her manifestations in some of the sections. Perhaps Professor Tyndall's inaugural lecture frightened the lady from introducing her spirits to an audience who had just been instructed on high authority that there was nothing more supernatural than matter. Anyhow, Mrs. Guppy made no sign at the Association. She, however, gave several *séances* in private houses in Belfast, at which it appears some members of the Association were present, and found their learning and science wholly insufficient to explain the mysteries they felt and witnessed. At Mrs. Guppy's last performance, a large centre-table creaked, oscillated, danced, and rapped in spite of a score hands laid upon it. Several departed souls conversed by means of the usual taps with the company. Among the disembodied interlocutors were one Jack Waverley and a deceased sister of Mr. Guppy. Showers of Eau de Cologne were shed upon the company, followed by a fall of fine sand. There was a noise of falling plants upon the candles, and when these latter were relighted, a quantity of fresh asters, laurels, and hollyhocks, still wet with dew, were found lying upon the table. An unbelieving member of the party examined the shrubbery, and found nothing more than marks of freshly cut-off laurel branches. The manifestations did not stop with the use of the pruning knife. When the candles were put out, some of the company felt their faces gently touched, as if by the gloved hand of a lady. Mrs. Guppy, who had her hands held by two of the guests, invited the party to ask for anything they wished. One called for a rose, another for a bunch of grapes, and a third for a roasted apple. No sooner said than done, declares one who was present, the articles were at once found upon the table. A strange light, we are told,

was seen near the roof, such as had often before appeared to her. Ere long it became visible also to others of the party, appearing to be a faint phosphorescent light, resembling that of the glowworm, and flashed rapidly but not brightly, from side to side, over the heads of the company. A practical joker present lighted a match, but nothing was detected. The indignant spirits refused to perform any more, and departed for the shades, leaving the scientific gentlemen 'much puzzled to account for the wonders of the *séance*.'

A NUT FOR SCIENTISTS TO CRACK.

The following correspondence has appeared in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.—

Sir,—Will you permit me through your columns to give Professor Tyndall and the scientists of the British Association the following "nut to crack." The members are students of physical and psychological laws, and perhaps they will aid me in accounting for the phenomena I am about to describe. On two or three occasions, when I had sat with a private circle in the house of a friend, I had witnessed, both in the dark and daylight, the falling of large and small drops of water on the table round which we sat, and on which we rested our hands.

This evening at 5.45 I went to my friend's house without giving him any notice of my intention to call, for the purpose of trying experiments in the presence of his son, a lad about 13 years of age, and through whose mediumship water frequently falls on the table in a closed and ceiled room. At 6 o'clock we sat down to the table, which is about 8 feet long and 18 inches broad; the table was uncovered, and the top consisted of plain American fir. The boy sat at one end of the table, his father sat at the side next the window, and I sat at the side of the table facing the window. To prevent the possibility of the boy squirting water from his mouth I caused him to turn his head towards the window. We had excellent daylight in the room. I placed a mahogany planchette on the centre of the table, and in less than a minute several drops of water had fallen upon its surface, and yet a greater number on the surface of the table. I placed my hat crown downwards on the table, near the centre, and in the hat I placed a sheet of clean paper. In three minutes I took the paper out of my hat and found it covered with drops of water; in fact, table, paper and planchette resembled the flags on a street after a slight shower of rain.

I next endeavoured to ascertain from what elevation the drops of water came, and what was the maximum height at which I could get drops to fall on the planchette. I discovered that the maximum height was 18 inches. At that height from the table I got several drops, but the number gradually increased as the planchette approached the table. The fall of the drops of water occurred sporadically. At all times some drops fell, but occasionally, at intervals of about three minutes, considerable quantities fell on the table, planchette, and hat. I propose to follow up this investigation, and shall, with your permission, report progress.—I am, &c.,

T. P. BARKAS.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sept. 7, 1874.

Sir,—On Tuesday morning, September 8th, I described to three well-known gentlemen, residents at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the phenomena which are recorded above, and they promptly accepted an invitation to go and witness the phenomena for themselves. I arranged with them to go to my friend's house in the evening at 5.50, and at that hour we assembled in his sitting room.

There were present in the room the three gentlemen referred to, the boy in whose presence the phenomenon of falling water occurs, the father and mother of the boy, a lady visitor, and myself. We sat round the table before described, and I placed upon it a large sheet of dark green tissue paper, in order that the drops of water might be more easily seen, and in order that a register of them might be kept by the paper on which the drops fell. Immediately after we sat down and placed our hands upon the table, several drops of water fell and marked the green paper. We then tried the height at which the water fell by holding a large piece of paper at an elevation of three feet from the table; no drops fell on it, but several fell on the paper beneath it. We gradually lowered the height of the suspended paper, and when it was 18 inches from the table, drops began to fall upon or appear on it. We removed the boy to the other end of the table, but still the drops continued to fall, and I may say that all who were present were utterly unable to account for the falling of the drops of water. The room was well lighted, it was broad daylight, the window blind during part of the proceedings being drawn to the top of the window, and during the remainder of the time was half-way down the window, but the raising and lowering of the blind did not appear to affect the phenomena. I forward you the names and addresses of the three gentlemen who accompanied me, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. I know, of course, that any person having a command of the press can attempt to ridicule these extraordinary facts, but they remain facts notwithstanding ridicule, and sensible men will in due time attempt to account for them.—I am, &c.,

T. P. BARKAS.

September 9, 1874.

DR. WILLIAM HITCHMAN ON SPIRITUALITY OF SOUL.

On Sunday evening, August 2nd, the above physician and metaphysician delivered a philosophical address (by special request) to the Liverpool Psychological Society, at the Islington Assembly Rooms. His review extended from the atomic philosophy of monad, monkey, and man, through geological strata of unknown ages, the rude implements of the Victoria cave at Settle; the works of art and human bones, with extinct animals of far and away *pleistocene* antiquity in the fluviatile deposit at Crayford, &c., on and on to ancient Rome. The mild humanity of the Gracchi—the severity of Cato—the cruelty of the Claudian race—the factious rashness of the Guises of France—the inflexible character of the whole family of Mirabeau, and, in England, the splendidly vigorous intellects of our Gregorys, Herschels, and Pitts, as furnishing historic examples of the virtues and vices of spirituality of soul. The Lecturer then discussed the facts and phenomena of modern Spiritualism, analytically and synthetically, as witnessed by British and Foreign scientists. Demonology, Witchcraft, and Natural Magic, were cited as illustrations of that kind of *pseudo*-Spiritualism, which owe their origin to pictures on the morbid retina or diseased brain in many persons—ocular spectra, in fact, of which the actual examples may sometimes be found in the history of such instances as Swedenborg, Luther, Pascal, Cromwell, Goëthe, Cellini, Scott, Abernethy's "old woman in the red

cloak," the demons of Nicolai, the ghastly fiend of Lord Castlereagh, the figurantes in green and gold, the notes of bugles and voices of ghosts, which haunt alike the souls of the drunken, the poisoned, the exhausted and the insane.

SPIRITUALISM IS NOW A SCIENCE. Again and again had Reason and Logic proved the co-relations of Earth-Life and the Spirit-World; the angelic being *has* demonstrated the distinctive, objective, bodily reality of transcendental matter—fully materialised to mortal view—submitting to our severest tests. Withal, the Doctor inquired of what use is immortality to mortals, or *spirits*, without that moral change of character from vice to virtue, which ensures simplicity, candour, probity, and purity of *body and soul*. We have in Spiritualism the demonstration physical and psychical, at once palpable and irrefragable of a resurrection of the spiritual body. Still, THE HEAVEN OR THE HELL IS IN US! And vain our clearer insight—our best reflections, book-learning, scientific knowledge, poetic imagination, spiritual visions, physical phenomena, or *sights of angels*, if we fail to possess that loftier, diviner spirituality of soul, which implies the being good and the doing good, as the first truth and eternal groundwork of God in man.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN FAITH.

In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, on "The Roman Catacombs as illustrating the Belief of the Early Christians," Dean Stanley remarked:—

"The result of a candid investigation of the records was that the idea of the good shepherd was the primitive idea of the early Christians. Without this idea of the good shepherd they would hardly know that the Catacombs was a place of Christian burial at all. The Dean, remarking on the absence of anything like theological distinctions in the records, said they spoke only of human affections, human sympathies, and human hopes. 'I am the good shepherd'—or, as it should probably be translated, 'I am the beautiful shepherd'—was the sign of the Early Christian belief; but as this idea wore out, as things would wear out in this world, it was replaced by creeds and formulas. The belief impressed by the records of the Catacombs was that of a joyous creed, not that of a desponding, melancholy one. It was represented by the spreading vine and the gathering of the grapes, by birds with bright plumage representing the departure of the human soul, and by such inscriptions as '*Vive in Deo, vivas in Deo, vivis in Deo*,' which would now probably be regarded as maxims of deists, pantheists, or even atheists.

In the early Christian times the popular conception was that of a strong, joyous youth of eternal growth and immortal grace, which was not to repel but to include, not to destroy but to save."

SWEDENBORG A MEDIUM FROM CHILDHOOD.

At a recent lecture at Bolton by Mrs. Tappan on Swedenborg, some Swedenborgians present having called in question her statement that Swedenborg was a medium from childhood, and insisted on her authority for the statement. Mrs. Tappan, in accordance with the promise, replied in the *Bolton Chronicle*, quoting the following:—

Swedenborg writes as follows to his friend Dr. Beyer (*True Christian Religion*, No. 16, 1776. Liepsig): "From my fourth year my thoughts were constantly engrossed in reflecting on the spiritual nature of man. Even then my eyes were filled with fiery, miraculous lights, and I often revealed things in my discourses which filled my friends with amazement, and made them declare to others, 'Certain it is that the angels were speaking through the mouth of the child Emanuel.'" Again, in *Life and Writings of Swedenborg*, by William White, London, 1868, p. 119, it is stated: "Not without many presages did the spiritual world open to Swedenborg. From his childhood his breath, when on his knees at prayer, was curiously holden within him, and strange lights from the sun of another country from time to time had broken through the darkness." In various existing documents to be found in the University of Upsala, reference is frequently made to the "unnatural" brilliancy which at certain periods was visible in the eyes of that spiritual philosopher. Indeed, throughout his scientific works, Swedenborg often adds, "I could write no more, being overcome with the flames of fire burning in my eyes." Moreover, Märt Sturtzenbecher, in his *Philosophy of Nature*, published at Stockholm in 1817 (perhaps the chief of Swedenborg's disciples), states, p. 23, "From early childhood, if not from infancy, his eyes seemed to reflect spiritual light," &c.

HOW DO SOLID BODIES PASS THROUGH WALLS?

In reply to this question, Mrs. Tappan said:—

No matter is solid, but if sufficient power could be brought to bear the entire substance of the building they were in might be compressed into a space no larger than the end of your finger. Wherever there was sufficient power that could be done. Crystals were formed in that way in the heart of the earth by a process known to Nature. Mind possessed that power when disembodied; and when they were conversant with those occult forces of Nature they would be able so to separate particles as to enable them to pass through those interstices

that permeate all matter. That was the reason why seemingly-solid bodies passed through other bodies; and that was why in thus passing through other substances a body received no injury, provided the particles were allowed to come together again before the law of attraction had entirely lost its hold. Were a person to cut his hand and then quickly unite the parts, the blood would continue to flow in its accustomed channels; so, if an instant separation of particles took place, followed by immediate reunion before any atmosphere could intervene, the attraction by which they were held together would not be completely severed, but they would come together again on the force which separated them being withdrawn. The removal of a coat, without passing over the arms in the usual way, seemed to be a miracle. But clothes were made of fibres; and if they could be separated and instantaneously reunited, it was just the same as if no separation had taken place. It was effected by rapidity of motion—a power which had not been acquired in any form of external knowledge. If one were to take a stick lighted at one end and pass it rapidly before the vision, it would seem to be a circle of fire, caused by the rapidity of motion. It requires the sixtieth part of a second for an object to impress itself on the eye, and were it to pass in less than the sixtieth part of a second the eye could not see it. Anything, therefore, which occurs more rapidly than that is invisible to the eye; the eye witnesses the result, but is unconscious of the process. It is by this rapidity of motion that physical manifestations take place. Atom does not pass through atoms, what is affirmed is that no atoms were joined together in substances with which we are familiar, and that when one body passes through another it is simply the atoms which are separated, allowing other atoms to pass *by*, not *through* them. All substances are like a sponge; water passes through it, but it does not pass through its particles.

TEN REASONS FOR BELIEVING IN SPIRITUALISM.

At one of Mrs. Tappan's recent lectures in Liverpool, at which about two thousand persons were present, the chairman, Dr. Hitchman, in the course of his opening address, gave the following reasons for believing in Spiritualism:—

1.—The contemporary nature of various adequate scientific testimony, repeatedly confirmed and long continued in Europe and America.

2.—The acknowledged intelligence and established truthfulness of the *same* Scientists, on other subjects, admitted to be genuine and unequivocal, mathematically, by the best Academies and learned Societies.

3.—The recent independent substantial agreement as to the facts and phenomena alleged to be Spiritual, together with the circumstantial accuracy of the statements of *eight* different contemporary scientific and competent eye-witnesses, *viz.*: Camille Flammarion, of Paris, M. Butlerow, of St. Petersburg, Professor Mapes, and Judge Edmonds, of New York, and scientists like Crookes, Wallace, Sexton, and Varley of London, together with three Emperors, a score of Princes, many thousands of nobility and gentry, as well as clerical, medical, and legal investigators, in short, a large thoughtful section of the intelligent public.

4.—The undesigned repetition of coincidences between the known facts, or recognized phenomena, anthropologically, both in ancient and modern times—again and again demonstrated to be invincibly conclusive—A.D. 1874, in the presence of highly trained skilled experts, and attested by educated judicious inquirers—both British and Foreign.

5.—The entire absence of any conceivable motive for *perpetual* "fraud," or *incessant* "falsehood," on the part of distinguished scientific men in England, France, Holland, Italy, Russia, Germany, and the United States.

6.—The great difficulty—not to say gross injustice and utter absurdity, of continuing to suppose that the best teachers of the purest Science are all

engaged in the vile immoral work of propagating an egregious wilful imposture—and always forging the basest testimony on behalf of a delusion, a mockery, and a snare.

7.—The utter absence of any fair adequate contradiction to rational statements, derived solely from sound practical investigation by natural philosophers, and the scientific results of actual experimental observation, now published in recognized journals of acknowledged reputation, at home and abroad.

8.—The frequent reference to similar phenomena of a spiritual nature, not only recorded in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures but in every known religion in the history of mankind, whether regarded as races, tribes, or nations, civilized and barbaric—showing most clearly that what is now called Spiritualism has been well known, in all ages of the world, historic or traditional, and is thoroughly attested solemnly and sincerely in forty-eight different languages now spoken.

9.—The adequacy of the cause for a *revival* of such facts and phenomena of spirit-life in the atheistic or materialistic nineteenth century, if we really believe that "God is a Spirit," and man has a soul, or spirituality, whose future destiny is wholly dependent upon present conduct in mortal flesh and blood.

10.—The sufficiency of the spiritual hypothesis *alone* to explain *ALL* the different phenomena that now appear, whereas no other theory has yet explained, or seems likely to explain, *all* the facts of the most genuine and well-attested manifestations.

Notices of New Books.

PSYCHOPATHIC HEALING.*

THIS is a thin, neatly got up volume, giving much useful psychological information, in clear, popular form. Some of its speculations may perhaps be questionable; but there need be no question that Mr. Ashman performs many remarkable cures by his mesmeric, or as he prefers to call it "psychopathic treatment," as is shown by thirty testimonials appended to his terse well-written essay.

Correspondence.

MR. WILLIAM HOWITT AND THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—If our National Association had done no other service, it deserves the thanks of the community for having "brought out" Mr. Howitt in his best form. It is a grand sight to see this fine old combatant fighting for what he considers a great, truthful cause. When he mounts the stage and puts on the

* *Psychopathy: or the True Healing Art.* By JOSEPH ASHMAN, Principal of the Psychopathic Institution, 254, Marylebone Road, London. BURNS.

gloves we know that we shall witness a splendid spectacle of courage and "science;" but in this case I cannot help thinking that his blows and skill are wasted upon a sawdust dummy which he has set up.

As a Member of the Council of the Association, I am quite prepared to accept Mr. Howitt's arguments and conclusions. I see little in them to object to; but I imagine that they do not affect the position taken up by the Association—that they are beside the question. The transcendental and esoteric view which Mr. Howitt takes of Spiritualism is one thing, and the Association's purpose is another. In its mundane and phenomenal aspect Spiritualism deals with a number of extraordinary and representative facts, which are not accepted by a large portion—and that not the least influential—of mankind. The Association desires to make these facts known, respected and useful. The use to which these facts may be applied will depend upon the nature, disposition and faculty of each individual convert; and no control will be exercised or even attempted by the Association over the special purposes to which each student of Spiritualism may choose to devote the phenomena presented to his observation. Some persons may use the facts thus acquired in the promotion of science; some in spreading a knowledge of religion; and some in educating the editors of newspapers, quarterly reviews, the presidents of scientific societies, and other unfortunate and benighted individuals.

If I thought that our British National Association contemplated setting itself in any way in *opposition* to Christianity I should not remain on its Council for a single moment, although my adhesion or renunciation may perhaps be equally insignificant.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

Blackheath, 5th September, 1874.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

AUTUMN.

THE orchard and the fertile plain
Are rich in plenteous store
Of mellow fruit and golden grain;
God's bounties evermore

Reward with large and liberal dower
The labours we have wrought;
They manifest His love and power,
Surpassing human thought.

His blessing rests on honest toil;
Whether for daily bread
We sow the seed and plough the soil;
Or, that our souls be fed

With knowledge, truth, and love divine:
His goodness we would sing,
A humble offering at His shrine
Our grateful souls would bring.

T. S.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

IMMORTALITY IN HARMONY WITH MAN'S NATURE AND EXPERIENCE.—CONFESSIONS OF SCEPTICS.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

THE universal belief in a Future Life among all races of men through all the historic ages, and even, as is now known, in pre-historic times, is a broad fact of human experience of which materialistic and sceptical philosophies can give no adequate explanation. They have two favourite methods of dealing with it. They first seek to disallow its alleged universality on the ground of certain exceptions. We are told that there are whole tribes of men who have no such belief, and that in almost every community there are individuals and sometimes entire sects who disbelieve or doubt of any life after death; and secondly, that the belief has its origin solely in human ignorance and fear, in baseless hopes and poetic fancies.

We at once admit that there are exceptions to the belief in question, though these are of so limited a range that they no more affect the conclusion deduced from a general survey of mankind, than the elevations and depressions of the earth's surface affect its spherical form. They are far less numerous than has been supposed. Many tribes, who were once thought destitute of this belief, have been found on more careful enquiry and with a more intimate knowledge of their language and customs, to share in some form in this common belief of mankind. The few real exceptions are of a kind which fairly considered rather confirm than invalidate the rule.

If the belief was simply due to human ignorance, we should naturally expect to find it most inveterate where that ignorance was most nearly absolute, and that it would pale its ineffectual

fire under the advancing sunlight of knowledge. Is this so? So far as its absence from any entire tribe of men is concerned, quite the contrary. The tribes so triumphantly appealed to by the Materialist are the very lowest in the scale of humanity. If there is any truth in the theory of the development of man from some lower form of animal life, it would be just among those tribes, if anywhere, that we should expect to find "the missing link."

In tribes whose intelligence and moral nature is so undeveloped that they cannot count their fingers, and have no word expressive of thanks or gratitude, we can scarcely expect that a spiritual belief of any kind is possible. It would seem that the very faculties to which such belief makes appeal were not yet sufficiently developed to receive it, and we might as reasonably contend from these instances that the powers of numeration or the sense of gratitude were not common to mankind, as from these examples to impugn the belief in question as a universal faith.

The doubt and denial of a Future Life in civilized communities, and especially the prevalence of modern unbelief, is a grave and far more complex problem.

In the official *Report on Religious Worship*, 1853, we read:—

There is a sect, originated lately, called "Secularists," their chief tenet being that, as the fact of a Future Life is (in their view) susceptible of some degree of doubt, while the fact and necessities of a present life are matters of direct sensation, it is prudent to attend exclusively to the concerns of that existence which is certain and immediate, not wasting energies in preparation for remote and merely possible contingencies. This is the creed which, probably with most exactness, indicates the faith which, virtually though not professedly, is held by the masses of our working population.

And the report, speaking specially of artisans and other workmen, adds:—

It is sadly certain that this vast, intelligent, and growingly important section of our countrymen is thoroughly estranged from our religious institutions in their present aspect.

The members of the Evangelical Alliance, during their recent session, admitted and deeply deplored the increase and wide range of Materialism, and sought means to arrest it. Mr. Farrar, in his *Witness of History to Christ*, 1871, tells us that in the previous century the attacks on Christianity were rare: "It is not so now; we are, as it were, in the very focus of the storm. It is not that every now and then there is a burst of thunder and a glare of lightning, but the whole air is electric with quivering flame."

Dean Goulbourn, of Norwich, writes:—"The frightful prevalence of sceptical views among all classes of the community, and the alarming fact that even among the clergy themselves

insidious objections to the things which are most surely believed among us are gradually winning their way, seems to make it imperative upon all persons and societies entrusted with the guardianship of the faith to make some definite effort to stem the evil." The Hon. Robert Dale Owen, in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, writes:—"A bishop, who is held in deservedly high estimation by the orthodox body to which he belongs, stated to me his conviction that evidences of infidelity are daily multiplying among intelligent men; adding that he had lately heard a Professor of Harvard College express the opinion that three-fourths of our chief scientific men were unbelievers."

No doubt similar testimonies might be quoted in regard to every nation of Christendom, where a spirit of free enquiry prevails, and free speech and writing are allowed. Many who entertain these views are men of much information and ability, some even of eminence, and generally, I doubt not, their doubts are as honest as the faith of those who subscribe to the orthodox creed.

To deal adequately with the problem thus presented would require far more space than is at my command; but there are some obvious considerations which I think may greatly help us in its solution.

Very much of our Modern Scepticism is but the natural, and on the whole wholesome, reaction against the excessive and unenlightened credulity and superstition of former ages; the protest of the human reason and conscience against certain representations of the nature and conditions of that life revolting alike to both. These crude and cruel conceptions of a barbarous and ferocious time, from which the human mind has not yet fully emancipated itself, require to be separated and distinguished from the essential belief with which they are associated, and which they so cruelly disfigure and discredit. The wonder is, not that so many reject the doctrine of a Future Life when so presented, but that any can accept it. It is a striking proof of the vitality of this belief as a permanent element in human nature that it is able to survive at all under the weight of so oppressive and terrible a burden. Let the Future Life be but presented as Spiritualism reveals it, and it will neither shock the intellect nor the heart, but will be found entirely consonant with both; and I am fully persuaded that when its teachings are better understood it will be hailed by thousands who, repelled by the crude, false and gloomy representations of theologians, now reject it as incredible.

There are crises in individual life, especially of the sensitive and thoughtful, when we must pass through the wilderness of doubt to the Canaan of our rest; when the

heavens above us are as brass, and a thick palpable darkness broods all around, when we reel and stagger under an unwonted burden ; when thought and feeling are painful from their intensity, and old forms of faith shrivel in their glowing fires, by which however the dross is finally purged from the pure gold of a diviner faith.

Again, it is to be noted that the human mind advances not equally and simultaneously on all sides, but as it were by irregular leaps and movements, now in one direction, now in another ; one period is pre-eminently an age of faith, another of philosophical speculation, in a third, art is in the ascendant. The philosophers of Greece and Rome despised the mechanical arts as base and unworthy of philosophers. When learning and culture were almost exclusively confined to ecclesiastics, theology and scholastic philosophy were deemed all-important, and any curious prying into the secrets of nature was regarded with suspicion, and denounced as magic. During the last century physical science has made greater progress than perhaps in any cycle of human history. Its progress has been so rapid and startling, and it has conferred such vast benefits on mankind, that it need excite small surprise that, dazzled and fascinated, its votaries should occupy themselves almost exclusively with its objects and methods, and that they should be sceptical as to the existence of a spiritual world not to be discovered by the telescope, or of a soul in man which eludes all chemical analysis and physiological research. We are naturally tempted to set a disproportionate value on our own favourite study, and to attach comparatively slight regard to studies of an opposite kind. In like manner in our own day, men preoccupied and engrossed with the study of the contents and phenomena of the material universe, neglect and slight the study of psychology (properly so called), and of that larger spiritual universe, which though infinitely transcending it in importance, yet does not admit of verification by their instruments and tests, and which they therefore hold to be either non-existent, or at best, incapable of proof. I fail to see how this materialistic tendency of science is to be arrested save by those sensuous and palpable demonstrations of spiritual existence which may now be found on every hand, meeting the sceptical scientist on his own ground, by presenting those experimental proofs of a life beyond death which alone he is prepared to accept as satisfactory and conclusive.

A still more potent cause of Modern Scepticism is, I think, to be found in the position which has generally for now upwards of a century been taken with increasing boldness and tenacity by Protestant churches and theologians.

To make this more clear, let us briefly enquire what has been the origin of this universal belief in a Future Life? and by what means has it been chiefly sustained? It did not, we may be sure, originate in *à priori* reasonings on the subject. It was not born into the world after long gestation in the brains of subtle metaphysicians; nor was it the idle creation of poetic fancy. The long elaborate chain of metaphysical argument now employed against unbelievers was the product of a later, a more critical and sceptical age; and whatever influence it may at any time have had over a few speculative and thoughtful minds, it has never had any considerable weight in determining the general belief of mankind on this great question.

"Man goeth down into the grave, and where is he?" would indeed have been a doleful enquiry had the response come from no other oracle than this. When all that had been visible of friend or kinsman was buried or burned to ashes, what but the most positive evidence, the most absolute proof, could establish the belief of his continued existence? "This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth. Those that never heard of another world would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could render credible." The united testimony of travellers, and the history and literature (sacred and secular) of all peoples, show that this belief has its root in actual knowledge; in direct experience of spirit-appearance, manifestation, intercourse, and revelation; and that it is mainly by these direct proofs, responding to our intuitions or natural tendencies, that the faith in immortality is kept alive and nourished, conquering the incredulity which otherwise would probably have remained invincible.

I do not mean by these remarks to disparage the value of those moral facts and considerations usually appealed to in this controversy. But however these may be appraised, they confessedly raise the argument no higher than probability; and even among believers there are many, like Dr. Johnson, who want more evidence, and more direct and conclusive evidence than this. In default of obtaining it, they may indeed content themselves with the assurances of Revelation; but to unbelievers in a Future Life, who do not recognise its authority, any appeal to it would be manifestly futile.

The Christian Church was not founded on a set of Articles, or a bundle of propositions voted by the majority of a council; but on the recognition that as a fact one among them had risen from the dead, and had as a spirit frequently been seen by, and held converse with, his disciples and friends. This was the cardinal doctrine of the early Christians, the central fact the

acknowledgment of which was their common bond of union. This was their common faith and hope; they had an undoubting assurance that as He lived they should live also. This inspired the joyful pæan, "O death, where is thy sting!" This inspired them with enthusiasm, and a courage to brave torture and death. It was the apparition of Christ—the risen, the glorified spirit, that converted Saul the persecutor into Paul the apostle, and transformed the heresy of an obscure provincial sect into a universal faith. And this faith was confirmed by manifold signs and wonders: by manifestations of supernatural power, and the outpouring of spiritual gifts—the discerning of spirits, speaking in unknown tongues, casting out evil spirits, healing by the laying on of hands, visions, trances, and revelations. The Greek and Latin churches maintain the continuance of these gifts and their perpetuity, and especially as the accompaniment of pre-eminent sanctity and Divine favour. The fathers of the Reformation—Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Knox; the founders of churches—Fox, Swedenborg, Zinzendorf, Wesley, Irving; the most learned and able divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—Glanville, Cudworth, More, Baxter, maintained the continued exercise of spiritual powers, both good and evil, visibly intervening in the affairs of men; and like the Spiritualists of to-day they appealed to these facts in confutation of Atheists and Sadducees. "Many," says Baxter, "are convinced by these arguments from sense, who cannot yet reach, and will not be persuaded by, other demonstration."

But as the sceptical philosophy of Hume and Middleton, Douglas and Farmer, has penetrated the churches, and pervaded their theology, they have become powerless against the advancing hosts of unbelief. Their admissions have been fatal, and the truth has suffered in consequence more from its defenders than its assailants. The province of the supernatural in human affairs was first circumscribed within a small geographical area; then its duration was limited; the age of miracles ceased, we were told, after five centuries of Christianity, the limit was soon reduced to three centuries, and then to the Apostolic age; and now, as might have been expected, divines and learned professors are finding out that even this last small reserve must be abandoned with the rest. No wonder that unbelievers regard their victory as complete, and that writers like Frances Power Cobbe now contemptuously dismiss the New Testament narratives of Christ's resurrection and visible appearance as "Jewish Ghost-Stories"—the last lingering rag of prejudice folded around an effete superstition.

How dim, shadowy, and uncertain are the ideas of the

Future Life of its professed believers. How much unconscious and practical infidelity concerning it prevails among them! How little they realise the strength, the joy, the consolation it should impart! Enter a Christian cemetery, see the mourners draped in melancholy black; the sombre cypress and the weeping willow overshadowing the tombs; the broken pitcher, the shattered column, the inverted torch, all around you! Were it the avowed conviction that death is an eternal sleep, what more fitting symbols could be devised? Words indeed are read over the grave expressing a solemn hope of the resurrection and the life, and this is often all that reminds us we are not in a burial place of Pagans. Frances Power Cobbe in *Dawning Lights* thus depicts the general tone of thought and feeling on this subject.

"We have contrived to banish our own immortality to a twilight limbo, which we place nowhere in the universe of space, and conceive of as nowise affected by the limitations of time. We believe, indeed, that we shall exist hereafter; and that in some unknown existence our moral sense will be satisfied by the reward of suffering virtue and the punishment of vice unchastised upon this planet. But beyond this 'who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?' Who ventures so much as to cast an image from the magic-lantern of fancy upon that dread 'cloud' which receives all the dead out of our sight, and whereon our fathers fearlessly threw the phantasmagoria of the *Divina Commedia*, and the triumphal vision with which closes the *Pilgrim's Progress*? The worlds, enveloped in mist, are fading away into comparative insignificance. We do not think of them as we once did. We cannot measure the latitude of our voyage over life's ocean by orbs hidden behind the clouds. Without denying, or even gravely doubting, we allow the future to pass into dim distance, and the present to fill the whole foreground of our thoughts."

With, on the one hand, men of science affirming that there is nothing more supernatural than matter, in which we are to seek all the potencies and possibilities of life and mind; and on the other, theologians resting the belief in immortality on uncertain reasonings, and on waning authority and ancient traditions which on their own showing are out of harmony with all later and present experience, what wonder that there is an "eclipse of faith," and that men generally, even when not avowed Materialists or Sceptics, should seek to content themselves with the certainties of the present world, and "jump the life to come?"

But this condition and temper of mind, whether due to general causes or special experience, or their conjoint operation, is in its nature exceptional and transitory.

"Thanks to the human heart, by which we live," it is not possible as a finality in which the soul can rest; nor can it find its full satisfaction in merely secular good. Those who have tried its capacity to the utmost, who have sounded the depths and shallows of life, and its possibilities of enjoyment, have in proportion to their own largeness of nature felt its insufficiency, and confirmed the old sorrowful conclusion of the preacher, "All is vanity!" Professor Tyndall acknowledges that science does not satisfy his emotional nature; and in speaking of the charge of Materialistic Atheism brought against him, he says:—"I have noticed during years of self-observation that it is not in hours of clearness and vigour that this doctrine commends itself to my mind; that in the presence of stronger and healthier thought it ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell, and of which we form a part."

At the recent Church Congress at Brighton, in its discussion on Modern Scepticism, Professor Pritchard read a paper in which he says:—

"Savages have brains and capacities far beyond any use to which, in their present condition, they can apply them. And we too possess powers and capacities immeasurably beyond the necessities of any merely transitory life. There stir within us yearnings irrepressible, longings unutterable, a curiosity unsatisfied and insatiable by aught we see. These appetites, passions, and affections come to us, not as Socrates and Plato supposed, nor as our great poet sang, from the dim recollection of some former state of our being, still less from the delusive inheritance of our progenitors; they were the indications of something within us, akin to something immeasurably beyond us; tokens of something attainable, yet not hitherto attained; signs of a potential fellowship with spirits nobler and more glorious than our own; they were the title deeds of our presumptive heirship to some brighter world than any that had yet been formed."

One of the foremost intellects of the modern world, who knew it well from large and long experience, gives us the following as his *Curriculum Vitæ*, or—

SONG OF LIFE.

I've set my heart upon nothing you
see;

Hurrah!

And so the world goes well with me.
And who has the mind to be fellow of
mine,

Why, let him take hold and help me
drain

These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart first upon wealth,
Hurrah!

And bartered away my peace and
health,

But, ah!

The slippery change went about like air,
And when I had clutched me a handful
here

Away it went there.

I set my heart upon woman next,
Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perplexed,
But, ah!
The False one looked for a daintier lot,
The Constant one wearied me out and
out,
The Best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand,
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain, old Father-
land;
But, ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it
should,
Most comfortless bed and indifferent
food,
My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame;
Hurrah!
And, lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's
name;
But, ah!

When in public life I loomed quite high
The folks that passed me would look
awry;
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war,
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with éclat,
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and
flame,
(And some of our friends fared quite
the same,)
I lost a leg for fame.

Now I've set my heart on nothing you
see;
Hurrah!
And the whole wide world belongs to
me,
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low no doubt,
But at the old cask we'll have one
good bout,
Come, drink the lees all out.

Such, according to the many-sided Goethe, is human life; a round of sensual pleasures and defeated aims; and the idea of a deeper purpose, or of a life to which this is but the prelude and preparation, is tossed off with a cup of wine and a hurrah! The pale face of Death, with mournful eyes, lurks at the bottom of every wine cup, and looks out from behind every garland; therefore brim the purple beaker higher, and hide the unwelcome intruder under more flowers.

Heine is perhaps the chief apostle of this gospel of the senses, "his pages reek with a fragrance of pleasure through which sighs, like a fading wail from the solitary string of a deserted harp struck by a lonesome breeze, the perpetual refrain of Death! death! death! His motto seems to be, 'Quick! let me enjoy what there is, for I must die. O, the gusty relish of life! O, the speedy mystery of death!'" But, though yielding to the enchantments of the syren, he could not but feel deeply the degradation, and in one of his better moods, contrasting his later experience with the noble faith and aspirations of his youth, he sadly confesses, "It is as if a star had fallen from heaven upon a hillock of muck, and swine were gnawing at it." Great talents and even noble virtues sometimes co-exist with Materialism, but they are not its product; all its tendencies are of the earth, earthy.

Turning from the gross idolators of sense and pleasure, shall we consult the leading oracle of transcendentalism? His sentences are often instinct with the life of thought; and if he cannot create a soul under the ribs of Death, he casts over its

bare bones a decent garment of fine fancies and poetic similes. Shall we enquire of him the mystery of being—the purpose of life, the riddle of man? If we may accept his own account, no one is better qualified to satisfy our doubts either as to the present or the future. Nature in familiar tones thus addresses him as her votary :—

I taught thy heart beyond the reach
Of ritual, Bible, or of speech ;
Wrote on thy mind's transparent table
As far as the incommunicable.
Taught thee each private sign to raise,
Lit by the super-solar blaze :
Past utterance and past belief,
And past the blasphemy of grief,
The mysteries of Nature's heart ;
And though no muse can these impart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west.

Let us then listen reverently to one whom Nature has so highly favoured, to whom all is clear from east to west. Here is his response :—

Alas ! the spirit that haunts us
Deceives our rash desire :
It whispers of the glorious gods,
And leaves us in the mire.

We cannot learn the cypher
That's writ upon the wall ;
Stars help us by a mystery
Which we could never spell.

If but the hero knew it,
The world would blush in flame,
The sage, tell he but the secret,
Would hang his head in shame.

But our brothers have not read it,
Not one has found the key ;
And henceforth we are comforted—
We are but such as they !

Cold comfort, indeed, from one who sees so clearly, and knows so much, to be told that we are all deceived by the spirit that haunts us, and that we are all alike hopelessly in the dark. Let us hope it is no “super-solar blaze” which has thus revealed to the seer only darkness visible—that after all it may be only a poor will-o'-the-wisp he has been following, and which thus leaves him in the mire.

Sir Thomas Browne remarks “It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him that he is at the end of his being ;” and the general experience of mankind confirms the truth of his observation. There may be some men (though such instances are rare), who, like Professor Newman, profess that they have no wish for the perpetuation of life

beyond the grave. Whether such exceptional indifference springs from natural defect (as some men are indifferent to the charms of music and of poetry), or whether, as I incline to think, it is due to accidental causes and morbid conditions, physical and mental—such for instance as those which tempt men to the unnatural act of suicide, a transient mood rather than a faithful reflection of the soul—abundant evidence might be cited from the most confirmed and eminent Materialists and Sceptics to show how repugnant even to them is the idea of annihilation, how eagerly they would welcome any conclusive evidence of immortality; how gladly their spiritual nature, starved and shrunken as it is, would welcome the revelation of a future life, if it were proved to them to be in harmony with the divine laws of man's being, and stript of those barbaric conceptions which have perverted the gracious assurance of immortal life into what Professor Kingsley, with grim irony, has called "the gospel of damnation." Byron, when his scepticism was at full tide and at its best, checks his scornful mood with the thought—

Yet, if as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right.

And in another poem, written in a very different, though not less sceptical mood, after telling us, with Johnson—

That in the course of some six thousand years,
All nations have believed that from the dead,
A visitant at intervals appears.

He significantly adds—

And what is strangest upon this strange head
Is, that whatever bar the reason rears
'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will.

Shelley, in his early poem of "Queen Mab," startled the still air with his wild shriek of Atheism; yet even at this time, as is evident from his poem on Death, he felt how grim and ghastly, in his philosophy, was the pale spectre of which he wrote:—

This world is the nurse of all we know,
This world is the mother of all we feel,
And the coming of death is a fearful blow,
To a brain unencompassed with nerves of steel;
When all that we know, or feel, or see,
Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

The secret things of the grave are there,
 Where all but this frame must surely be,
 Though the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous ear
 No longer will live to hear or to see
 All that is great and all that is strange
 In the boundless realm of unending change.

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?
 Who lifteth the veil of what is to come?
 Who painteth the shadows that are beneath
 The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb?
 Or uniteth the hopes of what shall be
 With the fears and the love for that which we see?

As however his mind matured, we see increasing indications of a more ideal—a more spiritual philosophy—which, did the limits of this essay permit, it would be interesting to trace. In his conclusion to "The Sensitive Plant," he says:—

It is a modest creed, and yet
 Pleasant if one considers it,
 To own that death itself may be
Like all the rest, a mockery.

He seems indeed to have had an intuitive belief in immortality; and his spirit intensely yearned for proofs of kinship with another world, and his mind was ever filled with spiritual imaginings. He even cherished the hope of holding communion with the departed. At the time he was defying the learning of Oxford to refute his "Plea for Atheism," he was the subject of the wondering belief of which he speaks in the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty":—

While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts, and sped
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.

And he thus concludes his "Adonais," an elegy on the death of his friend the poet Keats:—

I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Robert Burns, writing of the Future Life to his esteemed friend Mrs. Dunlop, exclaims "Would to God I as firmly believed it as I ardently wish it!" Thomas Cooper, when his scepticism was at its climax, was so appalled at the thought of annihilation that in his great epic, *The Purgatory of Suicides*, apostrophizing the sun, he exclaims with passionate fervour:—

Farewell, grand Sun! How my weak heart revolts
 At that appalling thought—that my last look
 At thy great light must come! Oh, I could brook
 The dungeon, though eterne! the priests' own hell,

Ay, or a thousand hells, in thought unshook,
 Rather than Nothingness! And yet the knell
 I fear is near, that sounds—to consciousness, farewell!

But, it may be said these are only the idle fancies of poets, influenced by emotion rather than by reason. Well, I believe there are times when—

The heart may give a useful lesson to the head.

When, as many have experienced—

A warmth within the breast would melt
 The freezing reason's colder part;
 And like a man in wrath, the heart
 Stood up and answered,—'I have felt!'

When the natural language of emotion goes to a truth, while reason—blinded by the sophistries of a false philosophy—misses its way, and for a weary time

Finds no end in wandering mazes lost.

Like Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, every man may find a key in his bosom called Promise, which will unlock the dungeon doors of Doubting Castle if he will but use it. Or, to quote a simile from Jean Paul—"The glowing of the heat relights the extinguished torch in the night of the intellect, as a beast stunned by an electric shock in the head is restored by an electric shock in the breast."

But let us turn to other witnesses. Here, for instance, is one who claims to be governed solely by the severest rules of reason and of logic,—to Comte, the founder of "The Positive Philosophy," and to whom indeed we might justly apply the remark addressed by Friend Allen to Robert Owen, "Friend Robert, thee ought to be very right, thee art so *very* positive!" Yet when the springs of his emotional nature were touched, it was to him a revelation which led him to see how defective was the system of materialistic philosophy he had so laboriously constructed; and his later views on religion were in such marked contrast with it, that some of his followers deemed it evidence of aberration of mind, and as such it was actually urged in a court of law to set aside the will that he had made. Professor Maurice, after quoting a sketch of his life, remarks:—"From this profoundly interesting narrative we learn that human love awakened Comte to a conviction of the inadequacy of his philosophical scheme. He must have a religion to graft upon it. There is no help for it; he must deny facts—facts which he has realized—if he pretends that his notion of science is sufficient to explain them. His followers perceived clearly—and complained bitterly—that by taking this course he is giving up the principles for which they had hailed him as the last

great discoverer, as the man 'who had grasped the true power for the co-ordination of the sciences.' "

Voltaire in his article, "Soul," in the *Philosophical Dictionary*, tells us that of "its origin, nature, and destiny we know and can know nothing; that it is a subject on which we must ever continue in a labyrinth of doubts and feeble conjectures;" and our questionings on the matter he says are "questions of blind men asking one another, 'What is light?'" Yet this prince of sceptics and scoffers in the article "Magic" of the same work, writes, "This soul, this shade, which existed, separated from its body, might very well show itself upon occasions, revisit the place which it had inhabited, its parents and friends, speak to them and instruct them. In all this there is no incompatibility."

Renan—the brilliant countryman of Comte and Voltaire—goes even further, he dedicates his *Life of Jesus*, "To the pure soul of my sister, Henrietta, who died September 24, 1861." In the course of this dedication he thus invokes her:—"Reveal to me, O good Genius—to me, whom thou lovedst—those truths which conquer death, deprive it of terror, and make it almost beloved." Mr. G. J. Holyoake, founder of "Secularism," which, like "Positivism," denies or ignores God and a Future Life, in a passage of great tenderness and pathos, describing the death of his child, in his *Last Trial by Jury for Atheism*, avows that even to him a pure and rational faith in immortality would be more congenial than the cold negations and dreary platitudes to which his life has mainly been devoted.

"My dada's coming to see me," Madeline exclaimed on the night of her death, with that full, pure, and thrilling tone which marked her when in health. "I am sure he is coming to night, mama," and then remembering that that could not be, she said "Write to him, mama, he will come to see me;" and these were the last words she uttered—and all that remains now is the memory of that cheerless, fireless room, and the midnight reverberation of that voice which I would give a new world to hear again. * * * * Yes, though I neither hope—for that would be presumptuous—nor expect it, seeing no foundation, I shall be pleased to find a life after this. Not a life where those are punished who were unable to believe without evidence, and unwilling to act in spite of reason—for the prospect of annihilation is pleasanter and more profitable to contemplate: not a life where an easy faith is regarded as "easy virtue" is regarded among some men—but a life where those we have loved and lost here are restored to us again—for there, in that Hall where those may meet who have been sacrificed in the cause of duty—where no gross, or blind, or selfish, or cruel nature mingles, where none sit but those whom human service and endurance have purified and entitled to that high company, Madeline will be a Hebe. Yes, a future life, bringing with it the admission to such companionship, would be a noble joy to contemplate.

Well would it have been for him, and for the influence he has exercised, had he in this matter fully realised the truth expressed by himself in his essay on *The Logic of Death*:—"Plainly, as though written with the finger of Orion in the

vault of night, does man read the future in his heart. The impulse of fiction that leaps unbidden to his breast, which, though suppressed in comparative strife, or withered by cankering cares, yet returns in the woodland walk and the midnight musing, ever whispering of something better to be realised." Yes! and the whisper is no "fiction;" the language of the heart does not deceive us.

A late eminent English philosopher, whose autobiography enables us to understand how it came to pass that, as he professed he never had any religious belief, yet when his emotional nature was stirred to its depths by the bereavement of a beloved wife, felt so little the consolations of his own philosophy, that he daily visited her tomb, sometimes, it is said, remaining there for hours together, in bitterness of spirit, at what he regarded as an irreparable loss. O, that as he sat there, disconsolate, he could have opened his sorrowing heart to the comforting assurance of the angel, "She is not here, she is risen!"

Hobbes confessed that to him death was "a leap in the dark;" And of Hume, the acutest of sceptics, and the influence of whose philosophy has perhaps been the most penetrating and persuasive, it has been truly remarked by Mr. Sears, that "Perhaps there is not a more significant passage in religious literature than the suppressed passage of Mr. Hume, where he describes the influence of his speculations. He surveys the habitation which, with infinite logical skill, he has builded about him, and he starts with horror at sight of the gloomy and vacant chambers." The following is the passage referred to:—

I am astonished and affrighted at the forlorn solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look about I see on every side dispute, contradiction, and distraction. When I turn my eyes inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I, and what? From what causes do I derive existence, and to what condition do I return? I am confounded with these questions, and I begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed in the deepest darkness.

In Carlyle's *Life of Schiller* is a passage, remarkable for its graphic force, which may be taken as an epitome of the sceptical philosophy concerning a Future Life, and as such is quoted with approval by Mr. Holyoake in his *Logic of Death*. It reads thus:—

What went before and what will follow me, I regard as two black impenetrable curtains, which hang down at the two extremities of human life, and which no living man has yet drawn aside. Many hundreds of generations have already stood before them with their torches, guessing anxiously what lies behind. On the curtain of Futurity many see their own shadows, the forms of their passions enlarged and put in motion; they shrink in terror at this image of themselves. Poets, philosophers, and founders of states, have painted this curtain with their dreams, more smiling or more dark, as the sky above them was cheerful or gloomy; and their pictures deceive the eye when viewed from a distance. Many jugglers, too, make profit of this our universal

curiosity : by their strange mummeries they have set the outstretched fancy in amazement. A deep silence reigns behind this curtain ; no one once within will answer those he has left without ; all you can hear is a hollow echo of your question, as if you shouted into a chasm.

No doubt priests and jugglers have made profit of our universal curiosity on a question in which we are so profoundly interested, but that no one once within the veil will answer those he has left without, is a statement in flat denial to known experience in all ages, and most emphatically so to that of our own age, in which we have the most ample and conclusive evidence that death is no impenetrable curtain separating us wholly from those who have gone before ; and it is moreover a view as gloomy as it is false.

Great God ! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn !

How far more cheering and ennobling is the faith enunciated by Fichte :—

The world of nature, on which but now I gazed with wonder and admiration, sinks before me. With all its abounding life and order and bounteous increase, it is but the curtain which hides one infinitely more perfect—the germ from which that other shall develop itself. My faith pierces through this veil, and broods over and animates this germ. It sees, indeed, nothing distinctly ; but it expects more than it can conceive, more than it will ever be able to conceive, until time shall be no more.

A prominent Sceptic, conversing on Spiritualism with a mutual friend—a believer—remarked, “I would give everything, could I but hold your unfaltering convictions on this subject.”

What, indeed, has Materialism to offer us in exchange for the faith in immortality it calls upon us to surrender ? When the heart is lacerated by the loss of wife, or child, or friend, to be told that all must one day suffer a like experience ; that perhaps time may blunt the edge of sensibility, and awaken new interests ; that the material atoms of the beloved form are imperishable, and may re-appear in trees and grass and flowers, is but to mock our grief. I do not argue that we are to accept this, or any belief, simply because it is agreeable to us. Of course, the primary question is, not what would be pleasant, but what is true. If it can be proved that life, thought, feeling, consciousness perish with the body, let us bear our fate with what fortitude we may. My present purpose is only to show that the faith in immortality is congenial to the human heart ; that when it finds free utterance the most confirmed Sceptics, the most obdurate Materialists, confess as much, despite the confirmed and inveterate prejudice to the contrary. It is not death, but life for which we pant—that more and fuller life, eternal

in the heavens. At least one entire side of our nature, and that not the least trustworthy, responds to this belief, and is never fully reconciled to its contrary. And although in this matter instances abound in which the other side of our nature falters and is recalcitrant, yet it would surely be irrational to conclude that even here this discordance is necessary and final. Harmony is our normal condition, the true law of our being, and we need never despair of its attainment, though the evidence to co-ordinate with faith may have to be sought elsewhere than in the common theology of the pulpit or the philosophy of schools.

Some of my readers will doubtless smile when I affirm my conviction that this evidence is supplied in the facts of modern Spiritualism. Yet this is no hasty conclusion, but my deliberate and matured judgment after twenty years' investigation and experience. And now after more than a quarter of a century's contemptuous denial of these facts, and unmeasured scorn and vituperation of those who asserted them, as within the range of their own personal knowledge, the most distinguished scientists, after full investigation and every application of crucial tests, are fast admitting their validity. It is true that other scientists of the highest reputation have expressed a contrary opinion; but there is this difference, that while the latter speak without any proper knowledge of the subject, and have been at no pains to inform themselves concerning it, the former have made it a matter of deep research, and have given it years of careful experimental investigation. Wherever the investigation has been most thorough, conviction has been most complete. And it would be difficult to name any better test of truth than this. As remarked by a Roman Catholic writer in the *Dublin Review*—

The invariable law of a plausible lie is this—let it be received at first with open arms; intelligent men, who have no interest in supporting it and no prejudice in favour of it, pause and inquire; as time flows on, it gradually, and, as it were, day by day loses its hold on the credence of men, and at length vanishes utterly and for ever. The very opposite of this has been the fortune of the phenomena we are speaking of. Among men of keen and cultivated minds they were at first received, not only with disbelief, but with laughter and derision: they were rejected as untrue, not because not proven, but because incapable of proof, because they were impossible—and, indeed, impossible they are, as we shall see, to mere human power and skill. Among the characteristics of the world in modern times a tendency to believe in the preternatural most certainly can not be reckoned. The phenomena of Magnetism and Spiritism at least *appear* preternatural: the predisposition was dead against accepting them: it was predicted that, before the generation that witnessed their rise had died out, they would have disappeared and been forgotten. Well, years have rolled on, and men who formerly would not without impatience read or listen to the accounts of these phenomena (the present writer was one of these), had at length been led to examine what was making such a noise in the world, and from mature, and for a time prejudiced, examination, have been led to conviction.

In this way have been brought round several of the ablest and most learned men in Europe, Catholic theologians, physicians, and philosophers and others, Catholic, Protestant, and free-thinking. Authority does not necessarily, nor even generally, prove an opinion: in a matter of mere opinion the most enquiring and cautious men may be greatly deceived, and have been so deceived. But here there is question of facts and of the testimony of the senses—of facts sensible to the sight, the hearing, the touch—of facts and testimonies repeated over and over again, beyond the possibility of calculation, in the greater part of Europe and America, and recorded year after year down to the present day. It is quite impossible that about such facts such a cloud of such witnesses should be all deceived.

The spiritual nature and future life of man are then not only within the range of the knowable, but have become actually known to thousands of independent and qualified investigators, including "several of the ablest and most learned men in Europe;" and we may add, of its most distinguished men of science.* Materialism has demanded plain palpable facts, and by these it has been confuted. It has challenged sensuous and scientific demonstration, and its terms have been accepted, and the demonstration is complete and overwhelming. As with the hammer of Thor the strong walls and towers of Materialism have been broken by it into fragments.

We have seen by the confessions of its chief expounders what a dismal outlook it presents; but this can only be fully realised by those who have dwelt in and emerged from those

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades,
Where peace and rest can never dwell,
Hope never comes.

Dr. George Sexton, for twenty years one of the leading advocates of Secularism, and by far its most learned and scientific representative, after long and careful investigation into Spiritualism, fully satisfied himself of its truth, and is now one of its most earnest advocates. Speaking of the state of mind to which Scepticism leads, he says:—

No man knows better what this state of mind is than I do, having had many years' bitter experience of the doubts and uncertainties which it involves. To be, as the poet says,

"Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind,"

and yet not to feel able to recognize the Divine in Nature and the spiritual in man, is a condition which is easier felt than described. Gleams of light occasionally shooting through the dense darkness, serving only to make the darkness afterwards more intense; a few drops of rain on the parched and dried up ground, the sight of food to the hungry, or water placed before the eyes as though to mock the vision of him who is dying of thirst, are similes which but faintly shadow forth the state of mind of the Sceptic.

* As the most recent examples in England see "A Defence of Modern Spiritualism," by ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE, in the *Fortnightly Review* for May and June, 1874; and "Notes of an Enquiry into the Phenomena called Spiritual, during the Years 1870-3," in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, for January, 1874, by its editor, WILLIAM CROOKER, F.R.S. The *Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society*, 1871, also gives a mass of evidence on this subject.

In like manner Gerald Massey, in his admirable essay concerning Spiritualism, testifies:—

Spiritualism will make religion infinitely more real, and translate it from the domain of belief to that of life. It has been to me, in common with many others, such a lifting of the mental horizon and a letting in of the heavens—such a transformation of faiths into facts—that I can only compare life without it to sailing on board ship with hatches battened down, and being kept a prisoner, cribbed, cabined, and confined, living by the light of a candle—dark to the glory overhead, and blind to a thousand possibilities of being, and then suddenly on some splendid starry night allowed to go on deck for the first time, to see the stupendous mechanism of the starry heavens all aglow with the glory of God, to feel that vast vision glittering in the eyes, bewilderingly beautiful, and drink in new life with every breath of this wondrous liberty, which makes you dilate almost large enough in soul to fill the immensity that you see around.

One who has followed the Apostolic injunction—"Add to your faith knowledge;" and whose public ministrations as a teacher of religion have, in consequence, been marked by an intelligence, as well as a strength and fervour, which carry to other hearts the conviction of his own, remarks:—

This doctrine of a God who is indeed our Father; this glorious assurance of everlasting life in Him; this long line of witnesses who have caught some ray of His divine beauty and shed it upon us—these things, which religion grafts upon philosophy, make life rich indeed. We can fly for shelter from Infinite Law, and take refuge and find peace in Infinite Love. . . . And when the fear of death comes on us, we can look through the darkness to the light beyond, and lie down in hope, knowing in Whom we have believed, and confident that He will keep that which, in life's last act of renunciation, we commit to Him. It is this tone of triumphant confidence, this enthusiasm of faith in the truth of the Universe, this fanaticism of trust in the veracity of God, which gives zest to life. It is this hope which brightens the eye and nerves the hand, makes us strong and happy in the conflict of duty, and enables us to overcome the world. It is this certainty of faith which turns belief into knowledge, and is the everlasting Rock on which we stand secure amid the changes and calamities of time."*

LESSONS OF HISTORY FOR THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

I HAVE promised the National Association a few more proofs of the dangers of the path upon which they have entered, and here they are. If the Association would learn wisdom from history there is plenty of it in its pages both ancient and modern. If they would learn to what lengths of absurdity and even blasphemy wild spirits will lead men, they need not go back to Simon Stylites on his pillar, nor to dirty St. Anthony in his hole in the ground, who for years never washed his filthy hide, and thought such a life righteousness and the highway to

* *Scientific Men and Religious Teaching*, by P. W. CLAYDON.

heaven, the abode of the pure. They need not even go back to the Middle Ages to the insane dancers and flagellants, nor even to the rabid Anabaptists of Munster. There are plenty of examples of spirit-deluded creatures of only the last generation, nay, of the present. Before they abjure sober Christianity, and open their arms to all the infatuated idiotics who plead spirit-guidance for their follies and demoralizing creeds, and clasp them in the embrace of brotherhood simply as a matter of liberality, let them read *The Coming Man* by the late Rev. James Smith, author of *The Divine Drama of History and Civilization*—a good Spiritualist. There they will find the strange history of Joanna Southcote and her followers, and of Richard Brothers, a still earlier prophet. The prophecies of these people, one after another, were of the most positive nature. They were given with the exact dates of day, month and year. Every one of them was immediately and absolutely falsified by the event, yet the deluded disciples of these leaders, who were not impostors, but most thoroughly honest and convinced tools of deceitful spirits, went on in spite of all their senses, and all their sufferings, believing.

There is nothing that people, whether ignorant or educated won't believe when they are fully inoculated with a false spiritual virus. There is no hellebore that can purge such brains. The most direct, startling, and confounding outbursts of the violated truth, are no more to such fever-brained maniacs than the passing of a zephyr. You may bray them in a mortar, flay them alive, pitch them into the water, hurl them into the fire, but the fixed belief in their spirit-guides will remain unshaken. The most terrible denials and counter-proofs of facts are lost upon them.

Is this the way that the National Association wishes to go? Is this the frenzy that is already seizing them? Already they renounce Christianity. Already they hail as friends and confederates the holders of any doctrine however vile, venomous, or scandalous, who assume to be taught by spirits. Thus, as far as in them lies, they countenance and encourage Free-loveism, Woodhullism, Claffinism—that is Free-loveism in its most satyr shape—Mormonism, Yezideeism—that is devil-worship,—or any *ism* which starts up under the accommodating name of Spiritualism. Had they lived in Richard Brothers' time, they would, according to their late avowal, have found a real brother in him. They must have welcomed him to their embraces, and placed him high on the list of their vice-presidents, nay, he might fairly claim to be their president elect.

Brothers professed to be inspired by God himself. He called himself "the man revealed to the Hebrews as their prince, and

to all nations as their governor, according to the covenant of King David, immediately under God." He declared in print that the Lord commanded him to tell George III., King of England, that immediately on his being revealed in London, as the prince and governor of all nations, he must give up his crown to him.

Brothers was very properly shut up in Bedlam, but the National Association, which is desirous to form a bond of union with Spiritualists of every shade of opinion, would have received him with acclamation. After him came Joanna Southcote, who declared that she was the destined mother of Shiloh, a re-incarnation of the Messiah. She prophesied continually both by word of mouth and in print. Her works yet remain and amount to seven octavo volumes, of the most wild, rabid and illiterate absurdity that ever issued from a mortal brain. Yet thousands of people, some of them clergy, some Members of Parliament, and multitudes of others who ought to have known better, believed in her. They continued to believe in her though all her prophecies, one after another, were the most astounding failures. She went on to declare herself pregnant with Shiloh, and her besotted disciples prepared a cradle of silver for the re-incarnated Saviour, and the most costly baby-linen. There was a most excited waiting for the event. The exact day was announced, and clergy and laity were standing about the house in breathless expectation. Certain believing doctors were around her bed to assist in, or to attest the arrival of Shiloh, whose appearance would have been a grand card for M. Rivail, more conveniently called Allan Kardec by his numerous flesh-enamoured dupes. The whole ended in a horrible *fiasco* in which poor Joanna lost her life; yet the bulk of her disciples believed on, and they continue believing to this hour.

Well, Joanna was persuaded by lying spirits that she was the bride, the Lamb's wife, and in this faith she lived and died. Shiloh, whom she was to bring forth, was to be a re-incarnation of Christ, His son as He was the Son of God, and in some mysterious way, Himself. It was to be His second coming. Joanna was to be the woman in the Apocalypse, who was to produce the man-child who should rule the nations with a rod of iron. She had voices in her head and in her chest that promised her wonders, all of which she believed as Gospel, though they all turned out lies. She believed her spirits that she should be mistress of the universe, with the moon under her feet, and be crowned with twelve stars; and as confidently she believed that she should be Queen of England, and that her son should be not only Messiah but Lord Mayor of London! No absurdest jumble of impossibilities was too ridiculous for her, nor for her proselytes, gentle and simple, learned and ignorant.

But not only Joanna, numbers of other women equally believed that they were the bride of prophecy. Like Catherine Theos, who declared that monster Robespierre the Messiah, they all were too confident in their inspiration to boggle at the most outrageous anomalies or mad extravagancies. No intelligence, position, education, or previous good sense can insure us against insidious spirits, if we allow ourselves to quit for one moment the plain ground of Gospel guidance. Of this Miss Neville, a celebrated miniature painter, was a striking example. She was of a good English family, a sober, clear-headed, sedate young lady, till she allowed lying spirits to persuade her that they were better and diviner guides than the simple rules of Christ's law. This unhappy woman put out great handbills, declaring herself the bride, and consequently the heiress of kingdoms, and the restorer of nations. She said she had received a commission from God to renovate the Desert of Idumea. She had a disease of the spine, which utterly incapacitated her for any locomotion, but an angel appeared to her and instantly cured her. If this were a fact, and it would appear to have been so, for from some cause she was at once raised from an inability to walk a step to a condition of full activity, the angel, though a lying one, was possessed of great power like the magicians of Egypt who performed to a great extent the miracles of Moses. Immediately she made preparations for this enterprise. The angel made her a grant of Idumea, and she put out her summons for a standing army of a 100,000 men, and appointed Lieutenant O'Malley to provide the requisite artillery. She printed paper money to pay her soldiers and their passage to the land of the curse, which she was to redeem and restore to fertility. She sold her plate and jewels, and spent £2,000 of real cash in her arrangements, but before she could go further her friends secured her in a lunatic asylum.

Lucky it is that the National Association did not exist then, or these madcap women would have figured prominently on their platform, and who knows how many of the members of the Association would be waiting to rock the cradle of the infant Shiloh, or to march for Idumea under the banners of Miss Neville—Queen of that promised country, and Generalissimo of Heaven! Many other Spiritualists of rather odd shades of opinion declared themselves God; the Almighty; the Eternal, and nothing could drive the idea out of their heads. They had the same fixed infatuation as Dilke of Ohio, who declared himself the Almighty, and that his Millennium would begin in 1832. Yet the most rampantly crazed of these people were all real Spiritualists, and eligible to the National Association of 1874, or rather, the Association is eligible to their church which

yet remains. I do not hear yet that the Joannas have invited the National Association to coalesce with them, but the National Association has most distinctly invited the Joannas into its ranks, with every other shade of Spiritualistic opinion. Joanna was a Re-incarnationist, and would most assuredly have sat high aloft in their council with other Re-incarnationists who do sit there, one of whom publicly asserts that at different eras she has been Semiramis, Jezebel, and other ladies of similarly amiable idiosyncrasies. Miss Neville, who had been cured miraculously by an angel, would sit there as a brilliant sign of the sanity and *infallibility* of the Association.

Joanna, "Queen of Heaven and of England," died, but her mantle fell on one George Turner, a merchant of Leeds, and he and a Miss Townley—the old companion of Joanna—went on prophesying, and *their* National Association went on believing. Unluckily, Turner declared that on the 28th of January, 1817, a great earthquake would take place: the earth would yawn, and swallow up all but the saints, who would be preserved to inherit the land, with all its palaces and towers, its estates and good things. So convinced were the followers of Turner that this catastrophe would come off, that, though they did not have their travelling robes made, and sit ready on their trunks to go up at the first notice, like the dupes of Miller, of New York, in our time, yet one gentleman flung all his bank notes out of the window as of no further use, and others, more alive to self, took their posts at the doors of the best houses ready to seize them, and the rich equipages of the carnal-minded owners who were to be swallowed up!

Mr. Smith gives verbatim the proclamation of Turner, in which he appoints ten of the saints to the chief offices of the kingdom and of the City of London, with salaries of £20,000 each. When the angel had passed and sunk all by the earthquake, the salaries of these holy men were to commence at once, and they were to take possession of all estates, houses, and farms, and the worldly who escaped from the earthquake, which was to destroy *all* of them, were to become the servants of the saints. And Turner put a tariff on all articles. They were to have 20,000 men to search all houses, vaults, cellars, &c., for the gold, silver, and precious stones, and carry them to the bank. They were to serve out wine to the saints at a few pence per gallon, porter at a halfpenny a gallon, and ale at the same price. Mutton at two pounds for a halfpenny, a sheep for eighteenpence, a bullock for five shillings, and a calf at the same price as a sheep. There was to be no postage, no taxes, no turnpikes, so that the saints were to live in clover.

Of course nothing of the sort happened, but that did not

signify; the dupes by thousands went on believing. Turner, like Brothers, got into a lunatic asylum, but that only made him a martyr; and if the National Association had been in existence, instead of the lunatic asylum he would have got in there, and been put on the Council as a most distinguished brother. True, he had prophesied a most bouncing lie, but what of that? He was a Spiritualist of the first water, and, therefore, entitled to the highest recognition in that happy place where every shade of opinion is welcomed. What did it matter that the spirits had deceived him, and made fools of all his saints? Still they were spirits, or he said they were, and being delusive spirits is no objection to the National Association, which takes in all of every shade of opinion, even the very wildest of the many wild varieties of America, or it cannot be true to its proclamation. It must take in Dr. Cumming himself, if he has not been yet taken in enough by his predictions of the end of the world, which were of the like stamp as Turner's, of the earthquake, and of other things.

Turner managed to escape from the lunatic asylum, and was more lunatic than before. He announced that Shiloh, notwithstanding his non-appearance to Joanna, would certainly appear on the 14th of October, 1820, in London; but the believers need not travel up from the country, for he would visit them all in person, and for that purpose would set out on the very next day, the 15th. On the 14th the chapel of the Southcoteians in the Metropolis was crowded, and Turner was in the midst of them. All were in the highest state of expectation, but of course Shiloh did not come. Dreadful was the disappointment, for many presents had been prepared for Him by the faithful, amongst others a silver snuff box and a fashionable blue coat! That Shiloh should take snuff and wear a blue coat did not strike these credulous creatures as at all strange.

After Turner came John Wroe, a woolcomber, of Tong in Yorkshire, and declared himself a forerunner of Shiloh. He made himself a Jew, as much as a man who is not one can. He introduced circumcision as an absolute rule and observance of his Society; divided the Society into twelve tribes, and forbade swine's flesh, shell-fish, and eels. He had visions and voices, and sate in the assemblies of the faithful with a poker in his hand, as the representative of Shiloh, who was to rule the nations with a rod of iron. What a fine President he would have made, poker in hand, for the National Association! The fooleries that he and his followers committed were of the most outrageous kind. Women were set to flog men who had offended Wroe, who was a most ferocious tyrant, with rods on their naked backs. Wroe travelled over a great deal of Europe,

went to America and Australia, and was ordered by the spirits to go to China, because Shiloh was to set his foot on the globe, and John represented him.

But like those of Joanna and Turner, every one of his prophecies proved false, and so much so that twelve children, whom he had prophesied would live to carry the Gospel over the whole world, died every one of them. It seemed that God would testify most signally against these fanatic followers of false spirits, yet nothing cured them, no judgments, no practical demonstrations of the falsehood of their spiritual guides could open their eyes. In fact, what can open the eyes of those who for their abandonment of truth and sound reason are given up to believe a lie? They still believed, and to this day their successors remain in thousands, and are now by public proclamation invited to take their places in the National Association of Spiritualists.

There was another John Roe, who seems to have been very little different from John Wroe, except that he left out the W in his surname. Certainly he was as great a fool. He was the patriarch of a sect at Calverton in Nottinghamshire, and he and his apostles were confined for some years in the county goal at Nottingham for presuming to marry amongst themselves without any legislative sanction. They remained there till the county grew tired of maintaining them, and were then turned out and returned to their head quarters at Calverton. There I once had the curiosity to go to their chapel, and saw John Roe, then a very old man, with a white flowing beard, and heard him read a chapter, and then comment on it in a most imbecile style. This John Roe managed to borrow considerable sums of money of different people, and refused to pay it back, saying that the Israelites were commanded to fleece the Egyptians. These Roeites, too, had spirits and visions and prophecies, and would have been legitimate members of the National Association.

What a charming assembly the National Association will be when the living representatives of all these odds and ends of humanity, these fungi of faith in fermentation, shall accept the kind invitation sent out to them. When Free-lovers, Woodhullists, Clafinists, Mormons, Rappists, Shakers, Jumpers, Yezidees, Joannas, Turnerites, Wroeites with the W, and Roeites without; the Whirling Dervishes from Turkey, and Jossakids from Western America; shall come together with the women flagellants attending John the Jew, ready to punish disorderly male apostles, and the Re-incarnationists shall recognize them as the re-incarnated flagellants and *dansants* of ages past.

Do not the Spiritualists feel themselves much flattered by being brought by the National Association into the same

category with these crack-brained fanatics and arrant zanies? But seriously, these many examples of the dangers of giving ear to delusive spirits and to doctrines of devils, show us most impressively the urgent necessity for all Spiritualists to keep carefully the way of truth and soberness and sound mind. To try the spirits according to the Apostolic injunction, and to say to any spirit in or out of the flesh, who would teach us something different from the Divine precepts of the Gospel, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" We don't want any spirit to teach us a new or better religion, we have one so pure and perfect, and so highly pitched in moral principle that never whilst we are on earth shall we be able to reach its Divine altitude of sentiment and wisdom. We can willingly listen to spirits who strengthen us to follow the sublime dictates of Christ, or teach us anything in accordance with them, or warn us of the dangers of wandering from the directly onward path; but to anything divergent from or adulterative of those heavenly canons we cannot listen but at serious cost. We have already one Lord, one faith, and one baptism, and we refuse to accept any other, fully satisfied that when we possess the very highest of its kind any other thing of the same pretensions must be inferior, and therefore, superfluous. The intelligent Christian will remember the solemn warning of his Divine Master not to run after "Lo heres," and "Lo theres." And the lamentable records here given of the pitiable follies and infatuations of the victims of the misguidance of lying spirits, as well as others that we could add from France and America, give convincing force to the words of supreme wisdom uttered nearly two thousand years ago.

Let every Spiritualist reflect seriously that he has not only his own character for sober sense and reliable judgment at stake, but that of every brother and sister of the faith. The times demand from us the most vigilant caution and the most acute sagacity of action. The language of Professor Tyndall in his opening address at the meeting of the British Association at Belfast, ought to show to every Spiritualist the immense importance of Spiritualism at the present time. The Professor boastingly vaunted the triumph of the material philosophers over the Bible, and gave the believers in it, and in its doctrine of the immortality of the soul, fair warning that the physiologists would go on till they had completely driven spirit out of the field. That is to say, that had not Spiritualism been brought into renewed action against them, the Materialists would have trampled on the soul of humanity; would have stamped out every trace of faith in the nobler part of our being, and blotted out our divinest hopes. For all this he was loudly applauded. He did not mention Spiritualism by name, but it

was against it that all his arguments were obviously directed. He boasted that they would prove man a mere physical machine. Well, it is clear that the pulpits could not cope with him. They could not bring practical facts to rebut his physical ones, except from the annals of nearly 2,000 years ago. It is Spiritualism alone to which God has assigned the glorious mission of to-day,—the reproduction of those or similar facts. It is Spiritualism alone which stands up, armed at all points, to confront and confound these *terre filii* on their own ground of actual experiment, by producing on the scene SPIRIT visible, palpable, living, reasoning, and invincible over dust and all the champions of the science of dust. This is the grand fact which troubles the hearts of the philosophers of mere matter, which takes off their chariot wheels, and which they deny in vain. The more they deny the spirit, the stronger and more indomitably it rises before them, and obstructs their way, and crushes into nothing their boastings. Spirits disembodied, clear, brilliant, immortal, issue not merely in silent motions and written words from the realms of the invisible, but in full form walk substantially amongst us, converse with us in tones as sonorous and articulate as our own, and confirm all the revelations of past ages, all the assurances of man's immortality, as true and inexpugnable facts. Scores and hundreds of intelligent people have again and again seen, felt and conversed with these visitants from the infinite, whose simple appearance annihilates with the most exquisite sarcasm all the laboured pretences of mind, being but the action of organized matter. They are the so-confidently-denied spirits themselves who have foiled the deadly attempts of the earthly philosophers: who have turned the edge of battle against them. It is then for the Spiritualists to take up this banner of the Immortals and bear it triumphantly in the face of the world, and to hurl down once more the dragon of base negation into his native regions of darkness.

To the Spiritualists is, therefore, given the illustrious duty of defending and maintaining the integrity of human life beyond the reign of matter, and of manifesting it beyond the reach of all argument, beyond all physical facts and theories, marching hand in hand with the spirit hosts themselves. With them rests the cause of man as something infinitely more than a mere machine of locomotive earth; and without the direct and God-sent presence of Spiritualism, these proofs of this cause must have been wanting, and the Tyndalls, Huxleys, and Darwins would have trodden man's sublimest hopes into the clay of this globe, and left us in crushed reptility under the hoof of triumphant Sadduceism.

Surely the knowledge of this all-important charge, this

practical demonstration of our heavenly origin and destiny—committed to us, not by oral or written law, but by present, direct, and perpetual testimony—should render everyone of us most anxiously careful to maintain our divine office in bravery, honour, and purity; careful to follow no false device, nor to sanction by our alliance those who do. Of one thing, however, we may be certain, God will not permit the defeat of his great designs. He will keep alive in the earth His inestimable revelations of immortality, and He will find the instruments to do it. Those who betray their high trust through a false ideal, or through a diseased and spurious liberality, will fall like withered leaves from the tree of life, and men of sounder brains and more healthy hearts will take their place as his champions. Men may fail or turn aside—God will go right on for ever.

I think now that I have said sufficient to warn my fellow Spiritualists against the dangers that have of late beset them. It only remains for everyone to do his best to defeat these dangers. May God grant us all wisdom to discern the truth as He has revealed it by the most clear and well-attested means, and the strength to stand by it in single-heartedness and love! And it is in love to our great cause and to every honest, however misguided advocate of it, that I have penned my protests against the declarations and the very existence of the National Association, though the imminence of the peril has given sharpness to my words.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

LIFE'S INNER MYSTERIES.

CANST thou hear the grass grow?
Or see the winds that blow?
Canst thou the moment mark
When daylight dies into the dark?

Or when the child we've known
Has to a woman grown?
Or fix the bounds of Space?
Or Matter's final place?

Or tell when Time began?
Or when shall end? Or scan
By Reason's feeble light,
The Eternal, Infinite?

Of atom or of soul
Hast thou yet read the whole?
Or pierced the veil behind
Of Nature, Life, and Mind?

Why draw lines hard and fast?
The minute and the vast;
The worlds within, around,
Alike we fail to sound.

As pure translucent light
Is broken to our sight,
Our minds refract, in sooth,
The pure white light of Truth.

In vain we trace the plan
From monad up to man;
And ask—"How came we hither?"
We know not whence, nor whither!

In vain we seek from sense
Nature's significance;
Or question her of these—
Life's inner mysteries.

Yet we may apprehend
All things to better tend;
E'en as through mortal strife
We rise to higher life.

Philosophies and creeds
May fail us at our needs;
They pass like summer dust:
Not these, but God, we trust. T. S.

THE GHOST IN THE TOWER.

WE reprint from *Notes and Queries* the following correspondence, which appeared in that journal from September 8th, 1860, to January 1st, 1861, which tells its own tale, and needs no comment:—

“ I have often purposed to leave behind me a faithful record of all that I personally know of this strange story, and K. B.’s enquiry now puts me upon consigning it to the general repertory of *Notes and Queries*. Forty-three years have passed, and its impression is as vividly before me as on the moment of its occurrence. ‘Anecdote,’ said Wilkes, ‘is an old man’s dotage,’ and at 83 I may be suspected of lapsing into omissions or exaggerations; but there are yet survivors who can testify that I have not at any time either amplified or abridged my ghostly experiences.

“ In 1814 I was appointed Keeper of the Crown Jewels in the Tower, where I resided with my family till my retirement in 1852. One Saturday night in October, 1817, about ‘the witching hour,’ I was at supper with my then wife, our little boy, and her sister, in the sitting room of the Jewel House, which—then comparatively modernised—is said to have been the ‘doleful prison’ of Anna Boleyn, and of the ten bishops whom Oliver Cromwell piously accommodated therein. For an accurate picture of the *locus in quo* my scene is laid, I refer to George Cruikshank’s woodcut in p. 384 of Ainsworth’s *Tower of London*, and I am persuaded that my gallant successor in office, Colonel Wyndham, will not refute its collation with my statement.

“ The room was, as it still is, irregularly shaped, having three doors and two windows, which last are cut nearly 9 feet deep into the outer wall; between these is a chimney-piece projecting far into the room, and (then) surmounted with a large oil picture. On the night in question the doors were all closed, heavy and dark cloth curtains were let down over the windows, and the only light in the room was that of two candles on the table. I sat at the foot of the table, my son on my right hand, his mother fronting the chimney-piece, and her sister on the opposite side. I had offered a glass of wine and water to my wife, when, on putting it to her lips, she paused, and exclaimed, ‘Good God! what is that?’ I looked up, and saw a cylindrical figure, like a glass tube, seemingly about the thickness of my arm, and hovering between the ceiling and the table; its contents appeared to be a dense fluid, white and pale azure, like to the gathering of a summer cloud, and incessantly

rolling and mingling within the cylinder. This lasted about two minutes, when it began slowly to move *before* my sister-in-law, then, following the oblong shape of the table, *before* my son and myself; passing *behind* my wife, it paused for a moment over her right shoulder (observe, there was no mirror opposite to her in which she could then behold it). Instantly she crouched down, and with both hands covering her shoulder, she shrieked out, 'Oh, Christ! it has seized me!' Even now, while writing, I feel the fresh horror of that moment. I caught up my chair, struck at the wainscot behind her, rushed up stairs to the other children's room, and told the terrified nurse what I had seen. Meanwhile, the other domestics had hurried into the parlour, where their mistress recounted to them the scene, even as I was detailing it above stairs.

"The marvel—some will say the absurdity—of all this is enhanced by the fact that *neither my sister-in-law nor my son beheld this 'appearance,'* as K. B. rightly terms it, though to their mortal vision it was as 'apparent' as to my wife's and mine. When I the next morning related the night's horrors to our chaplain, after the service in the Tower Church, he asked me, 'Might not *one* person have his natural senses deceived? And if *one*, why might not *two*?' My answer was, 'If *two*, why not two thousand?' an argument which would reduce history, secular or sacred, to a fable. But why should I here discuss things not dreamed of in our philosophy?

"I am bound to add, that shortly before this strange event, some young lady-residents in the Tower had been, I know not wherefore, suspected of making phantasmagorial experiments at their windows, which, be it observed, had no command whatever on any windows in my dwelling. An additional sentry was accordingly posted, so as to overlook any such attempt.

"Happen, however, as it might, following hard at heel the visitation of my household, one of the night sentries at the Jewel Office was, as he said, alarmed by a figure like a huge bear issuing from underneath the door; he thrust at it with his bayonet, which stuck in the door, even as my chair dented the wainscot; he dropped in a fit, and was carried senseless to the guard room. His fellow-sentry declared that the man was neither asleep nor drunk, he himself having seen him the moment before awake and sober. Of all this, I avouch nothing more than that I saw the poor man in the guard-house prostrated with terror, and that in two or three days the 'fatal result,' be it of fact or of fancy, was—that he died.

"My story may claim more space than *Notes and Queries* can afford; desiring to be circumstantial, I have been diffuse.

This I leave to the Editor's discretion; let it only be understood, that to *all* which I have herein set forth *as seen by myself*, I absolutely pledge my faith and my honour.

" EDMUND LENTHAL SWIFTE."

" This unfortunate affair took place in January, 1816, and shows the extreme folly of attempting to frighten with the shade of a supernatural appearance the bravest of men. Before the burning of the armouries there was a paved yard in front of the Jewel House, from which a gloomy and ghost-like doorway led down a flight of steps to the Mint. Some strange noises were heard in this gloomy corner, and on a dark night at twelve the sentry saw a figure like a bear cross the pavement and disappear down the steps; this so terrified him that he fell, and in a few hours, after having recovered sufficiently to tell the tale, he died. It was fully believed to have arisen from phantasmagoria, and the governor, with the colonel of the regiment, doubled the sentry, and used such energetic precautions that no more ghosts haunted the Tower from that time. The soldier bore a high character for bravery and good conduct. I was then in my 30th year, and was present when his body was buried with military honours in the Flemish burial ground, St. Catherine's.

" GEORGE OFFOR."

" Could I, by referring to circumstances of that period, have satisfied myself on Mr. Offor's dates, I would readily acknowledge their correctness, but on other points he is certainly mistaken. The Jewel House guard had been doubled *before* that fearful night—and, therefore, *nec post nec propter, hæc*—for the surer supervising the phantasmagorial pranks which some fair neighbours of ours were suspected of playing. When on the morrow I saw the unfortunate soldier in the mainguard-room his fellow-sentinel was also there, and testified to having seen him on his post just before the alarm, awake and alert, and even spoken to him. Moreover, as I then heard the poor man tell his own story, the 'figure' did *not* 'cross the pavement and disappear down the steps' of the sally-port, but issued from underneath the Jewel Room door—as ghostly a door, indeed, as ever was opened to or closed on a doomed man; placed, too, beneath a stone archway as utterly out of the reach of my young friends' apparatus (if any such they had) as were my windows.

" I saw him once again on the following day, but changed beyond my recognition; in another day or two, *not* 'in a few hours,' the brave and steady soldier, who would have mounted

a breach or led a forlorn hope with unshaken nerves, died at the presence of a shadow, as the weakest woman might have died.

"A moment's recurrence to my own personal adventure. Our chaplain suggested the possibility of some such foolery having been *intromitted* at my windows, and proposed the visit of a scientific friend, who minutely inspected the parlour, and made the closest investigation, but could not in any way solve the mystery. Subsequently, a professor of the Black Art favoured me with a call, and undertook to produce my 'cylindrical figure,' or serpents on the ceiling, or any other appearance which I should bespeak, *provided* that he might have his own apparatus on the table, or (with the curtains drawn back) on the seven-gun battery immediately fronting the window, and where, by-the-bye, a sentry is posted night and day. His provisoes were of course declined, and the wizard acknowledged that of himself he was *no conjuror*.

"Sir John Reresby, who was Governor of York Castle, *temp.* Jac. II., records in his *Memoirs*, that one of the night-sentries was grievously alarmed by the appearance of a huge black animal issuing upon him from underneath a door in the castle. I have not my copy at hand to transcribe the passage; but the volume itself is not very difficult of reference.

"EDMUND LENTHAL SWIFTE."

"Is Colonel Swifté aware of the publication made by Dr. Wm. Gregory in his *Letters . . . on Animal Magnetism*, London, 1851, p. 494. &c.? There are circumstances mentioned in this account, certainly not obtained *directly* from Col. S. (as he is called) on which I think it very desirable, after his full account, that his comment should be made. Such are—the court-martial held on the soldier—his acquittal by means of Colonel Swifté's evidence that he was not asleep, but had been singing a minute or two before the occurrence—the declaration of the sergeant that such appearances were not uncommon, &c. I should suppose that all this is the additional snow which the ball has got by rolling.

"A. DE MORGAN."

"Up to a certain point there is a striking resemblance in the apparition recorded by Mr. Edmund Lenthal Swifté as having been witnessed by himself in the Tower in the year 1817, and one recorded in that curious volume, *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*, a collection of authenticated ghost stories by Mr. Robert Dale Owen. It is to be found at p. 282 of the

English edition of the above named work, and is entitled 'Apparition of a Stranger.' I will transcribe as much of the story as will serve to show the likeness to Mr. Swift's preternatural visitant:—

"In March of the year 1854, the Baron de Guldenstubbé was residing alone in apartments, at No. 23, Rue St. Lazare, Paris.

"On the 16th of that month, returning thither from an evening party, after midnight, he retired to rest; but finding himself unable to sleep, he lit a candle and began to read. Very soon his attention was drawn from the book, by experiencing first one electric shock then another, until the sensation was eight or ten times repeated. This greatly surprised him, and effectually precluded all disposition to sleep; he rose, donned a warm dressing gown, and lit a fire in the adjoining saloon. Returning a few minutes afterwards without a candle, he observed, by light coming through the door of the saloon, just before the chimney (which was situated in a corner of the room, at the opposite diagonal from the entrance door), what seemed like a dim column of greyish vapour, slightly luminous. It attracted his attention for a moment, but deeming it merely some effect of reflected light from the lamps in the courtyard, he thought no more of it, and re-entered the parlour. After a time, as the fire burned badly, he returned to the bedchamber to procure a faggot. This time the appearance in the front of the fireplace arrested his attention. It reached nearly to the ceiling of the apartment, which was fully 12 feet high. Its colour had changed from grey to blue—that shade of blue which shows itself when spirits of wine are burned. It was also more distinctly marked, and somewhat more luminous than at first. As the Baron gazed at it, there gradually grew into sight, within it, the figure of a man. The outlines at first were vague, and the colour blue like the column, only of a darker shade. The Baron looked upon it as an hallucination, but continued to examine it steadily from a distance of some thirteen or fourteen feet. Gradually the outlines of the figure became marked, the features began to assume exact form, and the whole to take the colours of the human flesh and dress. Finally, there stood within the column, and reaching about half way to the top, the figure of a tall, portly old man, with a fresh colour, blue eyes, snow-white hair, thin white whiskers, but without beard or moustache . . . He appeared to lean on a heavy white cane. After a few minutes the figure detached itself from the column and advanced, seeming to float slowly through the room . . . It returned to the fireplace. After facing the Baron it remained stationary there. By slow degrees the outlines lost their distinctness, and as the figure faded the blue column

gradually reformed itself, inclosing it as before. This time, however, it was much more luminous, the light being sufficient to enable the Baron to distinguish small print, as he ascertained by picking up a Bible that lay on his dressing table, and reading a verse or two. He showed me the copy, it was in minion type. Very gradually the light faded, seeming to flicker up at intervals, like a lamp dying out.'

"For the remainder of this remarkable story, which was related to the author by the Baron de Guldenstubbé himself, I must refer the reader to Mr. Owen's book. Its marked resemblance, in some respects, to Mr. Swift's narrative induced me to 'make a note of it.'

"JOHN PAVIN PHILLIPS.

"Haverfordwest."

"Until now I have been very sceptical in matters of this kind, but I must confess this strange account by Mr. Swift has impressed me with considerable interest. It was too circumstantial to attribute the appearance to optical delusion, and the depth of the window recesses, and the closed dark cloth curtains, forbid the possibility of the action of a magic lantern or phantasmagoria. Will Mr. Swift oblige me, and through me several interested friends, with farther information?

"1st.—Was Mr. Swift's son old enough to understand the vision, or to be impressed by the circumstance?

"2nd.—What was the impression of the sister-in-law respecting the affair, as evidenced by the horror and expressions of Mr. and Mrs. Swift?

"3rd.—How did the phantom disappear, and did it assume any other form?

"It must truly have made a profound impression upon the family, and haunted the imagination continually. Very few would have had the courage to continue the residence. The warders tell of a spectre said to flit about Sir Walter Raleigh's apartments.

"GEORGE LLOYD."

"When the catholic page of *Notes and Queries* was opened to my story, I became bound to satisfy its correspondents upon every personal and local circumstance. I, therefore, readily answer Mr. Lloyd's reasonable and seasonable questions:—

"1.—My son had nearly closed his seventh year; and was endowed with more than the ordinary intelligence of childhood. Assuredly, he was not terrified with what he did not see; but he was exceedingly scared at his mother's outcry and my agitation.

"2.—His aunt, to whom likewise the phantom had been

invisible, and who knew nothing of its presence till she heard it described by her sister, treated it as our joint hallucination; contenting herself with the chaplain's logic—that the illusion which possessed one person's mind could as readily possess another's.

"3.—It did not assume any other form; but, in the moment of my wife's exclamation and my striking at it with my chair, it crossed the upper end of the table and disappeared in the recess of the opposite window.

"4.—That unforgettable night was continually discussed among us (my boy alone excepted, to protect his young mind from its impression), until he and they had quitted this world of realities wherein it is still my surviving mystery.

"The preternatural transcends my philosophy; and the doctrine of chances does not, I suppose, deal with impossibilities. *Nequeo monstrare, sentio tantum.* I forbear, therefore, comment or inference, hardly expecting that my most absolute pledge of veracity shall ensure what I might claim in sublunary matters.

"Sir Walter Raleigh, and the other Eidola of the Tower, may be left to its officials' traditional snowball.

"Professor De Morgan (x. 277) has made me, for the first time, aware of Dr. Gregory's publication. His account of this strange incident was not obtained "directly" from me, seeing that I never had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and his indirect details, as alluded to by Professor De Morgan, present a curious assemblage of errors. I have already stated that I heard the ill-fated soldier described in the Tower guard-room by his fellow-sentinel, not as 'singing a minute or two before the occurrence,' but as *immediately* before it, awake and alert on his post, exchanging with him some casual remark. Of the serjeant's comment, that 'such appearances were not uncommon,' I am as unaware as of the summary '&c.' wherein Professor De Morgan includes Dr. Gregory's other reminiscences; or of the 'court-martial,' whereat I did not attend, and of course bore no testimony to his wakefulness. Let Professor De Morgan be assured that the 43 winters which have since that date blanched my head have not added one single flake to his traditional snowball—the gatherings of which, whatever may be their increment under Dr. Gregory's manipulation, are to me an unknown quantity.

"Of the military title attributed to me, I have hitherto been equally unconscious, my only martial experience having been during 1796-1803, when I bore arms in Ireland as a member of the Lawyers' Corps—a service which I would right gladly resume in 1861, with whatever spirit and strength might then be abiding in me.

"EDMUND LENTHAL SWIFTE."

"Enclosed is the story of an apparition in York Castle, alluded to by Mr. Swift. The appearance, it will be seen, was not similar to that which caused the death of the soldier in the Tower. The preceding story about a witch is not worth quoting:—

"One of my soldiers being on guard about 11 in the night at the gate of Clifford Tower, the very night after the witch was arraigned, he heard a great noise at the castle, and going to the porch, he there saw a scroll of paper creep from under the door, which, as he imagined by moonshine, turned first into the shape of a monkey, and thence assumed the form of a turkey-cock, which passed to and fro by him. Surprised at this, he went to the prison and called the underkeeper, who came and saw the scroll dance up and down, and creep under the door, where there was scarce an opening of the thickness of half-a-crown. This extraordinary story I had from the mouth of both one and the other.'—*Memoirs of Sir John Reresby*, p. 238.

"H."

"All those who were interested by Dr. Gregory's account (received from Sir David Brewster) of supernatural appearances in the Tower of London, are much obliged by Mr. Edmund Lenthal Swift's authentic statement of his personal knowledge of the occurrence, and by his correction of some errors in Dr. Gregory's account of it. But there are two particulars in that account which are neither confirmed by Mr. Swift in his own narrative (x. 192), nor denied by him in his rectification (x. 374) of Dr. Gregory's statement, with which statement he appears to be acquainted only through Professor De Morgan's allusion to it (x. 277), where those particulars are not mentioned.

"Perhaps, then, Mr. Swift, in addition to the interesting information he has already given upon the subject, will have the goodness to reply to the following queries:—

"1.—Is it true, as stated by Dr. Gregory, that '*Mrs. Swift perceived a form*,' apparently not perceived in the cylindrical tube by Mr. Swift?

"2.—If so, what was her description of the '*form*' perceived only by herself?

"3.—Is there any truth in Dr. Gregory's statement of an immediate failure in Mrs. Swift's health, consequent upon the supernatural appearance, and terminating, though not so rapidly as in the case of the soldier, in a no less '*fatal result*'?

"The serjeant's comment,' of which Mr. Swift declares himself to be unaware, was probably made to the colonel of the

regiment, who, in Dr. Gregory's account, appears to be confounded with the Keeper of the Regalia, the eye-witness of the *indoors* apparition.

"Some readers of Mr. Swifte's narrative (x. 192) have not gathered from his expression, 'following hard at heel,' that the apparition to the soldier occurred, as stated by Dr. Gregory, on the *same* night as that within the Jewel House. But a collation of the narrative with Mr. Swifte's reply to Mr. Offor (x. 236), seems to leave no reasonable doubt that the *same* night is indicated by that expression.

"M. P."

"While reading the case of Baron de Guldenstubbé, the 'Spectre of the Brocken' rushed into my mind, and farther reflection convinced me that two apparitions so closely resembling each other as those of Mr. Swifte and the Baron must be due to natural causes. The latter case also resembles one which recently occurred at Bonchurch, and was described in the *Times*. I would ask, Is it known whether the figure seen by the Baron in the column of vapour resembled himself? Whether the external air was very damp? and whether there had recently or ever been a fire in the stove in front of which the ghost appeared? It seems to have kept the line between the Baron and the fireplace, and the doorway was in a line also. As a faggot is mentioned, I suppose the fireplace in the saloon was an open one. Although unskilled in such matters, I venture to offer this hint, feeling very strongly that it is not reverent to refer to supernatural agency anything that can be solved by natural causes; and my reason tells me that the similarity of these two visitations is strong evidence against their being supernatural; while we have the testimony of the tourists, &c., on the Brocken, the gentleman at Bonchurch, Ulloa on Pichincha, and the host of Scotch 'second-sight' seers as to such effects in the open air. Then why may not the same have occurred in a column of fog descending a damp chimney.

"Mr. Swifte's case is more difficult to account for, particularly as regards the sentinel; still, I think, if one case can be solved the other may, the clue once given.

"One word as to the Baron's 'electric shocks.' Can these be accounted for by atmospheric causes? His frame seems not to have been in a healthy state, as he could not sleep. Were they not simply those twitchings of the muscles, or prickings in the veins, which are not uncommon in ailing persons? We know how a state of semi-sleep magnifies every sound and feeling, and hence I think the truth of the Baron's 'electric shocks' may be doubted.

"F. C. B."

"In reply to the queries of F. C. B., I may mention that the apparition seen by the Baron de Guldenstubbé in his apartments in the Rue St. Lazare, at Paris, in no wise resembled himself, but presented the semblance of a "tall, portly old man, with a fresh colour, blue eyes, snow-white hair, thin white whiskers, but without beard or moustache, and dressed with some care. He seemed to wear a white cravat and long white waistcoat, high stiff shirt collar, and a long black frock coat, thrown back from his chest, as is the wont of corpulent people like him in hot weather. . . . After a few minutes the figure detached itself from the column, and advanced, seeming to float slowly through the room, till within about 3 feet of its wondering occupant. 'There it stopped, put up its hand as in form of salutation, and slightly bowed.' The figure then returned to the column, as previously related, and gradually melted into the cylindrical vapour, until it was no longer perceptible. Upon the following morning the baron met the wife of the *concierge*, Madame Mathieu, and inquired of her who had been the former occupant of his room, adding:—

"His reason for making the enquiry was, that the night before he had seen in his bed room an apparition. At first the woman seemed much frightened, and little disposed to be communicative, but when pressed on the subject, she admitted that the last person who had resided in the apartments now occupied by the baron was the father of the lady who was the proprietor of the house, a certain Monsieur Caron, who had formerly filled the office of mayor in the province of Champagne. He had died about two years before, and the rooms had remained vacant from that time until taken by the baron. Her description of him, not only as to personal appearance, but in each particular of dress, corresponded in the minutest manner to what the baron had seen: a white waistcoat coming down very low, a white cravat, a long black frock coat—these he habitually wore. His stature was above the middle height, and he was corpulent, his eyes blue, his hair and whiskers white, and he wore neither beard nor moustache. His age was between 60 and 70. Even the smaller peculiarities were exact, down to the high-standing shirt-collar, the habit of throwing back his coat from his chest, and the thick white cane, his constant companion when he went out.

"Madame Mathieu further confessed to the baron that he was not the only one to whom the apparition of M. Caron had shown itself. On one occasion a maid-servant had seen it on the stairs. To herself it had appeared several times, once just in front of the entrance to the saloon; again in a dimly lighted passage that led past the bed room to the kitchen beyond, and

more than once in the bed-room itself. M. Caron had dropped down in the passage referred to in an apoplectic fit, had been carried thence into the bed room, and had died in the bed now occupied by the baron. She said to him, farther, that, as he might have remarked, she almost always took the opportunity when he was in the saloon to arrange his bedchamber, and that she had several times intended to apologise to him for this, but had refrained, not knowing what excuse to make. The true reason was that she feared again to meet the apparition of the old gentleman. The matter finally came to the ears of the daughter, the owner of the house. She caused masses to be said for the soul of her father, and it is alleged—how truly I know not—that the apparition has not been seen in any of the apartments since. Up to the time when he saw the apparition the Baron de Guldenstubbé had never heard of M. Caron, and of course had not the least idea of his personal appearance or dress; nor, as may be supposed, had it ever been intimated to him that any one had died, two years before, in the room in which he slept.—*Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*. English edition, pp. 284-5.

"In my former communication on this subject, I only copied as much of the Baron de Guldenstubbé's narrative as served to mark its likeness to the apparition seen by Mr. Swifte. The whole story is very well told, and will amply repay perusal.

"JOHN PAVIN PHILLIPS.

"Haverfordwest."

"I readily respond to M. P.'s queries:—

"1 and 2.—My wife did *not* 'perceive any form' in the 'cylindrical tube,' except the cloud or vapour which *both* of us described at the time, and which *neither* had ever described otherwise.

"3.—Her health was *not* affected, and her life was *not* terminated by the 'appearance'—be its cause what it might—which then presented itself to us.

"I cannot supply the precise date of the sentinel's alarm. If 'following hard at heel' be a synchronism, then must Hamlet's mother have married his uncle on the day of his father's funeral; the 'morrow,' whereon I saw the poor fellow in the Tower guard-room, had reference to *his* visitation, not to ours, which I submit to F. C. B., is of the twain the more difficult of solution (x. 477).

"The Bonchurch and Pichincha cases have not come within my knowledge; the 'appearance' in the Jewel House did not suggest to me the Brocken spectre; and the Guldenstubbé

phantom fails in its parallel (x. 291, 477). We were not favoured by any 'portly old man,' detaching himself from any vaporous column and resolving himself into it again; no 'electric shocks' or 'muscular twitchings' had predisposed us; and the densest fog that ever descended a damp chimney could hardly have seized one of us by the shoulder.

"The only 'natural cause' (x. 478) which has occurred to me is *phantasmagoric agency*, yet—to say nothing of its local impediments in the Jewel House—the most skilful operator, with every appliance accorded him, could not produce an appearance visible to one-half the assembly, while invisible to the other half, and bodily laying hold of one individual among them. The causation of non-natural, preternatural, or supernatural effects passes my scholarship; and the anomalies of a formless, purposeless, phantom, foretelling nothing and fulfilling nothing, is better left to the adepts in psychology.—*Davus sum, non Edipus.*

"EDMUND LENTHAL SWIFTE."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

THIS Association is now virtually reconstituted. The clause in its late Constitution, expressing its "cordial sympathy with the teachings of Jesus Christ," which excited so much controversy, has been expunged from it and other alterations in it have been made. All the members of the Association having been consulted as to alteration of the Constitution and Rules, 86 were in favour of the changes recommended by the Council, and 10 against them, the rest of the members not voting. The "Principles and Purposes" were consequently abolished, and in place thereof the objects of the National Association are stated as follows:—

II.—The Association is formed to unite Spiritualists of every variety of opinion, for their mutual aid and benefit: to aid students and enquirers in their researches, by placing at their disposal the means of systematic investigation into the facts and phenomena called Spiritual or Psychic; to make known the positive results arrived at by careful research; and to direct attention to the beneficial influence which those results are calculated to exercise upon social relationships and individual conduct. It is intended to include Spiritualists of every class, whether members of Local and Provincial Societies or not, and all enquirers into Psychological and kindred phenomena.

The objects of the Association will be carried out by establishing a Central Institution, comprising a Hall, and Lecture, *Séance*, and Reading Rooms; by correspondence; by printing and distributing publications; by the formation of a Library of Works on Spiritualism and kindred topics; to keep a register of

mediums with the view of affording facilities for investigation by Public Meetings and Lectures; by offering a medium of communication between Local and Provincial Societies; by promoting the establishment and alliance of such Societies (which shall, notwithstanding, maintain their own separate independent government and action); and by taking such other steps as may be incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects.

It was resolved to substitute the word "alliance" for "affiliation" wherever the latter occurs in all paragraphs in the prospectus relating to local societies of Spiritualists. The Council of the Association has also issued a circular to its members and friends proposing a Guarantee Fund, to establish the proposed Central Institution.

THE "NEW QUARTERLY" ON SPIRITUALISM.

The article on Spiritualism in the current number of the *New Quarterly* is an abuse of public confidence and a melancholy waste of 40 pages with tiresome twaddle, prejudice, ignorance, misrepresentation, and effrontery. The writer of it may, if it pleases him, play off in his own house an elaborate hoax upon his unsuspecting friends with trap doors and concealed machinery. If the story be true, which it is very doubtful, it is his affair and theirs. But he has no right to impose upon public credulity by pretending that his article is in any proper sense of the term a reply to the one in the *Fortnightly Review* by Mr. Wallace. This is simply a fraud and an impertinence. Mr. Harness should reserve his practical jokes for the domestic and social circle, where they would doubtless be applauded; and his literary talents might find legitimate exercise by writing paragraphs for provincial journals in the dead season of the year, explaining how to cook pancakes in your hat, and other mysteries of prestidigitation.

"FIGARO" ON SPIRITUALISM.—GOOD ADVICE TO NEWSPAPER WITS.

"With all due deference to the wits, we submit that it is time to stop insulting the Spiritualists. For a score of years their faith has endured the ordeal of ridicule, with pretty constant augmentation of numbers and respectability in its following. If human testimony counts for much these people have got hold of certain truths which, based upon phenomena so far supernatural as that they transcend all natural laws with which as yet we are acquainted, they are not likely to yield. Indeed, if anything can be proven by weight of testimony, we must concede them to have made out their case; and in making this concession we need not count too much upon the qualifying fact that the existence of ghosts has in its support an equally heavy balance of evidence, for it has yet to be shown that there

are no ghosts, whatever these may be. But the truth is that human testimony, of whatever cumulative weight, can prove nothing. We count it proof in default of better evidence, but it convinces no one but him who offers it, and him in accordance with whose mental bias it is offered. But if only one part in a thousand is true of what is asserted by men who could put a rope about the neck of a fellow-man in any court of England, the Spiritualists have ascertained a fact beside which all other facts are idle lumber—have demonstrated what all the religions and philosophical systems of the world have only surmised—namely, that the dead live. For our part, we do not believe that they have made any such momentous discovery: but *they* do, and one in every ten of them has better qualified himself to give an opinion in the matter than one in every ten thousand of those who believe as we do. Anyhow, he who discusses without examination should have the grace to deliver judgment without malice.”—*Figaro*, Sept. 12.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LIVERPOOL WESLEYAN CIRCUIT
ON THE TRANSFIGURATION AND COMMUNION WITH SPIRITS.

The Rev. T. McCullagh, superintendent of Wesley Circuit, Liverpool, in a recent sermon on the Transfiguration, after arguing against the doctrine held by some, that man at death passes into a state of unconsciousness, went on to say: “And may we not draw an inference from this as to the employment of the departed? Moses and Elias are here seen as messengers from heaven. May not the glorified spirits of our departed friends be in like manner sent as messengers to us, to minister to our spiritual wants and necessities? Depend upon it, brethren, between us and our dead there is no impassable gulf fixed. We are, indeed, come to the spirits of just men made perfect.”

FULFILMENT OF DREAMS.

The *Hartford Times* prints the following extraordinary story, for the truth of which it vouches:—

“Mr. John Eiswirth, a resident of this city, is a German by birth. He came to this country in 1848, bringing his wife with him. They had been here about a year, when they received a letter stating that a brother of Mrs. Eiswirth was *en route* to America; but from that time to this they have never seen their relative. Up to the time of the war they expected he would turn up some time, but when the unhappy civil strife swept over the land, and peace came again, and yet no tidings of the missing man, he was mourned as lost, and as the years rolled by, if not

actually forgotten, his fate was a mystery which it was thought would never be explained. And now comes a singular occurrence in connection with the case. About three weeks ago Mr. Eiswirth had a dream. He thought he was seated in a car at the depôt on Asylum Street. He didn't want to go anywhere, but in spite of this feeling he was rolled out of the depôt, and whirled away at lightning speed. Past villages, towns, and cities; through valleys, over rivers and plains—on! with a rush and a roar, stopping for nothing, and heeding nothing. It seemed to the dreamer that he was being carried, much against his will, thousands of miles from home. Why it was so he had not the faintest conception. He was under a mysterious influence that chained him to his seat, and made him a slave of its power. At last the train slackened its speed, and came to a halt, and John found himself moving along with the passengers who were making their exit from the cars. When once outside, he discovered that he was in a strange city, and among strangers. He asked a man where he was. He was told 'St. Louis.' 'But,' says John, 'I live in Hartford. I want nothing in St. Louis.' The stranger smiled and passed on, leaving our Hartford friend as perplexed as ever. While standing in his tracks wondering what to do, he saw at a distance a figure which sent a thrill of joy through his frame. It was his long lost brother-in-law. It had been more than a quarter of a century since John had set eyes on him, and time had worked a great change in his appearance, but for all that our friend recognized him, and ran towards him hallooing at the top of his voice, as if afraid he might disappear. The meeting was a cordial one, and the pair celebrated the event at a stylish saloon, where foaming mugs of 'lager' played a prominent part. The next thing John knew, was, he found himself awake at his home in Park Street. But his dream had made a strong impression, and do what he would, he could not forget it. It haunted him all that day, and when he got up the next morning, the remembrance of that long ride and the happy meeting clung to him still. That very day some clerk in the Hartford Post Office might have seen a letter addressed to Mr. ———, of St. Louis, with the instruction on the end of the envelope—'If not called for within ten days, return to John Eiswirth, Hartford, Conn.' Mr. Eiswirth says that he sent the letter addressed to his brother-in-law without the remotest expectation of hearing from him. He sent it to relieve his mind, and he confesses that the singular dream harassed him not a little. But after the missive was sent he dismissed the matter from his mind, and might never have thought of it again if something startling had not occurred a day or two since. John was at home with his family, when the postman came to the

door and delivered a letter. It was post-marked 'St. Louis.' It was torn open with tremulous fingers, and to their great joy it was found to be from their long-lost relative, in answer to the letter which John had forwarded in obedience to his dream. In a large city like St. Louis it would seem that a letter lacking specific direction might not reach its destination, but of course the chances are that it would go straight to the mark, as it did in this case. It appeared by the letter that the St. Louis German had been as much in the fog as to his sister's and Eiswirth's whereabouts as they have been in regard to him. The St. Louis man writes that he shall soon come to this city on a visit, and his Hartford friends are delighted at the prospect of a happy *réunion*. When he does come, John proposes that what he dreamed about the 'lager' shall also become a reality."

"On Friday night a young lady in Penzance dreamt that the servant maid rushed into the breakfast room exclaiming, "O Miss W., there is a man just brought home here nearly killed," and that she (the young lady) rushed out into the street just in time to see the injured man's feet as he was being carried into his own house. Miss W. related the dream at the breakfast table the next morning. Half an hour after, the servant, who had heard nothing of the dream, actually rushed into the room, exclaiming identically as above. Miss W. hastened into the street, and, strange to say, was just in time to see the injured man's feet as he was being carried into his own house. The accident was occasioned by a fall into a pit."—*West Briton*, July 30th, 1874.

LETTER OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, WRITTEN TO A LADY, ON
THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER.

Benjamin Franklin is sometimes cited as an advocate of what is now called Secularism. That this is not so is shown by his characteristic Epitaph on himself, quoted in our pages in a former number; and is further evident by the following letter, written to Miss Hubbard on the death of his brother, Mr. John Franklin.

"I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why then, should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their happy society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God.

When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body parts at once with all pains and possibilities of pains and diseases it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer. Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure which will last for ever. His chair was ready first, and he is gone before us. We cannot all conveniently start together, and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him. Adieu.—B. FRANKLIN.”

JOHN STUART MILL ON PRIMITIVE TRADITION.

Even John Stuart Mill, in his posthumous essay *On Theism*, just published, urges that—

“The argument from tradition, or the general belief of the human race, if we accept it as a guide to our own belief, must be accepted entire; if so we are bound to believe that the souls of human beings not only survive after death, but show themselves as ghosts to the living; for we find no people who have had the one belief without the other. Indeed, it is probable that the former belief originated in the latter, and that primitive men would never have supposed that the soul did not die with the body, if they had not fancied that it visited them after death.”

Notices of New Books.

MEMORIAL EDITION OF LETTERS AND TRACTS BY JUDGE EDMONDS.*

THIS edition is not a mere reprint; it was carefully corrected by the author, and has several pages of new matter by him. It also contains two orations by Cora L. V. Tappen, one purporting to be given by Theodore Parker, and the other by the Judge himself from the spirit-world. The author's portrait is prefixed. The edition is thus more complete than any other, and as it is issued at a low price we hope it will meet the wide circulation it so well deserves.

* London : J. BURNS, Southampton Row.

Correspondence.

MR. HOWITT AND THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Mr. Howitt has, in your last number, returned to the charge against the National Association of Spiritualists, and brought to bear upon it his heaviest artillery. He has doubled-shotted his guns and fired them with the most determined aim. Our frail bark would be soon sunk under such a broadside, if we were not, fortunately, far out of range of his cannonade. According to Mr. Howitt, our Association is "unprincipled;" "a foe to truth;" "divorced from Christianity;" "a corrupt and corrupting influence." I wish to show that we do not deserve this anathema. It is quite certain that Christianity is the only true guide through the mazes and pitfalls of Spiritualism; but it must be remembered that I and Mr. Howitt have attained a knowledge of this guidance through a long and trying experience of the evil, as well as the good side, of Spiritualism. Under the Providence of God the ministry of evil is as precious as the ministry of good in the development and government of mankind.

We know that however innocent our motives may be in organising any society for regulating the affairs of this world, the corrupt tendency of human nature will be sure to exercise a potent influence; but if we allowed our knowledge of this melancholy fact to deter us from forming all organisations whatever, man would relapse into barbarism. If any of our members should teach the mischievous doctrines of "Free Love" and "Re-incarnation," our society will not, and cannot, be held responsible for such offensive vagaries. Our principle of action and bond of union are simply and entirely "to teach facts." The inferences and theories drawn from these "facts," will be entirely out of the scope and dominion of the corporate body.

Look, for instance, at the Royal Society. Some of its Fellows are silly enough to believe and teach that Man is a development of the ape, and that "the potentiality of all things is to be found in matter;" yet these men are still at large, and no one thinks any the worse of the Royal Society.

Again, we know that the Bible itself may be perverted to wicked purposes by wicked men, and it can be only truly interpreted by the Holy Spirit; but I am sure Mr. Howitt would be one of the last men in the world to argue that, therefore, the general circulation of the Scriptures ought to be interdicted until their right interpretation could be assured.

It must be borne in mind that Spiritualism is older than Christianity—coeval with the history of Man; and whether we like it or not, it will exist as long as the Universe. Christianity of course teaches the right use of Spiritualism; and the more the subject is left to free investigation, the more palpable this truth will become. In the meantime any kind of conscientious investigation and any kind of machinery for carrying this purpose into practical effect, are better than isolated apathetic and dreamy contemplation of the phenomena offered for our study.

I am quite sure that Mr. Howitt is not the man who would be deterred, in his search after truth, by the apprehension that his motives might be misinterpreted and traduced by any number of "religious admirals."

Let us not make too many horribly wry faces at what we have been conventionally taught to consider "evil." Almighty God—the all-wise, the all-beneficent Ruler of the Universe,—created *evil* as well as *good*; and it is a matter of thankfulness that He did create evil—being its Creator, He is also its controller; and we therefore know that it will never be too much for us—that it will never overwhelm us eternally. "Is there any evil in the city, and I have not done it, saith the Lord?" Let us then bow down in humble gratitude to the Almighty for having made us like unto Himself—knowing good and evil. With His right hand He gives us good, with the left evil! What a transcendent conception we

may form of God's confidence in humanity when we consider that He endowed us with this power of choosing good and evil, and that He never despaired of our ultimate choice. What a creation! What a promotion! What shall we say then, as the conclusion of this argument? That we ought to treat all men with the same trust and forbearance with which God treats us: the result cannot be other than providential and divine.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

Blackheath, 1st October, 1874.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I earnestly request you to allow me a small space to correct certain errors Mr. Howitt is under as to matters of fact. It was not any member of the Association who gave, as a reason for expunging all mention of sympathy with the teachings of Christ from the principles and purposes of the Association, "that it is impossible to please everybody." "No dissent was expressed," simply because the question was out of order, and the meeting, which consisted chiefly of persons who were not members of the Association, had no power to deal with it, or to dictate to us. *Our* reason for expunging the clause in question was that, whereas it had been inserted solely in deference to the feelings of Christian Spiritualists, we found that it gave offence to most of them.* We have, therefore, not thereby "branded" ourselves "as hostile to Christianity," nor in any way "denounced" it, even by implication. There is no question of "not daring to avow our faith." We are merely trying to obey Christ's precept not to offend one of these little ones. Many members of the Council are as thorough-going Christians as Mr. Howitt himself.

As regards the admission of immoral persons, Mr. Howitt forgets that our Rules provide that no one can be a member who does not obtain a majority of votes of three-fourths of the Council personally present at his election, and that there is also provision for the expulsion of improper characters.

The Council is not "self-appointed," but was elected by 90 representatives from all parts of the Kingdom at the General Conference of Spiritualists at Liverpool last year, and will in future be elected by ballot by all the members of the Association.

ALGERNON JOY,

25, James Street, Buckingham Gate,
London, S.W., 7th Oct., 1874.

Hon. Sec.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

FOR all Thy saints of every clime,
In ancient days, or modern time;
To Thee, O God! our souls would raise
A song of grateful thanks and praise.

For saintly women, holy men,—
Thy living Word,—for Thou in them
Reveal'st Thyself with sunlight rays;
To Thee we sing the song of praise.

* The non-Christian members of the Association have not interfered in the matter either in one way or the other.

For those who dared Thy truth to speak
 When foes were strong, and friends were weak ;
 Faithful and true in faithless days,
 We lift the voice of grateful praise.

For those dear saints of daily life—
 For mother, sister, daughter, wife,—
 Our household saints, our hearts would raise
 A song of constant joy and praise.

For all who aid their fellow-men
 With generous hand, or tongue or pen ;
 Who serve their God in duty's ways,
 We join in fervent thanks and praise.

ALL SOULS' DAY.

We pray not for ourselves alone,
 And those most near by ties of blood,
 Or kindly sympathies, or faith,
 Or party, sect, or neighbourhood !

We pray for these, we pray for all,
 For sinner and for saint we pray ;
 For all in Hades and on Earth
 Our prayers ascend this All Souls' Day.

Have we not all one Father-God !
 Are we not all one brotherhood !
 Did Christ—our elder brother—come,
 Only that he might save the good !

Save us, O God ! from pride and scorn !
 May we remember He forbore
 The erring woman to condemn,
 But said—"Go thou, and sin no more !"

Thou hast made all men for Thyself !
 Thou wilt not leave one desolate !
 The good shall triumph over ill ;
 And Love Divine shall conquer hate.

T. S.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1874.

TO OUR READERS.

WITH this number we close our fifteenth yearly volume, and our relation to this Magazine as its editor.

Many reasons have combined to determine us to resign to other hands the responsible position we have so long occupied; but we need mention only one. Our sight has long been failing, and for about the last three years we have been unable to see to read either manuscript or print, and as this Magazine has all along been conducted at a pecuniary loss, we could not afford the services of an amanuensis; and when we add that besides editorial work, no inconsiderable portion of these pages has been written by our pen, the difficulties of our position may be in some degree conceived.

When, fifteen years ago, on the cessation of the first journal of Modern Spiritualism in England—to which we were a constant contributor—our Magazine began, it was, and for years remained, the only representative of Spiritualism in this country, and it met with little sympathy or encouragement, though fully as much as we had expected. The banner we bore aloft waved *against* the wind of popular sentiment. Rarely, indeed, was a voice then heard in favour of Spiritualism, either from the platform or in the press. The public mind had to be informed, public indifference aroused; misrepresentations from the pulpit and the press had to be corrected. However imperfectly this may have been done, the way was opened along which others might travel; and the success of other journals, floated on the now steadily-advancing tide, was rendered possible. Spiritualism is now well represented in our periodical literature; but merely news journals of the movement, however interesting and useful in their way,

cannot cover all the ground this Magazine was designed to occupy. There is still need for a magazine reporting the movement in its more thoughtful aspects; to contain well-considered, carefully-written articles on subjects of permanent interest and value, illustrating Spiritualism in all its phases,—literary, philosophical, scientific, and religious;—which, while Christian in spirit and in aim, shall know neither sect nor party, and be in sympathy with all that is truly rational and progressive; as well as give a complete record of the varied characteristic phenomenal developments which Spiritualism presents.

Believing then that there is still a place which this Magazine may continue to occupy and do good service, we determined that amid all difficulties and discouragements, we would persevere with it till we could with confidence place it in other hands that would carry it on in the same spirit, and with reasonable prospect of greater efficiency and success.

In announcing Dr. Sexton as our successor, our readers have the best guarantee not only of the ability, but of the liberal catholic principles on which this Magazine will be continued, and the broad unsectarian Christian spirit it will maintain. Dr. Sexton is so well known to our readers that no introduction can be needed, and our commendation would be equally superfluous. The bare enumeration of his honorary titles would occupy half a page. For twenty years he was a shining light in the Secularist camp; but after long and careful investigation of Spiritualism he became fully convinced of its truth, and is now one of its most earnest and devoted advocates. We trust that the support we have received will not only be extended to him, but be largely increased, and indeed, this is one of the gains that may be confidently anticipated for our Magazine under its new editor. One of the chief disadvantages under which it has hitherto laboured has been the want of adequate publicity. Even among Spiritualists, and in our large towns, there are still many who do not know of its existence; but with Dr. Sexton as its editor, constantly lecturing in all parts of the kingdom, this will not long continue, and we doubt not it will soon reach a far wider circulation than it has hitherto attained.

It is a pleasing duty to acknowledge the sympathy and encouragement which has done so much to lighten our labours, and especially from those who have favoured us with their literary contributions, and but for whose generous co-operation, with no pecuniary compensation given or expected, this Magazine would have been scarcely possible. We shall always regard it as our greatest privilege that we have been so long permitted to spend ourself freely in so great a cause, and at a time when

the workers in it were so few and so greatly needed. And although in our nearly 9,000 pages there is perhaps a larger body of fact, argument, and illustration in regard to man's spiritual relations than is to be found in any single work, we yet feel how little has been done, and that little how imperfectly; and how much remains to be accomplished in a field of enquiry so vast as to be practically inexhaustible. We have, as it were, but indicated by a few dots and lines the place where we know a universe must be. The primary, if not the most important, truth, however, in regard to that universe is the fact of its existence, which in our time has been so abundantly demonstrated. And if, further, some of the laws and principles by which that spiritual universe is governed, and some of its relations to our human world in the present life, have been indicated, a real and most important and practical advance in our knowledge has been made.

We confess it is not without a feeling of lingering, painful reluctance that we close this relation to a work which has occupied our best thoughts during the best years of our life. We trust, however, that the long intercourse we have maintained with our readers will not wholly cease; that we may, as we are able, still contribute to the pages of this Magazine; and we may add that should our sight be sufficiently restored, we hope to employ the greater leisure at our disposal in making some long contemplated additions to the literature of Spiritualism, which we trust may not be unwelcome, and perhaps not without some permanent value.

VALEDICTORY.

All human work—be it of hand or brain—
Must end. But is it therefore vain?
The buried seed shall spring to life again.

And here I close the work of fifteen years,
Pursued 'mid varied circumstance of hopes and fears,
Of all unwelcome strife, of blindness, grief and tears;

And many pleasant, kindly words from friends,
Known and unknown—more than amends
For work so poor—though for no private ends.

But I, at least, have sought to do my best—
Have tried to put some anxious doubts to rest;
For to have inward peace is to be truly blest.

To one and all, in simple words and few,
I now, at parting, bid heartfelt adieu!—
"To God!" What better wish, my friends, for you!

T. S.

MEMORABLE RELATIONS.

A GHOST PROTECTS A TRAVELLER.

A GENTLEMAN in Wales had occasion to visit his lawyer at a neighbouring town, to fetch from thence a considerable sum of money. On his way to the town he had to pass a very desolate piece of road. At one particular spot on his journey it occurred to him how bad a piece of road that would be upon which to encounter robbers. At the same moment the idea of an old friend, dead thirty years previously, suddenly and with a most unusual vividness presented itself to his mind. He drove on to the town, and, having obtained his money, returned homewards. Approaching in the gathering twilight the same piece of road, his surprise was great to see at this place—as clearly as ever he had beheld him during life—the old friend of whom he had thought when passing the same spot in the morning. But he soon disappeared. At this moment, however, two men jumped out of a ditch, and were rushing upon him, when they stopped suddenly, and the gentleman heard one of the men say to the other, “It’s no go, Bill! *There’s two on ’em,*” and the men went off, whilst the gentleman, astounded, drove on in safety—with possibly the spirit of his long-deceased friend sitting quietly beside him in the gig!

THE SPIRIT OF A HUSBAND PROTECTS HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Some years ago an aged lady, since deceased, related to me the following remarkable experience, in which she herself had the most entire faith, not as having dreamed a remarkable dream, but as having experienced a supernatural protection, vouchsafed to her in a time of danger.

She was a widow, living on the outskirts of a town, in a small house, with her two little girls and an Irish servant. One night she awoke, and saw standing in the room not far from the bed, the form of her deceased husband. She for the first moment did not even feel surprise at seeing him there. All was calm; her little girls were sleeping sweetly near her, and it felt natural to see her husband standing there. She had, upon first waking, forgotten that he was dead. Her second thought, as it was a cold winter’s night, was that he would take cold standing out there, as it seemed to her, in his night dress—for he appeared to her clothed in a long white garment. She called to him by name, telling him to come into bed, as it was too cold to be standing there. No sooner had she said this, than—her eyes still fixed upon the figure—she saw it suddenly change, and

appear from head to foot to drop with blood. Horrified at sight of so awful an apparition, she fainted; nor did she recall anything more, until awakened early in the morning out of a deep sleep, by hearing the maid crying aloud with her Irish volubility and excitement. She had flung herself on her knees beside her mistress and the children, and with tears was thanking God that they were safe, and not murdered. "For had there not been thieves in the house," she cried; "and were there not drops of blood all the way up to her mistress's bedroom door! But, thanks be to God, indeed, they were safe! But sure, there was the blood outside, and the thieves had turned all things topsy-turvy!"

The lady, greatly astonished and remembering in bewilderment the vision in the night, speedily rose, and inspected the state of the house. All within the bed room was as usual. But drops of blood led along the passage to her bed room down into the house. It was these drops which had so greatly alarmed the Irishwoman. The door leading into the bed room out of this passage was half of glass. Any one in the passage could look into the bed room through the glazed portion of the door. It appeared as though some one in endeavouring to open the door had cut themselves with the glass. It was outside this door that the blood-drops commenced. Inside the chamber there were none. Below traces of them met the eye everywhere. Drawers and cupboards had been opened and ransacked. Everything portable of value was packed to be carried away. *Nothing however had been removed.* Evidently the thieves had been suddenly alarmed and decamped, leaving all behind them.

After careful investigation made by the police who were sent for, and who traced the tracks of the thieves outside of the house, the lady came to the following conclusion. The thieves, or perhaps one of them, had come up to her chamber and there on entering had seen, or perhaps before entering had seen through the glass door, the awful apparition which she herself had beheld. The phantom had made himself visible by the same supernatural light by which he had shown himself to her, for she then recollected that there was neither the light of a candle, nor yet of moonlight in the room by which she could have beheld her husband. Perhaps he might even have shown himself to the evil-doer under some yet more terrible aspect. Suffice it however that the apparition had alarmed the miscreant, who cutting his hand with the glass in the door, had fled to give the alarm to his accomplices, himself scattering blood along his track. Evidently with one accord all had fled and left their booty behind them. A sure sign that their alarm had been extreme. The loving husband and father she firmly

believed had shown himself, had acted as their guardian angel, and thus saved them, not alone from a terrible personal danger, but also had preserved their property.

The lady's daughters, grown-up young women at the time she related this singular experience to me, laughed at their mother's "fancy," as they called it, but the mother stuck stoutly to the truth of her story—"What she had seen she had seen," and the whole circumstances were far too wonderful and all tallied too well to have been mere imagination, she declared.

A SPIRIT OF A FATHER COMES TO COMFORT HIS CHILD.

A story of a protecting spirit of a less fearful but equally loving character, was related by the late Swedish authoress, Frederica Bremer, to her friends.

A Swedish gentleman, on his death-bed, requested his wife to be careful that their little daughter might never be left alone at night without a light burning in her chamber. The child had a nervous horror of darkness. The wife willingly promised that this simple request should be complied with. It became usual to have, therefore, regularly, a light burning when the child was laid in bed for the night. Upon one occasion, however, it so happened that the little girl was left in her bed in the dark, a candle unlighted standing on a table near. In a little while the mother recollecting the omission, hastened to the child's room, where she found the candle upon the table burning, and the little girl smiling and sitting up in bed. "Dear papa," said the child, "has been here and lighted the candle for me, I saw his hand do it."

AMONGST THE "FRIENDS."

[The following singular dream and spiritual apparition were related by members of the Society of Friends, and were given to me by a near relative who vouches for their accuracy.—A. M. H. W.]

"One night, Hannah W—— said she dreamed that she and her sister Alice were sitting together in her parlour when suddenly she perceived her mother, some time deceased, standing outside the window and looking at them. She then appeared to pass into the room through the window, and to walk to a table that stood in the middle of the floor. On this table their father's desk was always kept, seemingly locked. But now to H. W's. surprise, her mother opened it and took out from amongst the papers, a letter which she read with evident distress. Closing the letter and laying it back in its place, she shut up the desk and crossed the room to the door. There she looked round upon her daughters and beckoned with her

hand to them to follow her; they did so. She led the way to the end of a lobby where stood an oaken chest seldom or never opened, containing cast off-and unused articles. Lifting the lid she stooped, and thrusting her hand down to the back of the chest, brought up a bag which seemed to contain money. Looking at it for a few seconds, she replaced it exactly where she found it, then shutting down the lid and turning an affectionate look on her daughters, passed away.

In the morning, Hannah W—— told her dream to her sister, and believing it had an intention beyond an ordinary dream, they determined to test it. Their first visit was to the desk, which, to their surprise, they found unlocked, and opening it, discovered, apparently, the very letter Hannah had seen in her dream—a letter written to their father by their step-mother, previous to her marriage—indeed, during the lifetime of their mother, thus establishing a fact that had been too patent, though never made known to them by their mother; to her the cause of much misery, and by many believed to have hastened her end. That their own patrimony had been wasted by this woman they well knew, but they were patient and dutiful, and had no means of redress. Laying the letter in its place, they proceeded to examine the oak chest. Just where their mother's hand had indicated, a bag was found containing a considerable sum of money, inscribed, "for my dear daughters," a legacy which they felt sure had been secured to them by much personal sacrifice. Of course they considered it sacredly their own, and shortly after left their father's home for other homes.

A lady residing in Cumberland, related as follows:—

"Jane P——, a minitress amongst us (the Society of Friends) a native of Broughton, whose name is probably mentioned in the *Journal of James Dickenson* (also a minister, and native of these parts), with whom I believe she sometimes travelled in the ministry, lived here with her brother Peter P——, a friend of the yeoman class. Peter died, and was buried in the old burying ground between Maryport and Broughton (still belonging to Friends), known by the name of 'The Sepulchre.' Jane P—— and her sisters continued to live here, inheriting, in common with some other member or members of the family, the land left by Peter. Sometime after the death of the latter, a neighbour who, whether sailor or not I cannot say, had been to sea, and who did not know of Peter P——'s death, landed at Maryport, and set off to walk home to Broughton—some four miles or less. It was a moonlight night, and on passing a gate between 'the Sepulchre' and Broughton, the man saw Peter P——, exactly as he had often done, standing by the gate; he—not knowing of Peter's death—felt of course no surprise, but

made some remark to him ; on which Peter P—— said, ‘Wilt thou tell my sister Jane I want to speak to her here, and I wish her to come immediately?’ (I suppose it would be about fifteen minutes’ walk from the village.) The man went on and gave the message, which was received by the sister with great surprise, but with no fear. She merely replied ‘Very well,’ dressed herself and went to the place indicated, and there remained some time, to the surprise of her family, who however do not seem to have questioned her much. They were possibly accustomed to accept Jane’s movements as right, without reason asked or given. A short time afterwards a field was sold by Jane, and a sum of money paid by her to the person from whom her brother had bought the field, without further explanation than that the money was owing to him, but she had not known it till the night in question. It was said by her family that Jane returned home in ‘a very solemn and weighty spirit,’ but gave them no explanation or account of what she had seen or heard, only that she ‘believed it was right for her to act as she had done about the field.’

“This was told to me when a child by an aunt of my own on passing the said ‘Sepulchre,’ not as a wonderful story, but as a simple and undoubted fact, and as such I heard it and believed it.”

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THE “LOCK HOUSE” ON THE GRAND CANAL, NEAR DUBLIN.*

“I think that the last time I wrote about the Lock House, I told you that the young woman who always saw the figures had been only in the habit of seeing a boy, whose back was always turned towards her, and who was in the act of leaving the room, so that for a long time she used to suppose that he was her little nephew. But one morning as this boy was leaving the room he turned and gazed stedfastly into her eyes. He looked so death-like that she felt quite overcome. She rushed from the house in terror and told her story to several persons, and every one who had seen Isaac Dunn, the hero of the tragical story—which occurred in 1857—at once recognized the identity of the phantom and the boy. But from that day forth she never saw the boy. After a time, however, she began to hear muttering voices, without, however, understanding what they said. Then came a shadowy figure of a woman whose face she never could see. This woman used to stand at the foot of the bed and gaze at her. The figure at last moved to the bed’s-head and there upon awaking she would still see her. But the figure never spoke. After this had continued

* *Vide* p. 453 of Vol. VII., New Series, 1872.

some time, the ghost in a kind of dream told her that she and her family would soon leave the house, and that she (the ghost) would not be able to follow her. And so it happened. They were removed to some other station on the canal and they went away. The woman-spirit also told her that the Lock would soon be the scene of two dreadful accidents, one of which would end fatally, the other not so. Accordingly last Christmas, during one very stormy evening, a woman walked into the Lock and was drowned and the girl's own brother-in-law fell in shortly afterwards but was taken out unhurt.

"Since this time a married man lives in the house, whose wife is, I think, *possessed*, if ever any one was so. Both husband and wife drink; but she is a wicked drunkard, and he—if such a thing can be so regarded—is a decent one. This pair say that they have been obliged to give up living in or using the room the ghosts were seen in. They have abandoned it to the use of the fowls. It is a very good room, and might, except for the hauntings, have been let to advantage; but every one declares that no one possibly could live in it, nor even enter it after dark. The very fowls, to whose occupation it is now given up, are frequently so terrified that they are obliged to let them out of the room—when they fly distractedly out of the house. The woman declares she frequently sees a black man there."

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

INWARD FIDELITY.

To every one a trust is given;
Some thought to speak, some work to do;
Than this no surer word from Heaven—

"To thine own soul be ever true."

Our human systems rise and fall,
Our forms of faith may vary too;
One duty still remains for all—
To thine own soul be ever true.

What matter though the bigot rave,
God's mercies are not for the few!
If thou dost care thy soul to save,
Still ever to that soul be true.

Each inmost thought, each secret deed,
God and his holy angels view;
Thy life—an open book—they read:
To thine own soul be ever true.

T. S.

SPIRITUALISM, BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

MAGIC—GHOSTS—SCEPTICAL THEORIES.

THE ancient magic may be classed among the lost arts which we are now slowly and painfully recovering. Broken and distorted traditions of it and fragments of its vast literature are alone preserved. Our chief source of authentic information concerning it being the work of Iamblichus *On the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians*; a translation of which by Taylor the Platonist, appeared in 1821, and of which, as it has long been out of print, a new edition would be timely and valuable. In reading Brewster's *Letters on Natural Magic*, and similar works of those who are now called philosophers, it is amusing to see with what easy confidence and self-satisfaction a system interwoven not only with the popular belief, but with the philosophy, religion, and government of great nations for many centuries, is quietly disposed of as conjuring tricks based on a little knowledge of chemistry and optics, and employed by priests and rulers for their own profit and ambition, and to give supernatural confirmation to their authority.

“A STRANGE STORY,” BY BENVENUTO CELLINI.—SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S EXPLANATION CONSIDERED.

In the work we have named Sir David Brewster ekes out what he confesses to be his meagre knowledge of the subject, by citing in illustration a modern example from the Memoirs of the celebrated Florentine artist, Benvenuto Cellini; and in which he himself played a reputed part, which we here give *in extenso* :—

“It happened,” says he, “through a variety of odd accidents, that I made acquaintance with a Sicilian priest, who was a man of genius, and well versed in the Latin and Greek authors. Happening one day to have some conversation with him when the subject turned upon the art of necromancy, I, who had a great desire to know something of the matter, told him, that I had all my life felt a curiosity to be acquainted with the mysteries of this art.

“The priest made answer, ‘That the man must be of a resolute and steady temper who enters upon that study.’ I replied, ‘That I had fortitude and resolution enough, if I could but find an opportunity.’ The priest subjoined, ‘If you think you have the heart to venture, I will give you all the satisfaction you can desire.’ Thus we agreed to enter upon a plan of

necromancy. The priest one evening prepared to satisfy me, and desired me to look out for a companion or two. I invited one Vincenzo Romoli, who was my intimate acquaintance: he brought with him a native of Pistoia, who cultivated the black art himself. We repaired to the Colosseo, and the priest, according to the custom of necromancers, began to draw circles upon the ground, with the most impressive ceremonies imaginable: he likewise brought hither assosfetida, several precious perfumes, and fire, with some compositions also, which diffused noisome odours. As soon as he was in readiness, he made an opening to the circle, and having taken us by the hand, ordered the other necromancer, his partner, to throw the perfumes into the fire at a proper time, entrusting the care of the fire and perfumes to the rest; and thus he began his incantations. This ceremony lasted above an hour and a half, when there appeared several legions of devils, insomuch that the amphitheatre was quite filled with them. I was busy about the perfumes, when the priest, perceiving there was a considerable number of infernal spirits, turned to me and said, 'Benvenuto, ask them something.' I answered, 'Let them bring me into the company of my Sicilian mistress Angelica.' That night he obtained no answer of any sort; but I had received great satisfaction in having my curiosity so far indulged. The necromancer told me it was requisite we should go a second time, assuring me that I should be satisfied in whatever I asked; but that I must bring with me a pure, immaculate boy.

"I took with me a youth who was in my service, of about twelve years of age, together with the same Vincenzo Romoli who had been my companion the first time, and one Agnolino Gaddi, an intimate acquaintance, whom I likewise prevailed on to assist at the ceremony. When we came to the place appointed, the priest having made his preparations as before, with the same and even more striking ceremonies, placed us within the circle, which he had likewise drawn with a more wonderful art, and in a more solemn manner than at our former meeting. Thus, having committed the care of the perfumes and the fire to my friend Vincenzo, who was assisted by Agnolino Gaddi, he put into my hand a pintaculo or magical chart, and bid me turn it towards the places that he should direct me; and under the pintaculo I held the boy. The necromancer, having begun to make his tremendous invocations, called by their names a multitude of demons who were the leaders of the several legions, and questioned them, by the power of the eternal uncreated God, who lives for ever, in the Hebrew language, as likewise in Latin and Greek; insomuch that the amphitheatre was almost in an instant filled

with demons more numerous than at the former conjuration. Vincenzo Romoli was busied in making a fire, with the assistance of Agnolino, and burning a great quantity of precious perfumes. I, by the direction of the necromancer, again desired to be in the company of my Angelica. The former thereupon turning to me and said, 'Know, they have declared that in the space of a month you shall be in her company.'

"He then requested me to stand resolutely by him, because the legions were now above a thousand more in number than he had designed; and besides, these were the most dangerous; so that, after they had answered my question, it behoved him to be civil to them, and dismiss them quietly. At the same time the boy under the pintaculo was in a terrible fright, saying, that there were in that place a million of fierce men, who threatened to destroy us; and that, moreover, four armed giants of enormous stature were endeavouring to break into our circle. During this time, whilst the necromancer, trembling with fear, endeavoured by mild and gentle methods to dismiss them in the best way he could, Vincenzo Romoli, who quivered like an aspen leaf, took care of the perfumes. Though I was as much terrified as any of them, I did my utmost to conceal the terror I felt; so that I greatly contributed to inspire the rest with resolution; but the truth is, I gave myself over for a dead man, seeing the horrid fright the necromancer was in. The boy placed his head between his knees and said, 'In this posture will I die; for we shall all surely perish.' I told him that all these demons were under us, and what he saw was smoke and shadow; so bid him hold up his head and take courage. No sooner did he look up than he cried out, 'The whole amphitheatre is burning, and the fire is just falling upon us.' So covering his eyes with his hands, he again exclaimed, 'that destruction was inevitable, and desired to see no more.' The necromancer entreated me to have a good heart, and take care to burn proper perfumes, upon which I turned to Romoli, and bid him burn all the most precious perfumes he had. At the same time, I cast my eye upon Agnolino Gaddi, who was terrified to such a degree that he could scarce distinguish objects, and seemed to be half-dead. Seeing him in this condition, I said, 'Agnolino, upon these occasions a man should not yield to fear, but should stir about and give his assistance, so come directly and put on some of these.' The effects of poor Agnolino's fear were overpowering. The boy hearing a crepitation ventured once more to raise his head, when, seeing me laugh, he began to take courage and said, 'The devils were flying away with a vengeance.'

"In this condition we stayed till the bell rung for morning

prayers. The boy again told us that there remained but few devils, and these were at a great distance. When the magician had performed the rest of his ceremonies, he stripped off his gown, and took up a wallet full of books which he had brought with him.

"We all went out of the circle together, keeping as close to each other as we possibly could, especially the boy, who had placed himself in the middle, holding the necromancer by the coat, and me by the cloak. As we were going to our houses in the quarter of Banchi, the boy told us that two of the demons whom we had seen at the amphitheatre went on before us, leaping and skipping, sometimes running upon the roofs of the houses, and sometimes upon the ground. The priest declared that though he had often entered magic circles, nothing so extraordinary had ever happened to him. As we went along he would fain persuade me to assist him in consecrating a brook, from which, he said, we should derive immense riches: we should then ask the demons to discover to us the various treasures with which the earth abounds, which would raise us to opulence and power; but that these love affairs were mere follies, from whence no good could be expected. I answered, that I would readily have accepted his proposal if I understood Latin. He redoubled his persuasions, assuring me that the knowledge of the Latin language was by no means material. He added that he could have Latin scholars enough if he had thought it worth while to look out for them, but that he could never have met with a partner in resolution and intrepidity equal to mine, and that I should by all means follow his advice. Whilst we were engaged in this conversation, we arrived at our respective houses, and all that night dreamt of nothing but devils."

Sir David Brewster comments on this narrative as follows:—

"It is impossible to peruse the preceding description without being satisfied that the legions of devils were not produced by any influence upon the imaginations of the spectators, but were actual optical phantasms, or the images of pictures or objects produced by one or more concave mirrors or lenses. A fire is lighted, and perfumes and incense are burnt, in order to create a ground for the images, and the beholders are rigidly confined within the pale of the magic circle. The concave mirror and the objects presented to it having been so placed that the persons within the circle could not see the aerial image of the objects by the rays directly reflected from the mirror, the work of deception was ready to begin. The attendance of the magician upon his mirror was by no means necessary. He took his place along with the spectators within the magic circle. The imager

of the devils were all distinctly formed in the air immediately above the fire, but none of them could be seen by those within the circle. The moment, however, that perfumes were thrown into the fire to produce smoke, the first wreath of smoke that rose through the place of one or more of the images would reflect them to the eyes of the spectator, and they could again disappear if the wreath was not followed by another. More and more images would be rendered visible as new wreaths of smoke arose, and the whole group would appear at once when the smoke was uniformly diffused over the place occupied by the images.

"The 'compositions which diffused noisome odours' were intended to intoxicate or stupefy the spectators, so as to increase their liability to deception, or to add to the real phantasms which were before their eyes others which were the offspring only of their own imaginations. It is not easy to gather from the description what parts of the exhibition were actually presented to the eyes of the spectators, and what parts of it were imagined by themselves. It is quite evident that the boy, as well as Agnolino Gaddi, were so overpowered with terror that they fancied many things which they did not see; but when the boy declares that four armed giants, of an enormous stature, were threatening to break into the circle, he gives an accurate description of the effect that would be produced by pushing the figures nearer the mirror, and then magnifying their images, and causing them to advance towards the circle. Although Cellini declares that he was trembling with fear, yet it is quite evident that he was not entirely ignorant of the machinery which was at work; for in order to encourage the boy, who was almost dead with fear, he assured them that the devils were under their power, and that 'what he saw was smoke and shadow.'

"Mr. Roscoe, from whose life of Cellini the preceding description is taken, draws a similar conclusion from the consolatory words addressed to the boy, and states that they 'confirm him in the belief, that the whole of these appearances, like a phantasmagoria, were merely the effects of a magic lantern produced on volumes of smoke from various kinds of burning wood.' In drawing this conclusion, Mr. Roscoe has not adverted to the fact, that this exhibition took place about the middle of the 16th century, while the magic lantern was not invented by Kircher till towards the middle of the 17th century, Cellini having died in 1570, and Kircher having been born in 1601. There is no doubt that the effects described could be produced by this instrument, but we are not entitled to have recourse to any other means of explanation but those which were known to

exist at the time of Cellini. If we suppose, however, that the necromancer either had a regular magic lantern, or that he had fitted up his concave mirror in a box containing the figures of his devils, and that this box with its lights was carried home with the party, we can easily account for the declaration of the boy, 'that, as they were going home to their houses in the quarter of Banchi, *two of the demons whom we had seen at the Amphitheatre, went on before us leaping and skipping, sometimes running upon the roofs of the houses, and sometimes upon the ground.*'"

Now it will be seen that this explanation is wholly conjectural. It *assumes* that the whole thing was a deception, and explains not how it actually was done, but how the author supposes it to have been done; and this without the slightest evidence to prove that this was the *modus operandi*, or that there was any deception in the case. The Sicilian Priest had no apparent motive for deception; but whether impostor or magician as an ecclesiastic everything to lose; for magic lay under the ban of the church, and the instance of Roger Bacon showed how perilous it was, for a churchman especially, to be even suspected of such practices. The imputation on the *bonâ fides* of Cellini is not justified either by his character, or by anything contained in the narrative, for the words used by him to reassure the affrighted boy do not warrant the inference Sir David would draw from them; they are such as any Christian might have used under the circumstances. The means used, and which he contends were necessary supposing mortals to have been the operators, may have been no less necessary to spirits. The demons, by-the-bye, after they left the building, going before them, and running on the roofs of the houses, Sir David can only explain by supposing either a magic lantern to have been employed, which he admits was inadmissible, as the magic lantern had not then been invented, nor if it had been, is it easy to see how it could have been so employed without detection; or that the mirror in a box with its lights was carried home with the party. Though how this could have been worked without detection, if indeed it could have been done at all, it is difficult to conceive; and our author does not attempt to explain. In short, when critically examined, this triumphant explanation only illustrates the truth of the confession subsequently made by its author—that spirits was the last thing he would give in to.

This is not by any means the only instance in which the magic lantern has been brought into requisition to throw light on appearances alleged to be spiritual. An example of this was quoted from *Notes and Queries* in the last number of this

Magazine. The "Ghost in the Tower," which caused the death of one of the sentinels, and which was seen in his own room by the Governor of the Tower, and who drew up the careful narrative referred to, was all explained as caused by the skilful manipulation of a magic lantern; and when this was shown to have been impossible, the theory was only replaced by the explanation that the supposed supernatural appearance was, after all, only "a dense column of fog descending a damp chimney." The fog, both in this case and in that previously quoted, must we think have taken another direction than that of the chimney, and descended into the minds of those, no doubt, otherwise enlightened gentlemen—and we fear that fog must have been *very* "dense."

AN EXPERIENCE OF MR. R. A. PROCTOR.

The men of science in our day for the most part appear to have settled to their own satisfaction that ghosts are an impossibility; and should an apparition—say of a departed mother—appear to one of them, he is not long in finding a satisfactory explanation of it. Thus, Mr. Proctor, the well-known astronomer, in his recent work, *The Border Land of Science*, relates a personal experience of what a less scientific person might have thought a veritable spiritual apparition, but which he explains as a very simple and natural affair indeed. Mr. Proctor's mother had died some months before the time of which he writes—he was then a Cambridge student, and the scene of the occurrence was his room in his college. He writes:—

"I had on one evening been particularly, I may say, unreasonably, low-spirited. I had sat brooding for hours over dismal thoughts. These thoughts had followed me to bed, and I went to sleep still under their influence. I cannot remember my dreams—I did dream, and my dreams were melancholy—but although I had a perfectly clear remembrance of their tenour on first waking, they had passed altogether from my recollection the next morning. It is to be noted, however, that I was under the influence of sorrowful dreams when I awoke. At this time the light of a waning moon was shining into the room. I opened my eyes, and saw, without surprise or any conscious feeling of fear, my mother standing at the foot of the bed. She was not 'in her habit as she lived,' but 'clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.' Her face was pale, though not with the pallor of life; her expression sorrowful, and tears which glistened in the moonlight stood in her eyes. And now a strange mental condition followed. My reason told me that I was deceived by appearances; and the figure I saw was neither my mother's spirit nor an unreal vision. I felt certain I was not looking at

'a phantom of the brain which would show itself without,' and I felt equally certain that no really existent spirit was there before me. Yet the longer I looked, the more perfect appeared the picture. I racked my memory to recall any objects in my bed-room which could be mistaken for a shrouded ghost, but my memory was busy recalling the features of the dead, and my brain (against the action of my will) was tracing these features in the figure which stood before me. The deception grew more and more complete, until I could have spoken aloud as to a living person. Meantime, my mind had suggested, and at once rejected, the idea of a trick played me by one of my college friends. I felt a perfect assurance that whatever it was which stood before me, it was not a breathing creature self-restrained into absolute stillness. How long I remained gazing at the figure I cannot remember, but I know that I continued steadfastly looking at it until I had assured myself that (to my mind, in its probably unhealthy condition), the picture was perfect in all respects. At last I raised my head from the pillow, intending to draw nearer to the mysterious figure. But it was quite unnecessary. I had not raised my head three inches before the ghost was gone, and in its place—or rather, not in its place, but five or six feet farther away—*hung my college surplice*. Over my surplice, I had hung a rowing belt, and the silvered buckles (partly concealed by the folds of the surplice) shone in the moonlight."

And so the apparition of his mother, to his mind "perfect in all respects," was after all only a white surplice; and this, although the surplice was hung, not in the place where the figure appeared, but "five or six feet farther away"; while the tears which stood in her eyes were only silver buckles on a rowing belt that shone in the moonlight. And this explanation is considered by the *Spectator* so satisfactory that it quotes it as "an instance of optical illusion which aptly illustrates the way in which a belief in the appearance of a ghost might originate in a superstitious age, or in any case where the person experiencing the illusion happened to have weak nerves or feeble wits;" and it even suggests to the writer the enquiry, "Is it possible that the famous apparition of Archbishop Laud, which was seen in the bedchamber of Charles I. on the morning of his execution, had anything to do with a surplice, hanging in the room over-night, and removed by some stealthy-footed messenger in the grey of the morning?"

Alas, poor ghost! Well might the expression on her face appear "mournful," when she found her son so dreadfully scientific that all attempt to communicate with him, or even to convince him of her presence, must be futile. No wonder he

found that, as he tells us, by no effort of his imagination could he recall what he had seen. When an impossible ghost presents itself to a scientific gentleman at the foot of his bed, even though it be that of his mother, it must be ejected; and when such apparition only convinces him that she is a "white surplice" hanging five or six feet distant, no wonder that any further effort of the kind is abandoned as hopeless.

When a scientific gentleman, or an able editor, has determined that there are no ghosts, that there never were, can, or shall be any, it is of course rather convenient to have some theory to offer in explanation of their appearance; but he need be at no loss in this respect, there are plenty to hand ready-made, if he does not care to be at the trouble of inventing one. He can take his choice—"deception," "delusion," "hallucination," "optical illusion," "imagination," "past ideas renovated," "concave mirrors," "magic lantern," "a column of fog," "a white surplice in the moonlight," or some other theory of moonshine—almost anything will do, provided only it be not supernatural or spiritual.

We have sometimes thought that the Nemesis of Faith must overtake scientific gentlemen when they become ghosts themselves, if for any reason they wish to communicate with or appear to their friends on earth. They will then be confronted with their own theories. They will be told that they are only subjective phenomena, or lying impossible nonentities. It will be in vain for them to affirm, or even offer proof to the contrary. Their own books will be quoted against them. Happily for mankind, human nature and facts are stronger than theories; and—

Whatever bar the reason rears
'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY'S VISION OF THE RADIANT BOY.

It is not only ignorant rustics and silly women who see ghosts. They have been seen even by scientists and statesmen. As an instance of the latter we may cite the account of the apparition of the Radiant Boy as given by Dr. Forbes Winslow in his *Anatomy of Suicide*, published in 1840.

"It is now more than thirty-five years ago that the following singular circumstance occurred to the Marquis of Londonderry: He was on a visit to a gentleman in the north of Ireland. The mansion was such a one as spectres are fabled to inhabit. The apartment, also, which was appropriated to his lordship, was calculated to foster such a tone of feeling from its antique character; from the dark and richly-carved panels of its wainscot; from its yawning chimney, looking like the entrance to a tomb;

from the portraits of grim men and women arrayed in orderly procession along the walls, and scowling a contemptuous enmity against the degenerate invader of their gloomy bowers and venerable halls; and from the vast, dusky, ponderous, and complicated draperies that concealed the windows, and hung with the gloomy grandeur of funeral trappings about the hearse-like piece of furniture that was destined for his bed. Lord Londonderry examined his chamber; he made himself acquainted with the forms and faces of the ancient possessors of the mansion as they sat upright in the ebony frames to receive his salutation; and then, after dismissing his valet, he retired to bed. His candle had not long been extinguished, when he perceived a light gleaming on the draperies of the lofty canopy over his head. Conscious that there was no fire in his grate; that the curtains were closed; that the chamber had been in perfect darkness but a few minutes previously, he supposed that some intruder must have entered into his apartment; and, turning round hastily to the side from whence the light proceeded, he, to his infinite astonishment, saw not the form of any human visitor, but the figure of a fair boy surrounded by a halo of glory. The spirit stood at some distance from his bed. Certain that his own faculties were not deceiving him, but suspecting he might be imposed on by the ingenuity of some of the numerous guests who were then inmates of the castle, Lord Londonderry advanced towards the figure; it retreated before him; as he advanced the apparition retired, until it entered the gloomy arch of the capacious chimney, and then sunk into the earth. Lord Londonderry returned to his bed, but not to rest; his mind was harassed by the consideration of the extraordinary event which had occurred to him. Was it real, or the effect of an excited imagination? The mystery was not so easily solved.

“He resolved in the morning to make no allusion to what had occurred the previous night, until he had watched carefully the faces of all the family, to discover whether any deception had been practised. When the guests assembled at breakfast, his lordship searched in vain for those latent smiles, those conscious looks, that silent communication between parties, by which the authors and abettors of such domestic conspiracies are generally betrayed. Everything apparently proceeded in its ordinary course; the conversation was animated and uninterrupted, and no indication was given that any one present had been engaged in the trick. At last, the hero of the tale found himself compelled to narrate the singular event of the preceeding night. He related every particular connected with the appearance of the spectre. It excited much interest among the auditors, and various were the explanations offered. At last,

the gentleman who owned the castle interrupted the various surmises by observing that 'the circumstance which had just been recounted must naturally appear very extraordinary to those who had not been inmates long at the castle, and were not conversant with the legends of his family;' then, turning to Lord Londonderry, he said, 'You have seen the Radiant Boy. Be content; it is an omen of prosperous fortunes. I would rather that this subject should not again be mentioned.'

"This was no doubt an hallucination of the senses. On another occasion, when in the House of Commons, Lord Castlereagh fancied he saw the same 'Radiant Boy.' Does not this fact establish that his lordship's senses were not always in a healthy condition. It is possible that when impelled to suicide he laboured under some mental delusion."

The hypothesis here assigned is hallucination of the senses; and from the minute description of the place and furniture it is evident that the writer intends to suggest that the apparition was also in some degree due to the association of ideas; while mental delusion is also hinted at. But how any of these causes should have suggested the particular appearance seen,—why the 'portraits of grim men and women arrayed in orderly procession along the walls,' should have suggested 'the figure of a fair boy surrounded with a halo of glory,'—we are not told; and there was nothing in the chamber or the castle, or in any antecedent associations connected with his lordship's visit to have occasioned it. Certainly there was nothing in the associations of the House of Commons which could have suggested its subsequent appearance to Lord Castlereagh in that place. There is nothing in the narrative to indicate aberration at the time the apparition was first seen by Lord Castlereagh; he seems, on the contrary, to have been a particularly careful observer, and a shrewd, sensible man of the world. But the circumstance which excludes any and all of these hypotheses as an explanation is this: that he was told by his host that the apparition in question was a "family legend." It had evidently been seen by others before; and it was regarded as "a good omen."

I have not cited these instances as possessing any particular strength of evidence for supernatural or ghostly appearances; but as illustrating the weakness of sceptical theories from the borderland of science.

My next example of Spiritualism in Biography is given first hand, in the words of the courageous woman who was the subject of this remarkable experience. It is difficult to conceive any tests she could have applied more conclusive of the real objective presence of the spirit than those employed.

LADY BERESFORD'S EXPERIENCE.

"One night when Sir Tristram and I were in bed, I awoke suddenly from a sound sleep, and found to my horror Lord Tyrone sitting by my bedside, I screamed out 'For heaven's sake, Lord Tyrone, what brings you here at this time of night?'"

"'Have you then forgotten our promise?' said he in a manner of awful solemnity. 'Did we not mutually engage to appear to each other after death? I have just quitted the world, and am now permitted to appear to you for the purpose of assuring you of the truth of revealed religion and that it is the only one by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you that you will in due time give birth to a son, that you will become a widow, and marry again, and that you will die on your forty-seventh birthday.'

"'Good heavens,' cried I, 'cannot I prevent this?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'you are a free agent, and can prevent it by abstaining from a second marriage. Hitherto you have had no trials. More I am not permitted to tell you, but if, after this warning, you persist in your infidelity as regards religion, your lot in another world will be most miserable.'

"'May I not ask,' said I, 'if you are happy?' 'Had I been otherwise,' said he, 'I should not have been allowed to appear to you.'

"'I may then infer that you are happy?' He smiled. 'But how,' said I, 'when the morning comes, shall I know that your appearance before me has been real, and not the mere phantom of a dream?'"

"'Will not the news of my death convince you?' 'No,' I replied; 'I might have had such a dream, and that dream might accidentally become true. I wish for some stronger proof of its reality.' 'You shall have such,' he said; then, waving his hand, the crimson velvet bed-curtains were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed was suspended. 'In that you cannot be mistaken; no mortal arm could have performed this.'

"'True,' I replied, 'but asleep we sometimes possess much greater strength than awake. Although I could not have done this when awake, I might have done it in my sleep, and I still have doubt.' He then proceeded to write his name in my pocket-book, which was lying on my table, remarking, 'You know my handwriting.'

"'Nevertheless,' I said, 'though I could not imitate your writing when awake, I might do so in my sleep.' 'You are hard of belief indeed. I must not touch you; it would injure

you irreparably. It is not for spiritual bodies to touch mortal flesh.'

"'I do not regard a small blemish,' said I. 'You are a courageous woman, said he; 'then hold out your hand.'

"He touched my wrist. His hand was cold as ice! In an instant every sinew and nerve shrunk.

"'Now,' said he, 'let no mortal eye while you live behold that wrist; to see it would be sacrilege.' He rose from his seat, walked a few steps from the bed, and laid his hand on a bureau which always stood in the room. 'In the morning,' he added, 'when you behold this, you will find another proof that what you have seen and heard this night is not an idle dream, or the mere fancy of your brain.'

"He stopped—I turned to look at him again—he was gone.

"During the time I had conversed with him, my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected; but the moment he had departed, I felt chilled with terror, a cold perspiration came over me, and I endeavoured in vain to awake Sir Tristram, in order to tell what had occurred. In this state of terror and agitation I lay for some time, until a flood of tears came to my relief, when I dropped asleep. In the morning, when I awoke, I found that Sir Tristram had got up without noticing anything that had happened during the night. On rising, I found my pocket-book lying in its usual place, with some pencil-marks inside, which I knew at once to be in the handwriting of Lord Tyrone. I took a piece of black ribbon and bound it tightly round my wrist, which presented the appearance of having been scarred and burnt during the night; and then, turning to the bureau, I observed the impression of a man's hand deeply burnt into the lid. I was overcome with agitation, and on descending to breakfast the horrors of the night had left such tokens on my countenance, that my husband naturally inquired after my health, and what had happened to distress me so much.

"Quieting him as well as I could, I informed him of these two events. First, that Lord Tyrone had died on the preceding night; and, second, that I should in due time give birth to a son. Sir Tristram kindly desisted from any further importunities. A few hours later proved the truth of the information respecting Lord Tyrone's death, by a despatch from his steward confirming the painful news."

By a strange concurrence of circumstances the predictions of the spirit were literally fulfilled in every particular. But we need not here pursue the narrative in detail, as it has been so often published. Its authenticity is not disputed. The only sceptical explanation of it we remember to have seen, is that of somnambulism. But there is no evidence that Lady Beresford

was a somnambulist; and even had she been the explanation is so manifestly inadequate that any formal refutation of it would be superfluous.

THE MYSTERIOUS HAND.—DEATH-WARNING OF
HAROUN-AL-RASCHID.

The appearance of spirit-hands is now one of the well established phenomena of Modern Spiritualism carefully observed and tested again and again. It is however no novelty, as may be seen by reference to a very circumstantial account of a visible spirit-hand employed in direct spirit-writing, to be found in a very ancient book, so familiar to most of our readers that it need not here be quoted; but they may be interested in the following account of a mysterious hand seen in a vision of the night, more than a thousand years ago, by one of the most famous heroes of the Eastern world, and whose name is even familiar to Western readers.

“A great warrior, a patron of learning, a moderate and wise lawgiver, it is not wonderful that amongst his people his name should be even yet revered, and the title bestowed on him should be that of ‘The Just.’ Haroun-al-Raschid died in 809 A.D.” Our narrative is taken from that respectable publication, the *Leisure Hour*, which in relating it tells us “He may be said to have fallen a victim to one of the ignorant superstitions of the age.

“One night, when on the eve of a military excursion to Khorassan, a Persian province then in a state of revolt, Haroun dreamed that he saw a naked hand and arm raised in the air above his head, the hand holding a lump of red earth, and that he heard, at the same time, an unearthly voice exclaim, ‘Behold the earth that shall serve as the last resting-place of Haroun-al-Raschid!’ It seemed to him that he gathered courage enough to ask from what territory that earth had been taken, and the same awful voice replied, ‘From the Land of Thous.’ Haroun awoke, filled with superstitious horror; and from that moment an overpowering melancholy stole over him, under which his health and spirits sank. His physician, a Christian by religion, strove to cheer him. He spoke to him of the folly of yielding to a mere vision of sleep, and exhorted him to continue his expedition. Haroun made an effort to rally, and continued the journey until they arrived at a small town near Khorassan, where a slight illness seized him, and he determined to rest for the night. While preparations were being made for his reception in the town, he carelessly inquired its name. With blanched cheek and quickening pulse he heard that it was the town of Thous!. After a

few moments, however, he recovered his wonted composure, and turning to his physician, calmly remarked that it was the place he had heard of in his dream. Then, betraying no outward emotion, he ordered his attendant to go and bring him a handful of earth from outside the town. The man obeyed, and presently returned with the earth. His arm was bare, and fearing to soil the monarch's robes, he raised his hand and arm high over Haroun's head. The Caliph gave a cry of surprise. 'Behold!' he exclaimed, 'the very hand and arm I saw in my dream. This, then, is the spot destined for my grave!' Three days after this singular incident he expired, and was entombed on the spot, which a supernatural visitation, as he probably erroneously believed, had marked out to receive his mortal remains. Thus died Haroun-al-Raschid—with all his faults, the greatest of Eastern sovereigns—a man the most remarkable of any whom the history of his time has commemorated. His name is familiar to all; yet his real character and history are but little known, save from the doubtful records of the 'Arabian Nights.'"

T. S.

AN EMINENT MEDIUM DRAMATIST.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Times* of the 16th inst. makes the following remarks:—

"Much interest has been excited in the literary world by the announcement of a new drama by M. Victorien Sardou, *La Haine*, which will be performed next Saturday at the Gaité Théâtre. M. Sardou is one of the ablest playwrights in France. Every piece he writes attracts much notice. It is stated that *La Haine* will be among his most characteristic plays, and it will certainly give rise to warm discussions. The author, it is understood, has just concluded an arrangement with a London manager, so that the piece will be played simultaneously in French and English."

"When did you ever get a thought from the spirit-world worthy of record?" is a question often asked with a sceptical sneer!

The *Times* correspondent has unwittingly answered it. He speaks of M. Sardou as one of the ablest playwrights in France, but he does not qualify the statement by announcing, because perchance he does not believe it, that M. Sardou himself disclaims the merit of being the author of any of his plays. Like

that very remarkably gifted lady, Mrs. Tappan, whose discourses are far above her natural mental powers, Sardou takes the same position before the dramatic world. After the celebrated play of his, *La Famille Benoiton*, played before the French Court at Compiègne in 1865, he, in answer to the lavish compliments bestowed upon him, modestly declined to accept them as being due to himself, and he declared *that not a line of his comedy was the genuine production of his own brain*, but that it was altogether inspired by the spirits of departed dramatic celebrities with whom he is in constant communication, and that the production of it, and others written through his own hand, had cost him no mental effort.

I recommend all Spiritualists to make a note of this fact, and produce it in answer to the stereotyped question of *cui bono* with which a discomfited adversary always closes the argument.

Upper Norwood,
November 16th, 1874.

THOUGHTS DURING A NIGHT OF SORROW.

WHO has not felt in the hour of trial and bereavement a longing desire for association with the spirit-land—an impatient, eager glance, that would pierce, if but for a moment, the thin but impenetrable veil that separates us from the loved ones gone before?—to witness their occupations, to behold their triumph, to see if their eyes or thoughts are ever turned towards those who are still straining and struggling on, with weary step and often fainting hearts, through the wilderness they have left behind. In these reflections all will sympathize whose diviner feelings are not altogether absorbed in the grossness of material associations, and who have a proper estimate of their own nature and destiny. I know there are many, very many unknown and unnoticed by the world, unsoothed by its sympathies, untroubled by its jealousies and hatreds, whose deeper and holier affections have been blighted and denied, for some unaccountable reason, a suitable response, but who can nevertheless find a solace, an excitement, a commingling of sympathy, in channels through which the heart may pour out in unrestrained freedom its pent-up affections, far more pure and elevating in their tendency than those which the world has denied or is fitted to bestow. For those bereaved and neglected ones, the following thoughts may possess some interest.

'Tis midnight. Agitating thoughts, occasioned by the trials and disappointments of the preceding day, cause a restless night; perhaps a link that bound us tenderly to earth has been lately severed; or some valued friend has lately deceived us; or doubts are entertained of our own fidelity and sincerity; our motives may have been misrepresented, or our weakness exaggerated, by those on whom the heart would delight to expend all its capacities of loving; or a thousand other causes of frequent occurrence, may render us feverish and sleepless. When suffering from one or more of these causes, I rose and looked out on the solemn stillness of the midnight hour. 'Twas a beautiful night. All were asleep; even the sea—the majestic, the restless sea—so placid, so faint in its murmur, that it seemed asleep also. 'Twas the reign of silence; not the silence of death, but the silence of a quiet peace and fulness of satisfaction. Universal nature seemed reposing, save the sorrow-stricken spirit that contemplated the scene, and the sky glittered with ten thousand dazzling orbs, as if they were eyes celestial, gazing with a sympathizing yet hopeful interest on the sleeping world, now that the great whirlpool of human passion is a moment lulled, and were reflected with nearly equal splendour by the mirror-surface of the mighty ocean. It was silence, beauty, divine love, enthroned on the brow of night. I gazed a moment, in mute astonishment and admiration, at such a combination of attractions. It was but a moment; for what human heart could smother up the emotions that involuntarily gush forth in unrestrainable expression at such an hour? It is not sea, nor sky, nor earth, nor ocean, nor silent humanity, nor aught terrestrial, that can limit the soul's aspirations at such a season. Swifter than the light, it bounds upward as if on seraph wing, beyond the morn, and the blue sky, and the sparkling stars, and all material attractions, until, lost in the shadows of an unapproachable infinity, it returns in astonishment to look within itself, and finds subjects full of equal interest: emotions hidden in unknown depths of the soul unsuspected and which no language can utter, and finds its fittest expression in an undefinable longing and sighing after an acquaintance with the unknown and invisible, while a voice, soft and soothing as an angel's whisper, breathes in loving accents on the spirit, and we imagine the atmosphere around us peopled with pure intelligences that wait and watch for holy converse, when the mind is calm and serene, when sorrow has chastened the affections, and lifted us above the usual grossness attendant on contact with the earth.

And the hushed stillness of the night produces a solemnity, fitted for association with the pure and loving ones of another and a better land. But why should this be imagination?

When the soul, with all its mortal encumbrances, can mount upward in such limitless flights, why may not those who are divested of all material hindrances and restraints revisit the land of their infancy and pilgrimage with equal rapidity? Why may not those friends around whom the fresh green tendrils of young affection were entwined, and which death tore from our sight and heart ere the sorest struggles of life were begun, delight to watch over us amid all our conflicts, and, as guardian angels, hover with an especial interest over those that loved them in their earthly tabernacle? Is it not possible, or rather probable, that this covering of weak mortality is all that separates us from the spiritual world? that to lay it aside would be to introduce us to their visible presence? To be absent from the body (time and place being altogether overlooked), is to be present with the Lord! And where is the extravagance of such a supposition? Oh! who would desire it were extravagance? How sweet at this hour to associate in such holy converse, to leave behind earth's cares, anxieties, and passions, and soar away with those messengers of love, and with a heart filled with the emotions such communings are fitted to inspire! how soothing, how natural, to pour out the warm gushings of affection to the lost and loved ones of other years; to cling to them with more than mortal warmth; to breathe out our sorrows, our aspirations, our regrets, our hopes, our desires; to unfold the heart in its secret workings, without fear or restraint, with all its weaknesses and follies, conscious of their fidelity, of their devotion to our interest, with greater confidence in their affection, and of their impartiality in judging of us, than ever we enjoyed while they were with us! And having enlarged ideas of their purity and power, we insensibly turn toward the seat they occupied; we recall the scenes we have witnessed along with them; the words of consolation and advice they uttered, the look of unexpressed and inexpressible agony when we had injured them. And when, silent and almost breathless, the past is revealed to us, with all the little kindnesses that have often dropped the healing balm of sympathy on our wounded spirit, we listen for some sound; but all remains still: yet we feel their presence, with all its ennobling influence, and we drink in the warm stream of unabated love, pure from its native heaven—no less real because it is silent and indescribable, nor less valuable because it is immortal!

MADAME SAINT AMOUR.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

MADAME EHRENBORG, a Swedish lady, distinguished by much talent, by years of much experience, by thorough good sense, and genuine piety; who has spent a considerable time both in France, England, and different parts of the Continent, and described her travels there in three very interesting volumes, says, in the first volume of her letters from France, Germany and Switzerland, that at Nantes she saw in the house where she lodged the portrait of Madame Saint Amour, a lady who, if still living, is now residing with her son in Algiers. The most wonderful things were related to her of the cures done by this Madame Saint Amour through prayer and laying on of hands, by various persons of the highest character in Nantes, and a narrative of these extraordinary cures was put into her hands, written by M. Edward Richer, the well-known commentator on the writings of Swedenborg. From this narrative we select the following brief particulars, a considerable number of the cures being asserted by M. Richer to have been wrought in his presence. This, indeed, is one of those cases of extraordinary phenomena, the evidence in proof of which are so abundant and so unexceptionable as to decide the truth of the allegation according to the most stringent rules of evidence, and which must be admitted in any court of law.

Anna Francisca Johanna Elizabeth de Fremery, the daughter of a distinguished Dutch advocate, was born at the Hague on the 1st of October, 1786. Her father died when she was only six months old, and her mother married Baron de Rankett, a colonel in the Ottoman Guard, and died in Paris in 1815. Her stepfather followed the fortunes of the expelled Bourbons and took her with him. She lived at the exiled court at Coblenz, her father being in Condé's army, and they went with the French princes to England. In 1809 she married Major Renaud de Saint Amour, since Major of 18th Regiment of Cavalry in the garrison of Schelestat, in the Lower Department of the Rhine. He had also command under General Despirres on the island of Aix, and of the castle of Angers under General Matis. The family of Madame Saint Amour is highly distinguished in Holland; her uncle, General Dury was commander at the Hague, both under the Stadtholdership and under Louis Buonaparte. Her cousin, M. Van Mann, was lately Minister of Justice in the Netherlands.

In 1826, Madame Saint Amour left Arros, where her husband

was in command of the garrison, and went to Paris to superintend the education of their son. There she found Captain Bernard, an old friend of her husband's, and a distinguished leader of the Swedenborg church in France. She became convinced of the truth of Swedenborgianism, and embraced it zealously and openly. She had always had a fervent desire to tend and restore the sick, and under her present views she became persuaded that the gift of healing promised by our Saviour to his Church, and so strikingly practised by his apostles and his early disciples, was still the inalienable heritage of Christian faith. She prayed earnestly and perseveringly for this gift, calling on the Lord Jesus Christ, as he had promised this gift, amongst others, to those who sincerely desired it, to fulfil his promise; and she determined to deliver herself up entirely to God's will, to do and to suffer everything, in the prosecution of this beneficent mission, that he might lay upon her. On the 14th of May, 1828, she heard the continued complainings of a sick child and a lamenting mother, in a room adjoining her own lodgings in Paris. She proceeded to the room to learn the occasion of the distress, and found a woman with a sick child in her arms, who said, "See here!—My child is dying, and I cannot get any one to hold it whilst I go for a doctor." Madame Saint Amour took the child whilst she went, but scarcely was it in her arms, when it ceased to moan; opened its eyes, and smiled at her. By the time that the mother returned, the child was playing on the chamber floor without a sign of suffering, and Madame Saint Amour now perceived that she possessed the promised gift of healing, as had been the case with Greatrakes, in Ireland, and Gassner, in Würtemberg. She put her conviction to the test in other cases, and uniformly with success.

Being satisfied that this gospel power of healing was conferred on her, she determined to go and exercise it in Nantes, where Captain Bernard, who had been the means of her conversion, had lived so many years, and where the New Church appeared likely to flourish prominently. Accordingly in September, 1828, it became rumoured in Nantes that a lady had lately arrived from Paris, who cured sickness and chronic ailments by prayer. The whole place was thrown into a state of excitement. Some declared the apostolic times were come again: others that these miracles originated in some occult art rather than in religion. The sick who were cured kindled the enthusiasm of those who yet awaited their time. A cripple who had left his crutches with Madame Saint Amour hastened to prostrate himself at the shrine of St. Semilian, exclaiming in an outburst of gratitude—"She cures everything!" A child carried to her in its sister's arms, returned home on foot followed by a crowd uttering their astonishment at

the miracle. Passengers are stopped by the wondering crowd before Madame Saint Amour's house; there is much questioning, and replies that strike the hearer with amaze. Throngs increase; the street is completely blocked, so that carriages cannot pass. The very steps up to her door are crowded with sick and maimed, seeking help. From six in the morning till night, the invalids remain waiting their turn. Numbers wait all night, to be among the earliest admitted the next morning. Wherever she goes they stand in her way as if nailed to the ground: they are confident that if they can but touch her dress, they shall be cured. Many go even so far as to declare that she is the Virgin Mary herself in disguise.

For three days the excitement continued to increase. From all sides arrived the sick, full of astonishment at the relations which they heard. They came from Tours, Saumur, Rochefort, from Angers, Rennes; from the Maine and Loire, from Vendée, Morbihan, and other distant places. It may safely be asserted that not a place in the lower department of the Loire but sent some patient to the capital of the district. To escape for a while from the incessant crush of eager people around her dwelling, she accepted invitations which would take her to distant quarters, but the ever-augmenting crowds poured after her, and everywhere in her way you saw sick and curious people, who prayed the favour of addressing her. It was in vain that at night she endeavoured to persuade the throngs to disperse; they would remain, in order to secure her services in the morning, and you might see her hands stretched from the window to call down blessings on the immoveable crowd. On her very way from place to place, as she could not assist all who sought her, she administered cures from her carriage doors as she drove along. The streets and gateways leading to the houses she visited were speedily besieged, and four sentinels at every door were not sufficient to keep back the people. Every vehicle in the city on hire was taken to carry applicants to her: there was no subject of conversation but Madame Saint Amour. Crowds of working men abandoned their employments to get a sight of her. There was not a circle anywhere of which she was not the subject of discussion. At the exchange, in the college, in the saloons, as well as in the inns and private houses, her cures were the theme, for no one living ever heard of such things except in books.

But on a great triumph follows rapidly a reaction, which as soon grows even to a persecution. The mass is as unjust in its prejudice, as it is unreflecting in its admiration. It was quickly declared that all the sick who had been so wonderfully cured, had relapsed into their former condition, if, indeed, they were

not worse. The spirit of the people was up, and it was declared that the cures had not answered the expectations which the feverish multitude had conceived of them. It was like the mood of those wonder-mongers who cried down an eclipse of the sun, because it had not turned out just as their excited imaginations had predicted it. It was declared that the cures had been only of a certain class of complaints; nay, one of the newspapers of Nantes asserted that the whole public had been befooled by an actual piece of trickery; as if a weak woman would have attempted to befool such a population, and that in the name of Jesus Christ, on which she had called with tears, and in the name of all the virtues which she never ceased to practise. The absurdity of such an accusation was manifest, and another circumstance rendered it impossible, for Madame Saint Amour never would receive a farthing for the labours she endured to cure the sufferers around her. She neither sold her prayers nor her advice, and the benefit, attempted from a totally distinguished love of goodness, can never be a cheat.

The same paper declared also that Madame Saint Amour, who was here publicly dubbed a witch, was the daughter of an inconsiderable watch-maker in Nantes; and the miracles fell rapidly in public opinion when it was thought that they had been done by one born amongst themselves! The article in the paper was full of contradictions, but no one paused to notice them, and it was successful.

These assertions and a thousand other absurdities still more glaring gave occasion to songs, witticisms, groundless attacks without point or reason, and that miserable fear of shame which is found everywhere on such occasions, wonderfully augmented the mob of the incredulous. People felt that they should be held to be not very profound, if they believed in marvels which so many clever persons could not comprehend. Amongst the learned, some rejected part, others all, that they might not seem to believe in sorcery. Some ascribed what was done to imagination, others what they heard to imagination. "I say heard," observes M. Richer, "for, extraordinary enough, not a single person of the educated classes who took part against Madame Saint Amour had seen anything of her doings. They said that mistrust of themselves had so seized on the strongest minds, that they did not venture to witness her proceedings, lest they might not have courage to declare what they had seen, or should feel themselves compelled to follow the judgment of others. I have heard persons in other respects worthy of all credit, making the fullest representation of things that they had neither seen nor had dared to see. People from sheer delusion may fight against opinion without incurring serious reproach, but

when they band together to deny actual and palpable facts, that is a proceeding inconceivable to honourable minds.

"It was not enough to deny real occurrences and to pretend scientific explanations; an incomprehensible zeal seized on the superstitious and the weak. A report was spread that Madame Saint Amour sought to draw away her patients from the established worship, whilst the fact is, and I call on all who have known her to witness it, that she never asked any of the sick what was their religion. No one ever heard her say more than 'Do you believe in God? Do you believe that God, who created heaven and earth, has power to heal you?' Never did she say 'Believe on me! Abandon your opinions.' I have many times heard her say how delighted she would be to see a Jew or a Turk appear and demand her mediation, adding 'I should not fear on their behalf to call on God, who sends his sun to shine, and his rain to fall, alike on the just and the unjust.' There is no doubt but the religion which Madame Saint Amour professed, was turned against her, and letters concerning her were written to Noirmoutier, saying that the general cry against her, in Nantes, was that she believed neither in Christ, nor in the gospel; and there were not wanting plenty of people to put faith in these calumnies."

It was stated that a meeting of the clergy had been called by the Archbishop of Nantes, to take into consideration this important occurrence, and the pastor of St. Semilian's was asked whether he had given power to this woman to do these miracles, and on his denying it, a protest was drawn up declaring that these cures, performed under the eyes of so many spectators, had not been done in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. It would have been well to have asked the clergy what power, then, Madame Saint Amour had employed. They would undoubtedly have answered, that such powers existed only amongst the academicians and the doctors. Yet, notwithstanding such assurances, however respectable their utterers may be, human affairs do not the less steadily march on their way. The monks of St. Stephen's declared to Columbus on the evidence of the Psalmist that there could be, and was, no New World, yet Columbus sailed, and America was discovered. The Inquisition compelled Galileo to recant his assertion, yet the last whispered word of the venerable Florentine was, "*E pur si muove!*" and the Church itself—some time afterwards—was compelled to admit what in its infallibility it had denied! One of the priests on this occasion told one of the sick that if God was disposed to award such a power, it would be to one of his order, and not to a woman! History will probably have an answer to that.

We cannot follow all the curious phases of this remarkable case: they form a volume: but there are a few features of it of so universal a kind, that they deserve a brief notice. Those who contended that Madame Saint Amour was an impostor said, "If she had the power she pretended, why did she not visit the hospitals of the sick?" "This," says M. Richer, "was the very thing that from her first arrival in Nantes, she was earnestly imploring of the authorities: but in vain." A patient in one of the hospitals determined to get away to Madame Saint Amour, and procured a carriage for the purpose, but was peremptorily ordered back. "The Town Hall," says M. Richer, "was freely allowed to musicians, lecturers, meetings of learned societies, and the like, but was refused to Madame Saint Amour to perform her cures in. Those who had been most enthusiastic in witnessing the wondrous cures, now as strenuously denied them, as though it had been a crime. A Sister of Charity, of Saint Clement's, who had avowed the most ardent friendship for Madame Saint Amour, now denounced her as a witch, forgetting that the Saviour himself was accused of performing his deeds of mercy by the aid of Beelzebub. The wealthy of the city, who had struggled with each other for Madame Saint Amour, to lionize her in their saloons, now sent hastily to recall their pressing invitations, on the usual facile pleas that they were going into the country, or the like. The very workmen who had carried to her their mothers, sisters, wives, or children, now declared that it was only anxiety to get some possible chance of good for their relatives that made them do what they should have been ashamed to do for themselves. Even the people who had left their crutches behind them, sent for them again, on one pretence or another. Some maintained that Madame Saint Amour did her cures through an electric ring; others that she was a ventriloquist, as if ventriloquism could instantly set broken legs, which they saw done. One of her most officious admirers, who was proud to serve as her cavalier in the days of her popularity, hurriedly now drew back, saying to his neighbour that he could not bring himself to sacrifice his reason. The friend replied, 'The sacrifice would have been but small.' There was another circumstance that stamped Madame Saint Amour's cures as of the genuine Christian character. Whilst the majority of those she had benefited were silent amid the rage against her, or, still worse, were joining in abusing her, one solitary woman went to the commissary of police, and implored him not to hurt Madame Saint Amour, because she had cured her. Of the ten lepers who had been cured by Christ *one* only went to give thanks: and Christ said, 'There were ten cured, but where are the other nine?'

M. Richer, who went himself and witnessed with extremest wonder the miracles which she performed; who saw her melted into tears of joy and gratitude to God, in the midst of the miracles that He wrought by her hand; who saw her witness, with rapture, the change from pain and suffering in her patients to ease and strength; who saw her cast herself upon her knees, in speechless gratitude to the Giver of all good, amid the restored invalids around her; and who saw her afterward calm and unresenting, whilst the fierce mob whistled and hooted under her windows, or were pursuing her carriage with curses, adds:—"Madame Saint Amour has only experienced what all others have experienced in the same path. Apostles, martyrs, have they not paid for their love of their fellowmen with persecutions? In our cool-blooded times, we no longer hang men on crosses for their benefactions, stretch them on the rack, or burn them alive, but we join in the laugh which obliterates a whole life of munificence; we whistle away what we don't want to hear; we annihilate, with songs of ridicule, what we cannot overcome by force. Madame Saint Amour one day repeated to us the words of our Lord, in Matthew, x., 17-22:—"Beware of men; for they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues; and ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles. But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you. And the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child; and the children shall rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death. And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake; but he that endureth to the end shall be saved!"

This is the eternal story of the martyrdom of Truth, yet the children of this world see it not. Blind, as at the first when they slew the prophets, crucified Christ, and killed his apostles: no suspicion that they are once more acting out the same perpetual drama comes to the very wise, the learned and the worldly, when a new act is introduced, and Truth comes, in a new costume, to add one more tearful incident to her history. But the lesson is not for the world at large, but for the servants of Truth. The world, however wise, however witty, however happy in the conceit of its own sagacity, has no eyes for the only real, but the children of Truth are thus taught to endure with happy patience, the sneer, the scoff, the merry or the savage sarcasm of *soi-disant* friends but real enemies, perceiving in their treatment by their assailants the infallible testimonies to their own legitimacy.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE COLONIES.

It is a little significant of the wide-spread character of Modern Spiritualism that the same post which a few days since brought us spiritual journals from America also brought us, from the Cape of Good Hope, "A Defence of Spiritualism, by a Cape Colonist;" and "A Guide to Spiritualism," together with sundry pamphlets and tracts, by the Rev. J. Tyerman, published at Melbourne, Australia. This Guide to Spiritualism is a neat volume of 150 pages, re-published from the *Progressive Spiritualist*, of Melbourne, of which Mr. Tyerman is the editor. It contains "Reasons for Investigating the Subject;" "Personal Experiences as an Investigator;" "The Literature of the Movement, and the Testimony of several Witnesses;" "Theories advanced by Anti-Spiritualists to account for the Movement;" "Reasons for Accepting the Spiritual Hypothesis of the Phenomena;" "Leaving the Church of England, and Future Course;" "The Leading Principles and Teachings of Spiritualism;" "Popular Objections Answered;" "Advice to Investigators, Formation of Circles, &c." Mr. Tyerman was some time since expelled from his office as a clergyman of the Church of England in consequence of his open acknowledgment of Spiritualism; and hence it is no wonder that his advocacy of Spiritualism is strongly marked by anti-theological feeling, and that he is always carrying on a polemic with the "Creeds of Christendom;" and so his readers will be led, we fear, to confound the iconoclastic tendencies in the advocate with the teachings of Spiritualism, which are affirmative and constructive; and leave each believer to determine for himself whether these are or are not compatible with any of the popular doctrines, concerning which differences of opinion will probably long continue to prevail. A Cape Colonist's "Defence of Spiritualism" is an illustration of this. The writer says, "Spiritualism is in no wise antagonistic to Scripture, as the author hopes to demonstrate by the following pages." Its purpose, however, is not mainly theological. It gives his reasons in its favour, with a relation of startling facts that have occurred in Cape Town; also the Philosophy of the Spirit-Circle, Rules for Development, &c., forming a pamphlet of 64 pages, liberal, judicious, and tempered with religious feeling. Both of these works will, no doubt, be useful in their several ways; but we notice them chiefly as indicating the rapid progress which Spiritualism is making in the Colonies as elsewhere. In Australia the Spiritualists have two

journals, a Children's Lyceum, several circles and societies, and regular meetings. At the Cape there has lately been considerable controversy on Spiritualism in the local journals. A Spiritual Institute and Library has been established at Cape Town; and a weekly newspaper, the *Cape Spiritualist and Family Medium*, is being established.

THE FIRST SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN MANCHESTER.

Mr. F. Silkstone, 76, George Street, Hulme, Manchester, in a letter, dated October 23rd, to the *Christian Spiritualist* for November, gives the following particulars respecting the first spirit-photograph taken in Manchester:—

Elizabeth Ann Williamson, a little girl of 12 years, small for her age, but apparently full of life and health, residing with her parents at 2, Willington Street, Lower Ardwick, Manchester, went at the commencement of the present month to have her portrait taken to Mr. Thomas M. Waters, photographer, 106, Hyde Road, Manchester. Her likeness was taken as requested, but at a *séance* where she was present during the following week, it was communicated by knocks through the table that in the process the photographer had rubbed out a spirit-face, which he in his ignorance of the whole affair considered a defect. She was instructed through the table to go again to the same photographer, and the spirit would appear a second time on the plate. She accordingly went, accompanied by her father, on the 10th October, 1874. A few questions were asked the photographer, and he acknowledged having erased, on her previous visit, some figure he could not understand. He was requested, should anything appear except the little girl, to let it remain untouched. The result was that a shadowy face, with features, however, quite clear, distinct, and well-defined, appears by the side of the girl. The forehead is broad and high, the beard and whiskers short, but plentiful. It is decidedly one of the best spirit-photographs I have seen; and this opinion is shared by many Spiritualists who are competent judges. The spirit is one of the guides of the young medium, to whose name great interest will now be attached; and many warm hopes will be excited that this innocent, guileless child will be the means of our obtaining in the future striking phenomena, which shall establish in our midst the certainty of our continued existence. The guide who was thus photographed gave his name at a *séance* as a Dr. Pearson, of London, who practised when in earth-life on the Surrey side of the water. He is entirely unknown to any Spiritualists in Manchester.

FACTS FOR CONJURORS AND EXPOSERS.

The Boston *Banner of Light* of October 24th has the following:—

"On Monday evening last we, the undersigned, assembled at the residence of Mr. Lincoln, and just before the hour for the *séance* to commence, a couple of gentlemen (the "Hardicourt Brothers"), notorious for their opposition to anything of a spiritual origin, both of them professors of "magic" and "legerdemain," made their appearance and desired to be admitted, provided the medium would consent to be tied by them. Mr. Church received them in the kindest and most cordial manner and consented to be secured in the following manner:—After

placing the spectators in a semi-circle, the medium took his position, seated in a chair half-way between the two ends, allowing the "Professors" to tie a small "tape line" tightly round his neck, the knot being securely sealed with fresh melted "sealing-wax," and permitting each one to hold one end of the same whilst seated at the extreme ends of the circle, which were near enough to the medium to enable them to touch him with their feet at any time; a long cord was then tied around the waist of every gentleman and lady present; the instruments upon which the spirits play were placed far out of reach of the medium, and the lights extinguished. In less than a moment, the patter of little footsteps was heard around the room, and little Jimmy, an Indian child, talked audibly to us for some moments, delighting every one with his most pungent wit and sparkling repartee, and placing his little hands upon the laps of nearly all present, the magicians, however, claiming most of his attention.

After placing a small bell in the hands of one far remote from the medium, a light was instantly called for, and Mr. Church was found in the same position in which he was placed by the committee, everything intact, and the professors still holding the cord attached to his neck, and looking the perfect picture of blank astonishment as their eyes wandered from one member of the circle to another, and to different parts of the room in search of wires and traps that are so necessary in their own profession. After the most careful and rigid examination of the medium's fastenings, and making the doors of the room doubly secure, the light was again extinguished, and almost instantly the giant form of the Indian Nimwaukee leaped upon the floor, jarring the whole building, and in almost thunder tones he stated that he would demonstrate to us how physical mediums were sometimes unconsciously compromised and apparently exposed by lights being sprung upon them and they found standing in the floor freed from their fastenings, and apparently producing the manifestations. He said that by a certain chemical process known only to themselves they could release a medium from any fastening, however intricate, and that it was sometimes necessary, in order to retain materiality sufficient to enable them to approach and touch those in the circle, that the medium should be drawn nearer to the circle, and to do this they would release him unconsciously to himself and by the power of their will draw him nearer to themselves; and in doing so lights are often sprung upon them, and the poor medium being found upon the floor, though in an unconscious condition, is at once branded, even by those who should be his friends, as a "charlatan" or "impostor."

To put this matter for ever at rest, and to show to this circle that mediums are thus used, he stated that he would release Mr. Church from his fastenings without disturbing tape, knot or seal, and that the committee of magicians holding the medium should not know when or how it was done, and in almost an instant a light was called for, and the medium found several feet from his chair, *minus* boots and coat, and the astonished "Magi" still holding the tape, and with protruding eyes gazing at the loop that had encircled the medium's neck. Had a *bombshell* exploded near them they could not have looked more astonished and utterly dumbfounded. The medium being entranced, waved his hand for them to again put out the light, which was instantly done, and in less than one minute a light was again called for, and the tape again found tightly around the neck of the medium, precisely as it was first placed by the professors, and both of them declared that there was not the least perceptible motion of the cord during the whole time.

Quiet again being restored and light extinguished, Lillie, a bright little spirit, and the most wonderful musical prodigy we have ever known, made her appearance, and with a small harmonica, gyrating in every part of the room, discoursed some of the most delicious music, which continued until the entire building seemed filled with waves of liquid melody, fresh fallen from the beautiful and starry dome of heaven.

(Signed) JOHN G. REILLY.

MRS. H. J. KING.

IRA DAVENPORT.

MRS. CARRIE HAZEN.

MRS. DR. SWAIN.

CAPT. W. D. DOUGLASS.

JOHN SMITH.

HENRY CANDEY.

MRS. SARAH LINCOLN.

JAS. ROWLEY.

MR. — PLUMBLY.

MR. — BUTTERS.

GEO. MONTIGUE.

JOHN SEALBACH.

ALEX. SELL.

BROS. JOHN & PETER HARDICOURT, *Magicians.*

Buffalo, N.Y.,

Sept. 29th, 1874.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE KOORDS.

The following extract from Major Millingen's *Wild Life among the Koords* may interest our readers.

"Superstition has a far stronger hold on the ignorant minds of the Koords than religion. They believe in the *Peris* (Holy Protectors), in whose power and intercession they trust. Their fear of the *Djins* is childish and ludicrous. The *Djins* and the *Peris* are the malicious and the benign spirits whose action

over mankind is, according to the Koran, all-powerful. To these supernatural agents the *Sheyts* must be added. Under this denomination the Mussulmans comprise all the martyrs of Islam, those that have fallen in the defence of the faith of Mohammed. The tombs of the *Sheyts* are considered holy, and the miracles performed by them, as well as their apparitions before the living, are believed to be phenomena of common occurrence. In the belief of the Koords these troops of wandering spirits form a kind of fluctuating population, as nomadic in their tastes as the living inhabitants of the country. Their mission seems to be to wander about the valleys and the mountains, either coaxing or bullying poor mortals. . . . The superstition of the Koords is not limited to their belief in the existence of spirits. . . . In every tribe there are lots of Khodjas and Shekhs of both sexes, who are considered first rate mediums, endowed with great spiritual and magnetic powers."

Notices of New Books.

EVIDENCE FROM UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCES.*

Dead and Gone is written mainly to exemplify the argument from undesigned coincidences in proof of what is generally termed the supernatural. Parallel stories of ancient and modern date are placed side by side; and are severally taken from Holy Scripture, General Literature, and Personal Experience. Of these narratives and of the extracts, 49 are taken from Holy Scripture; 253 from General Literature; and 197 from Personal Experience. An analysis of those taken from general literature shows that 29 are taken from Church of England sources; Church of Rome, 29; Methodists, 23; Society of Friends, 13; other Protestant Dissenters, 29; Spiritualists, 30; the remainder being selected from all sorts of publications—religious and secular. The 197 instances of personal experiences are derived from the personal experience of men, women, and children, who have communicated them, directly or indirectly, to the author; nearly all of them having come to him unasked, a large proportion in the course of pastoral visitation, in a very poor district of 11,000 souls; more than 80 are first-hand, having been told to him by the persons whose experience they record.

* *Dead and Gone*. By JAMES S. POLLOCK, M.A., Incumbent of St. Alban's, Birmingham. London: ELLIOT STOCK, 62, Paternoster Row.

The weight of argument in the undesigned coincidences in this large number of independent narratives is, as the writer contends, wholly irrespective of the character of the witnesses. For, as Whateley remarks, "It is evident that when many coincide in their testimony (where no previous concert can have taken place), the probability resulting from this concurrence does not rest on the supposed veracity of each considered separately, but on the improbability of such an agreement taking place by chance. For though in such a case each of the witnesses should be considered as unworthy of credit, and even much more likely to speak falsehood than truth, still the chances might be infinite against their all agreeing in the same falsehood."

The author also quotes as a motto the following pertinent passage from Taylor's *Treatise on the Law of Evidence* :—

"Coincidences, when sufficiently numerous, and presented in the shape of undesigned correspondency, or incidental allusion, necessarily produce a prodigious effect in enforcing belief, because, if the witnesses had concocted a plot, the coincidences would almost inevitably have been commuted by cross-examination into contradictions, and if collusion is excluded, and no deception has been practised on the witnesses, the harmony in their evidence cannot be explained upon any other hypothesis than that the statements severally made are true."

The volume has the following dedication :—

"To my Brother and four Sisters, who rested from their labours before I entered into mine, this effort to promote faith in Him whom having not seen, we love, and communion with them whose faces we see not, or have not seen, who live, and have not left us, is dedicated, with a brother's love."

THE IDENTITY OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.*

THIS is the title of a work, the first volume of which—a large 8vo. of 536 pages—has just reached us. It is dedicated "to all liberal minds in the Christian churches that are disposed to welcome new light upon the spirituality of the Bible, even though it may proceed from an unorthodox source, and that dare weigh and consider even though they may reject the

* *The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism.* By EUGENE CROWELL, M.D. London: TRUBNER & Co. (in two volumes). Vol. I.

claims herein made for the unity of the higher teachings of Modern Spiritualism with those of early Christianity." In a brief notice we, perhaps, cannot convey a better idea of the general aim and scope of the work than by quoting the headings of its several chapters, which are as follows:—"Spiritual gifts;" "inspiration and mediumship;" "faith," "the gift of healing," "the working of miracles—physical manifestations," "prophecy," "discerning of spirits—apparitions," "divers kinds of tongues," "trying the spirits," the "necessity for regarding conditions," "the use of humble means," "angels were once mortals," "spirits in prison," "possession and obsession," "witchcraft and sorcery," "Hebrew prophets and mediums," "a natural and a spiritual body," "materialization of spirit-forms," "table-rapping and tippings," and the "displeasure of the Priests, Pharisees and Sadducees."

In some articles written by Mrs. Stowe, for the Christian Union, she takes the same ground as that assumed by the author of the present volume in relation to the early Christians. She believed that their intercourse with angels was direct and unobstructed, and she could not therefore deny the fact that Modern Spiritualism only revived and restored that blessed era. So far as she went, she admitted all it was necessary to admit. The present volume goes more elaborately into the evidence which proves that the primitive followers of the doctrines and teachings of Christ occupied a position identical with that of modern Spiritualists. The heavens were opened in those days as they are again now. The judgment which the coming of Christ had brought upon the world of spirits prepared the people of the earth for the direct reception and influx of angelic influences. That was why it was such an event in the history of the human race. But Christians afterwards, from the time of Constantine and the Council of Nice, mistook the meaning of the mission of Christ, and steadily sought to build up temporal authority on a spiritual basis. With that attempt the heavens were in a measure closed again, and the angelic messengers were shut out more and more from direct contact and communication with the human race. In the present century, however, the former freedom is restored. The old conditions are being replaced. Modern Spiritualism reveals, to greater multitudes, the reality of spirit-intercourse and the close relationship of the external to the spiritual world. And it is this simple but profoundly significant fact that is sought to be demonstrated in the volume under consideration, in which will be found many Bible miracles paralleled by well supported analogous occurrences in our day—facts and arguments being so thoroughly interwoven as to carry conviction in

a greater or less degree to every unprejudiced mind, and the cultured reader will find that the miracles and supernatural manifestations of the Bible, and its claims for credibility, are wonderfully supported by the narrations and arguments of this work. Aside from its intensely interesting character, its moral and Christian tone and sentiments are such as to recommend it to all independent and thoughtful minds in and out of the Church.

Correspondence.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I yield to no one in my admiration for Mr. William Howitt's earnestness, and for the impetuosity of the torrent of his eloquence. But these gifts are simply mischievous when dissociated from logic and consistency (as I will undertake to prove is the case in Mr. Howitt's attacks on the Association), because by their use he then only misleads those who are not of a logical or analytical turn of mind.

In his first letter, published in the *Spiritual Magazine* for December last, he inveighs against association, chiefly because, *as he says*, it always has led, and therefore always must lead, to the establishment of creeds, sects, and tyranny; and claims "that it is the peculiar glory of Spiritualism that it has always been as free as the air we breathe; that it is the common property of all faiths without distinction; that it has never narrowed itself to a sect," and protests that "to narrow it to a sect, is at once to strip it of this glory, and to reduce it to the level of other sects." In his second article, published in the *Magazine* of October last, he denounces the Association in no measured terms for opening its ranks to Spiritualists "of all faiths without distinction," and for withdrawing from its prospectus a clause which seemed to some to give an exclusive preference to the creed which Mr. Howitt happens to favour; or, in other words, for proclaiming Spiritualism to be "as free as the air we breathe, and the common property of all faiths." Which is the more sectarian—the Association or Mr. Howitt? Which is seeking "to enclose Spiritualism in partial boundaries?"

In his article for last month, Mr. Howitt gives us some very interesting "Lessons of History" but his application of them is purely imaginative. I can conceive no surer safeguard against the prevalence of the absurdities he enumerates than a universal association of Spiritualists "of every shade of opinion;" as the common-sense of the majority would always outweigh any eccentricities that might crop up prominently. It is highly improbable that many strongly Sectarian Spiritualists, whether Southcotians, Kardechians, or others will ever join us, but we should probably admit any who might wish to do so; very much to their advantage, and without any danger to ourselves. Free-lovers and Woodhullists would, I am afraid, run some danger of being blackballed—one black ball in four excludes.

Mr. Howitt seems to assume that in admitting these people we should commit ourselves to believing all that they believe, and at once become Southcotians or Kardechians, &c., as the case might be. I cannot understand on what ground he makes this assumption. On the contrary, each individual member may believe as much or as little of what his spirits tell him as he pleases; and friendly intercourse among persons holding different views cannot

but be favourable to the cause of truth. There must, however, no doubt be some common point of departure for people to understand one another. Our common point is a belief in a future existence, and in the fact of spirit-communion.

Mr. Howitt makes much of the fact that many of the fanatics whom he quotes believed implicitly in certain prophecies which turned out to be false—such as the immediate coming of Shiloh. He forgets that for many years after the death of Christ, a firm belief in the immediate end of the world, and Christ's second coming, was a universal article of faith among His apostles and disciples.

Mr. Howitt goes a little off the track to brand the Kardechians as being "flesh-enamoured." If I may be permitted to follow him, I would point out that if Mr. Howitt argues that they only believe in reincarnation because they like it, we are equally justified in assuming that Mr. Howitt believes in Christianity, not because he is convinced of its truth, but because he likes it.

I would also express my surprise at his apparent ignorance of the fact that the Kardechians look upon reincarnation as a punishment. And evidently, if, after the termination of his present earth-life, Mr. Howitt should require any further punishment, none fitter could be found than that he should be reincarnated and made President of the British National Association of Spiritualists of the future.

ALGERNON JOY.

A CENTRAL HALL FOR THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I shall feel obliged by your giving insertion to the following letter, addressed by me to one of the "Offices Committee" of the B. N. A. S.

Yours, &c.,

NEWTON CROSLAND.

Blackheath, 12th October, 1874.

"I have attentively considered your plan of founding a central establishment for the purpose of having *séances*, meetings and lectures to promote the cause of Spiritualism. I am sorry to say that I view your proposal with the gravest doubt and apprehension; and I will give you my reasons for thinking unfavourably of your scheme, which I believe teems with possibilities of mischief. We all know what evil consequences may attend *séances* through imperfect mediumship and the presence of ill-conditioned persons. Now, if anything unpleasant or scandalous were to happen at any of the meetings which you propose to hold in the Central Hall, recognised by Spiritualists at their head-quarters, our whole body of members would be held liable for the responsibility and disgrace which would certainly accompany any occurrences of an objectionable nature. That which was begun with a good motive might be finished in a police-court.

"Again: the management of these *séances* and meetings might soon fall into the hands of a few active persons with special "views," "theories," and "doctrines" on the subject of Spiritualism; and a kind of "authorised teaching" might become the mode, to which many of us would find it impossible to give our assent, and the result would probably be discord and angry controversy, to the ironical amusement of the public.

"My idea of the Spiritual propaganda is something entirely different from the scheme you have submitted to me. I would, of course, have an office where the business matters of the Society should be conducted; but in other respects our plan of operations should resemble as much as possible that adopted by the "British Association for the Advancement of Science." Public meetings should be held, at which papers might be read and discussions encon-

Each member thus putting himself forward would be individually responsible for his facts and his inferences; and the general body would escape from any imputation that might be cast upon acts or opinions especially eccentric.

"Spiritualism may be a blessing or a curse, according to the disposition and qualification of those who investigate or accept it, and the use or mis-use made of it. In this search after truth we have as much to dread from our friends as from our foes.

"Blackheath, 12th October, 1874."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—A remarkable instance of the supernatural on the occasion of the death of Lord Rossmore is mentioned in *The Life (or Memoirs) of Sir Jonah Barrington*, (published more than 30 years ago). I have not seen it noticed in any number of your Magazine, of which I am

YOUR CONSTANT READER.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

WINTER.

STERN Winter comes with surly brow,
And stony eye, and chilling breath;
The summer-flowers are perished now,
In grasp of winter-death.

Yet Winter, too, is kindly sent,
And many a joy doth bring:
While Nature's glory all unspent,
Shall bloom again in Spring!

And so 'tis with our human life,
When closed here on earth:
Beyond the scene of mortal strife
The soul springs into birth

In fairer climes, with brighter skies,
And burgeons into bloom:
But in that happier world there lies
No death—no winter tomb;

No pain, nor care, nor bitter tears,—
Our winter-life is o'er;
While in those pure immortal spheres
Is joy for evermore!

We sing, O Lord, the song of praise
For gracious seasons given;
For all the wealth of vanished days,
For Life, for Death, for Heaven!

T. S.

